

NOTES OF A WANDERER.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

ON

DR CUMMING'S "NOTES OF A WANDERER."

Dr Cumming's extensive observations, naturally sound judgment, and remarkable habits of eliciting information and interchanging ideas, are advantages which few can be said to possess in a higher degree.—MONTHLY REVIEW.

These "Notes" will be found to contain good thoughts, and excellent materials for thinking; and many of the Doctor's descriptions, carelessly hit off on the spot, convey better notions of scenes and objects than the more elaborate descriptions of other travellers.—METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

His journal seems to have been penned on the spot, when the impressions of scenery and objects were fresh on the mind; and whilst it is free from oppressive antiquarian discussion, it denotes the scholar and man of taste.—ASIATIC JOURNAL.

A goodly course of pregrination, and pleasantly depicted.—U. J. JOURNAL.

Dr Cumming seems to have preserved the full and racy vigour of a most active and enlightened mind, under circumstances which would have annihilated it in others. * * * We have finished the perusal of his volumes with regret that our "occupation is gone."—ORIENTAL HERALD.

A book which we can take up and lay down at pleasure, and recur to with pleasure again.—SPECTATOR.

Dr Cumming's style is flexible, easy, and graceful; and his volumes are written in so agreeable a vein, that they cannot fail to impart pleasure to the reader.—ATLAS.

We know not when we have derived so much pleasure in accompanying a traveller, as from the perusal of this charming work.—CONSERVATIVE JOURNAL.

The great merit of the author is, that most rare of all virtues in a traveller, PERFECT CANDOUR; and his work is full of most important information on the cure of consumption in its early stages.—MORNING CHRONICLE.

We can cordially recommend these very agreeable and instructive volumes, which are full of remarks which do credit to the good sense and acuteness of the author.—LITERARY GAZETTE.

The portion of Dr Cumming's diary which refers to Egypt is highly interesting and to the traveller, and especially the invalid; the whole work will form a useful and agreeable vade mecum.—UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE.

Good sense and good humour, combined with a philosophy half the result of principle, and half of temperament, are the distinguishing features of these volumes. They may be read with profit; and, if read at all, they must be read with pleasure.—MORNING POST.

Throughout these volumes, the Author appears to great advantage, as the fortunate possessor of a truly amiable, happy, and philanthropic disposition.—NAVAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE.

A spirit of enlightened philanthropy pervades the book, which we heartily recommend to our readers, regretting that our narrow space denies us, in the passing month, the pleasure of telling them more about it.—TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

We have found Dr Cumming's "Notes" the most entertaining and readable production of the kind which has lately issued from the press. They are simply, sensibly, and vigorously written, and without one particle of pretence or affectation.—**EDINBURGH SCOTSMAN.**

We have seldom perused two volumes with more interest. They are evidently the production of a man of fine feeling, correct taste, and cultivated mind.—**EDINBURGH ADVERTISER.**

The Doctor's observations on men and manners are cleverly written; and the narrative of some of his own adventures is hit off in the very best style.—**EDINBURGH EVENING POST.**

His style, though simple and unaffected, is clear and graphic; and his notes give us not only a thorough acquaintance with the author's mind, but a most-favourable opinion of his heart and principles.—**GLASGOW COURIER.**

On the whole, the enthusiasm, the unaffected simplicity, and the quaint humour of the Wanderer, render him a most agreeable companion, and one whom we shall be happy to meet again.—**SCOTTISH GUARDIAN.**

There is, throughout these Notes, a high tone of feeling and of sentiment, which must recommend them alike to the philosopher and the philanthropist; while the prevailing principle of religion, never obtruded, yet always visible, is abundant proof of the compatibility of "Christian service with true chivalry."—**DUBLIN EVENING POST.**

A work containing glowing descriptions of nature, classical allusions to the august remains of antiquity, and candid reflections on human customs and institutions.—**LIVERPOOL MAIL.**

The extensive knowledge possessed by the author of various and distant lands, has especially qualified him for his task—that of seizing upon the peculiarities and distinctions which constitute national character.—**MANCHESTER COURIER.**

A work which will not only repay the reader but the purchaser.—**MANCHESTER AND SALFORD ADVERTISER.**

The "Notes of a Wanderer" are full of originality and entertaining information.—**HAMPSHIRE TELEGRAPH.**

A book displaying at times the workings of a powerful intellect and lively imagination, and at others all the freshness and simplicity of an unsophisticated mind.—**BRIGHTON GAZETTE.**

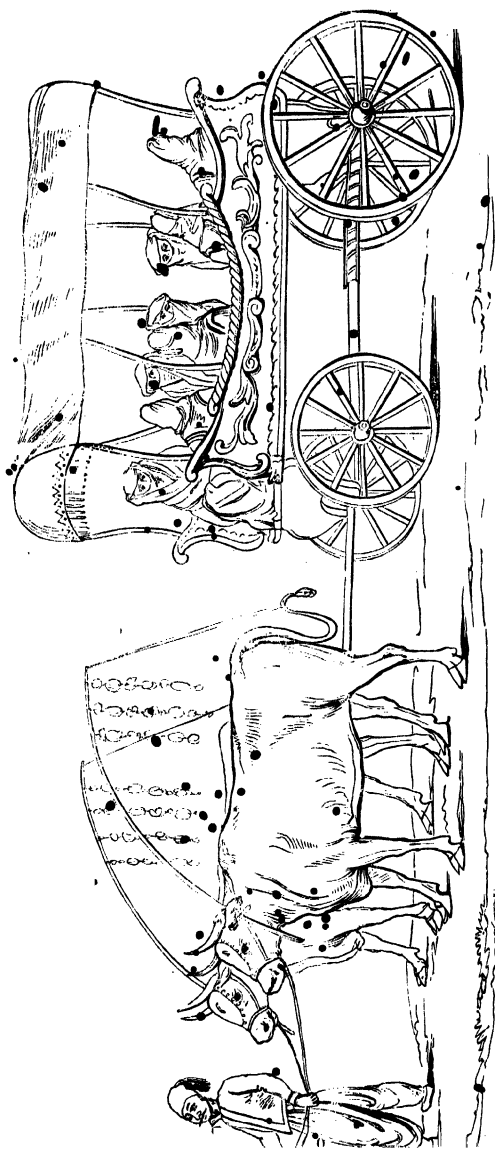
His observations on men and manners are amusingly quaint, yet perfectly just, and his sentiments ever expressive of true patriotism, kind affections, and devout principles.—**HAMPSHIRE ADVERTISER AND SALISBURY GUARDIAN.**

Dr Cumming is always clear and happy in his descriptions. Two more amusing and instructive volumes have not appeared for many a long day.—**DUMFRIES AND GALLOWAY HERALD AND ADVERTISER.**

A work highly worthy of perusal, from the almost endless variety of scenes and personal adventures that it embraces, and the easy and condensed manner in which they are narrated.—**KEESO CHRONICLE.**

There is a raciness and originality in Dr Cumming's work, which, we think, will fascinate all readers who can appreciate such excellences.—**INVERNESS COURIER.**

It is long since any book has afforded us greater pleasure, and we hope we may add, greater profit, than Dr Cumming's "Notes of a Wanderer."—**ELGIN COURANT.**



Turkish Ladies on a visit to the Valley of Celestial Waters, vol. II, p. 167.

NOTES OF A WANDERER,
IN SEARCH OF HEALTH,
THROUGH
ITALY, EGYPT, GREECE, TURKEY,
UP THE DANUBE, AND DOWN THE RHINE.

BY
W. F. CUMMING, M. D.
LATE BENGAL MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT; MEMBER OF THE ROYAL
PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH; ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE
EGYPTIAN SOCIETY OF CAIRO; AND CORRESPONDING
MEMBER OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF ATHENS.

*"O beata Sanitas, te praesenti amicum
Ver floret gratis—absque te nemo beatus!"*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

REVISED AND CORRECTED.

LONDON,
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET:
BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

1840.

TO

SIR WILLIAM G. G. CUMMING, BART.,
of Altyre and Gordonston, &c.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

As the Chief of my Clan,—the guardian of my youth, and the staunch friend of my manhood, I dedicate to you this Volume of my Diary. Accept it as a proof, however inadequate, of the sincere feelings of friendship and regard, with which I always am,

My Dear Sir William,

Your obliged and affectionate Cousin,

W. F. CUMMING.

EDINBURGH, February 1839.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN publishing a second edition of the "Notes of a Wanderer," the Author begs to acknowledge with lively gratitude, the very flattering reception he has met with from the public; and to tender his best thanks to the press, both daily and periodical, for the indulgent terms in which it has noticed his unpretending work.

From the hasty revision of the manuscript, several objectionable passages were unfortunately permitted to appear in the former edition: these are now carefully expunged; several pages have been entirely rewritten, and every thing that could possibly offend, has been studiously withdrawn. These corrections, it is hoped, will render the work not unworthy of the continued favour and approbation of the public.

With regard to his recommendation of Upper Egypt as a resort for the pectoral invalid, the Author has been taken to task by several of the most respectable literary reviewers, who have in-

PREFACE.

sisted that the privations and drawbacks inseparable from a semi-civilized country, would more than counteract the advantages of climate, however great. To the delicate female, or even to the fastidious male invalid, to whom the comforts of home are indispensable, he freely admits that Egypt is *not* an appropriate residence: his remarks were intended to apply solely to a class, unfortunately too numerous in Britain, namely, *young men* born of consumptive parents, and who have themselves manifested a consumptive tendency. For such, he still insists on the superiority of an Egyptian climate; not, however, as a means of curing a disease which, when fairly formed, admits not of cure, but with the view of combating the phthisical predisposition, and thereby preventing the fatal development of pulmonary tubercles. In the unfortunate malady in question, *prevention*, and not *cure*, is all that can reasonably be expected from climate.

For the guidance of such invalids as may think of following in his footsteps, the Author may here take the opportunity of stating, that he attributes, under God, the prolongation of his life to his residence in Egypt, and that he has never ceased to congratulate himself on having been led, by a wayward fancy, to sojourn in the land of the Pharaohs.

November 1839.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

IN submitting the following pages to the public, I feel that an apology is due for a work of so personal a character, and which contains more of the speculations of the Author than may consist with good taste, or the modesty of his pretensions; but a Diary is essentially personal, and my only hope is, that the fidelity of the narrative may redeem its egotism.

The importance of Egypt, as a new state growing up on the confines of Asia and Africa, and the influence it seems destined to exercise on the political relations of Europe, have been discussed by the abler pens of previous travellers; but I am not aware that sufficient importance has heretofore been attached to Egypt as a resort of the Invalid. This deficiency I would now endeavour to supply,

and I trust a service may be rendered to many by pointing out a climate like that of Upper Egypt, where the atmosphere is eminently pure, and dry, and exhilarating.

From the circumstances under which these Notes were written, they are necessarily of a discursive and familiar character, touching but slightly, and on the surface of things. Hence, although treating of Italy, and Egypt, and Greece, it is not to the Scholar, or the Antiquary, I address myself,—to them my pages will afford little instruction; but I would hope they may not be altogether devoid of interest to the Invalid, and to those general readers who prefer the traveller's own impressions, and sketches carelessly hit off amid the scenes described, to elaborate disquisitions on politics, poetry, or pyramids.

The tour, of which the following is a diary, was undertaken chiefly with a view to health. Having suffered severely from inflammatory attacks of the ^{emphor} chest, during the winter 1835–6, in Paris, I was

induced, at the recommendation of my friend Sir R. Chermiside (the most distinguished English Physician in Paris), to consult Mons. Andral, whose reputation for a superior knowledge of thoracic diseases is well known throughout Europe.

After a minute inquiry into the history and symptoms of my case, and a careful examination of my chest with the stethoscope, he wrote the following opinion and advice.

Monsieur ——— chez lequel je me suis rendu en consultation il y a peu de jours, présente les signes d'un emphysème pulmonaire. Il ne m'est pas démontré qu'il ait des tubercules; *plusieurs circonstances* toutefois doivent faire craindre le développement ultérieur de ceux-ci.

Je conseille les moyens suivans :

1°. Frictions assez longtemps continuées au dessous des clavicules avec la pommade stibiée.

2°. Usage habituel du *Datura Stramonium*, dont Mons. fumera les feuilles comme celles du tabac.

3°. Vers la fin du mois du Mai, Mons. se rendra à Bonnes (dans les Pyrénées) dont il boira les eaux pendant six semaines. Il se rendra ensuite à Can-

teret, dont il boira aussi les eaux; il prendra spécialement celles de la source de la Raillière, et il les coupera d'abord avec du lait.

4°. Vers la fin de l'été, Mons. se dirigera dans l'Italie, et y passera tout l'hiver.

5°. Mons. suivra constamment un régime doux, et il évitera avec le plus grand soin l'influence du froid, de l'humidité, de toutes les variations brusques de température.

ANDRAL.

2 Avril 1836.

In accordance with the above advice, I quitted Paris towards the end of May 1836; but instead of resorting to the Pyrenees, as recommended by Andral, I accepted the pressing and oft repeated invitation of my old and intimate friend Mr Callander of Craigforth, to join him on a summer tour through Italy—believing that easy travelling and the society of an agreeable companion, would do more to recruit my health than the mineral waters of Bonnes. In this hope I was not disappointed.

Various circumstances detailed in the text, determined my course to Egypt for the succeeding

winter. My own experience, and the observation of others, convinced me that Italy, in point of climate, was not the El Dorado which in England it is generally considered. Added to this conviction was a secret longing that had for years possessed me, to visit the land of the Pharaohs. To Egypt, then, I bent my steps; and, with what happy results, the reader who has the patience to follow my wanderings will discover. My subsequent travels through Greece and Turkey, and voyage up the Danube, were undertaken less with a view to health, than to gratify a certain wandering propensity, which, as my readers will perceive from various allusions, has led me into many regions not mentioned in the title-page.

Should the following pages induce the pulmonary Invalid to make trial of Egypt, I think he will not be disappointed: but there are two things I would strongly impress on him, viz.—*to go in time*, and never to forget, that in no climate can he safely dispense with *prudence*.

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JOURNAL

MONTEREAU, *May* 28. 1836.—Left Paris by steam at seven o'clock yesterday morning. It was not without a feeling of regret that I bade adieu to a place which had been a home to me for so many months, and where I had formed habits and acquaintances that made time pass tranquilly, if not agreeably. Now the scene was to change, and I was to enter on a long and fatiguing journey, having no very well defined object in view. There was a time when a tour like the present would have given rise to far other feelings; but circumstances are changed, and the "rainbow hopes" of my youth are gone for ever.

The steamboat was a tiny little vessel, the passengers numerous, and the accommodation wonder-

fully good. There were no regular meals, but there was an excellent *restaurant* on board. The scenery up the river is pretty, though not distinguished by any remarkable beauties. Arrived at Melun at two o'clock. The distance to Fontainebleau is four leagues farther, the road lying entirely through a forest of young oaks. Few old trees were to be seen. The Nile and Trafalgar had helped to thin the patriarchs of the forest. At Fontainebleau I put up at the *Hôtel de France*, opposite the chateau, celebrated for the touching adieux of Bonaparte, when he embraced the General of the Imperial Guard, and the eagles of France, after his abdication. The gardens and grounds of the castle are of great extent, and diversified by abundance of water, and green avenues of shady oaks. There being no *diligence* for Chalons from Fontainebleau, I was obliged to come hither, a journey of six leagues, in one of the wretched machines termed *coucous*. Left at eight this morning. First seven miles still through the forest. The wood upon this side is much finer than on the other. Was a famous forest for the *chasse* under Charles X, but Louis Philippe lets the hunting. It was a cold biting east wind. Got here at eleven A.M., and put up at the "Croix verte," a paltry inn, yet it seems the best in the town. A *diligence* passed at four, another at seven P.M., both quite full. A

traveller in France can rarely, as in England, count on being picked up on the road by one of the great diligences, which usually start full from Paris, and convey their passengers direct to the extremity of their journey. Those who desire to stop at intermediate places must resort to the *coucou*.

AUXERRE, 30th May.—Never shall I forget the miseries of yesterday. Left Montereau at four A.M. My fellow travellers, eight in number, were of the lowest *canaille*. They swore at each other like furies, smoked abominable tobacco, and disputed, in a jargon, little of which was intelligible to me excepting their unceasing *sacres*. The vile *coucou* had no springs, and ever and anon I expected my very ribs to be dislocated. To add to my miseries I could not sit upright, even with my hat off. No instrument of torture could have been more ingeniously contrived. There were only three stages of twenty miles each. I had serious thoughts of taking a post-chaise at the end of the first stage; but resolved on consideration, to “grin and bear” it a little longer. Passed through a fine country rich in vineyards and corn-fields, with a pleasing variety of hill and dale, wood and water. The road lay for some miles along the banks of the Yonne,—a smooth meandering stream, where I observed several *fishers*,—brothers of the angle I will not call them,—for it was evident that they were bobbing

for gudgeon, or some such ignoble tenant of the waters, and not casting the fly to lure the noble salmon or the graceful trout.

I arrived here yesterday at 6 P.M., after an imprisonment of fourteen hours in the horrible *cubou*. My limbs were almost paralyzed, and required immersion in a hot bath to restore their powers of motion.

There being no place in the *diligences*, nor, as the landlord informed me, the least chance of any for the next month, I secured a seat in a little mail-carriage which goes to Dijon. This is a circuit of eight leagues, but any thing is better than the *coucou*.

DIJON, *June 1*.—Left Auxerre at seven A.M. yesterday, in a nice easy carriage,—distance forty-four leagues,—22 hours *en route*. Arrived here at five this morning; the road is remarkably hilly; and some of the stages were eight leagues in length. I took nothing in the shape of food, except a cup of coffee before starting, and a bowl of beef-tea on the road. The grand secret in travelling is to abstain from wine and animal food. The less a man eats the better will he stand the fatigue.

LYONS, *June 3*.—Reached Chalons at three yesterday morning; transferred my luggage from

the *diligence* to the steam-boat on the Soane. The Soane is a fine river, and twice the size of the Seine at Paris. There was an excellent restaurant on board, and meals served as well as in the Palais Royal. Seen externally, Lyons is an exceedingly fine town, but the streets in its interior are narrow and dirty, like those of most French towns. It is second only in importance to Paris, and has a population of 160,000. It is built on banks skirting the Soane and Rhone. The latter receives the Soane into its bosom about two miles below the city. Went before breakfast this morning to visit the hospital "*Hôtel Dieu*," an establishment of vast extent, and containing even more beds than the *Hôtel Dieu* in Paris. The wards are lofty and spacious, and nearly all the beds were occupied. Several of the physicians were making their rounds, dressed in black silk gowns; but there was no crowd of pupils following them as in the hospitals of the capital. The "*Chirurgien Major*" lives in the establishment. His appointment is for ten years, during which time he is not permitted to marry. The whole duties of the hospital are performed gratuitously by 300 "*Freres et Sœurs de La Charité*." The yearly revenue is two millions of francs, according to the porter who was my guide throughout the building, a sum appearing almost incredible. Some of the atten-

dants were young girls of twenty. It was strange to see them in the sombre garb of the order of *Da Charité*. They receive no pay, being merely clothed and fed: make no vows on entering, and are not obliged to remain longer than they choose. The "*administration*" can dismiss them at a moment's warning; but after fifteen years of service, they obtain a black cross, which entitles them to a perpetual asylum, from which they cannot be removed without some grave misdemeanor.

There is certainly something very striking in some of the effects of the Catholic faith. In what other religion, for instance, do we find so many of its professors devote their whole lives to unrequited services of charity and benevolence? Here are 300 persons, male and female, voluntarily submitting to the strict discipline, the irksome confinement, and disgusting drudgery of a large hospital, without other fee or reward than that derived from the approval of their own breasts. That many of them betake themselves to the office to secure the means of living, I do not doubt. Others, by way of atoning for past sins, and many from a disgust at the world, or from disappointed hopes; but unquestionably there must be some who act from higher motives than these. A man may go into the splendid churches of the Catholic faith—he may witness the gorgeous processions and the rich ceremonial of its

worship, and exclaim that all is vanity and empty pomp—that there is nothing betokening the influence of religion in the heart;—but when he beholds the practical working, if I may so speak, of the creed, especially as it is to be seen in the great hospitals and other charitable institutions, he certainly must acknowledge, that, if a sentiment of piety prevail less generally in France than elsewhere, there is no nation on earth where, among a portion at least of its inhabitants, the visible fruits of religion are so zealously cultivated and so richly developed. I can hardly conceive an office more irksome (unless to a mind overflowing with benevolence) than that of an hospital nurse. In England, it is one that is highly paid, and yet its duties grudgingly performed. In France, on the contrary, the Sisters of Charity do everything without pay, and, so far as my observation has extended, with a cheerfulness and tenderness to the sick, not elsewhere to be found. Indeed this is not to be wondered at, for in every relation of life, what we do voluntarily is done with a better and readier grace than services rendered for gain. In the one case, it is the heart that prompts—the love of money in the other. What a contrast does the life of the *Sœur de la Charité* exhibit, when compared with the useless and drone-like existence of the nun. I am no admirer of convents. They

are foul blots on the intelligence and civilization of the Continent. To enter a convent is a living interment of all the affections and human charities. Once passed its gloomy portals,—there is no retreat. Repentance may come, but it comes too late. Life and all its innocent enjoyments are for ever closed on the deluded inmates: they must now devote themselves, not to the pious labours of ministering to the sick, and consoling the afflicted of their neighbourhood, but to the ceaseless repetition of a religious ceremonial, as little beneficial to themselves as to others. The occupations of one day are the occupations of the next, and of every succeeding day: attending matins and vespers—telling beads, and doing voluntary penances; such is the “joyless unendeared” existence of thousands, who, released from monastic thralldom, and mingling in the concerns of the world, would spend their days happy in themselves, and the cause of happiness to their fellow beings. While leaving the hospital, the aged sister at the gate (as I took off my hat to wish her good-by), said, *Ah! Monsieur, n’oubliez pas les pauvres*. Accordingly, I gave her a franc, another to my guide, and came home to breakfast. In the afternoon, I went out to scour the town, and getting into an omnibus, drove through the streets, without other object than that of looking about me. This is a cheap and easy mode of acquiring

a general idea of a large town. The "*cours*" here is only five sous, so that one may traverse the city in every direction for a franc and a half. The only fine buildings are the *Hôtel de Ville* and *Palais des Arts*. The streets are paved with small round stones, very painful to walk upon. Weather is fine and mild, and my health improving.

AVIGNON, *June 5*.—Sailed this morning for Avignon. The distance is seventy-six leagues, and the time occupied on the voyage was fourteen hours. It was a lovely day; and I have seldom made a more agreeable voyage. The river flows betwixt two ranges of hills covered with vines to their tops. Passed the famous wine farms of Cote Roti and Hermitage. The Rhone is a noble stream; in colour reminding me of the St Lawrence. At Valençay, the Isere, a turbid glacier stream, flows into it, and destroys the beautiful blue-green colour; below the junction, the water is of a dirty grey. The current runs with great velocity, probably at the rate of a league and a half the hour. The steamer takes five days to return, and carries only goods, being too tedious for passengers. Met a great many boats laden with merchandize of various sorts, dragged by prodigious teams of horses. I counted as many as twenty-four pairs yoked to one flotilla. It was a curious sight to see

them plodding their weary-way up to their bellies in water, the drivers sitting sideways on their backs. It frequently happens that they are obliged to swim for a short distance, which they do, dragging the flotilla after them. They are animals of powerful bone, but their average life is barely two years. From being almost constantly in the water, they are subject to a swelling of the legs, and a casting of the hoof, which render them entirely unfit for work.

There were a great many passengers on board. I, for a wonder, was the only Englishman. Found all most affable, and some intelligent as well as communicative French officers. There is much less stiffness and aristocratic *morgue* in France than is to be found in society in England. In France, the genius of the people is essentially republican: the gradations of rank are lost in a general amalgamation; and yet there is none of the *brusquerie* of the lower class of Yankees to be met with. All are polite, without being servile. As a consequence of the first revolution, the state of manners became rough and uncultivated; but now it is just what it ought to be:—the natural result of a monarchy engrafted on a republic. I saw, for the first time, yesterday, a chain of the Alps. The mountains must have been at a great distance, yet nothing could be more visible than the rugged outline of their

snow-clad summits. The temperature is considerably higher than at Lyons. Is this the mere coincidence of a general change, or does it depend on a real difference of climate? I imagine it does; for we are 3° farther south here. Thermometer 72° Fahrenheit—a temperature I delight in. There have been great doings here to-day in honour of the Fête de Dieu. I had an excellent view of the procession from my bed-room window. It was really a very striking one. First came a double row of young women dressed in white, with long veils hanging down to the waist, each carrying a book and taper, and the whole marshalled by a host of priests. Next came two rows of little girls, from five up to fifteen years of age. Many of these were to *perform* their first communion. It was a pretty sight to see so many lovely children and young maidens. Awnings were spread across the street to keep off the sun. A choir of singers lined the procession, which moved slowly onwards. Here and there a handful of rose-leaves was showered on some of the damsels—probably the homage of a sweetheart to his “mistress’ eyebrow.” The third part of the procession consisted of men and boys; and the rear was brought up by the Archbishop, who walked under a gorgeous canopy of silk-velvet, trimmed with gold, and supported by richly clad priests. “Songs and choral symphonies” preceded

his Reverence, as likewise a long row of priests, waving in their hands silver vases containing frankincense. The effect was really imposing. The odour of the incense filled the air. If any of it ascended to Heaven I know not. For my part, I gazed upon the ceremony with any other feeling than that of devotion. Pomp and circumstance never inspire me with sentiments of piety. It may be the effect of prejudice and education, but of the two modes of worshipping God, I prefer that of the Quaker to the Catholic. This is a large and beautifully situated town, with a population of 25,000. It was anciently the seat of the Popes. The *garçon* of the Inn conducted me to the "*Hôtel des Inévitables*," a retreat for the old soldier, similar in its constitution to that of Paris. It has accommodation for 1000 veterans, and a large garden for them to exercise in; its walls are adorned with the campaigns of Bonaparte, and the names and dates of all his great victories are there recorded. It is an inexpressible satisfaction to an Englishman that he may travel from one end of France to the other, and see no trophy erected by the vanity of the nation at the expense of his country's honour. Almost every other people of Europe see monuments to remind them that they were once under the iron grasp of Bonaparte. Every stranger who visits Paris has these "*tristes souvenirs*" before his eyes. There is the

Pont d'Jena, the *Pont d'Austerlitz*, for, the Prussian and Austrian ; triumphal monuments to commemorate the Battles of *Borodino*—*Madrid*—the *Pyramids*—and a hundred besides : but nowhere is to be seen one solitary memento of a victory gained over Great Britain. While England can boast of her Trafalgar Square and Bridge of Waterloo, France must be content with the bitter recollections that these names inspire. Nothing would wound me more, or more effectually take from the enjoyment of foreign travel, than the sight of objects that would for ever remind me of my country's defeat ; but happily for every Englishman, he may wander from the rising to the setting sun, without fear of these unwelcome intruders on his peace.

My guide next conducted me to the remains of the ancient Palace of the Popes, which is a fine ruin, built upon a rock of great height, and commanding a beautiful view of the town and surrounding country. A league above Avignon the Rhone divides into two branches, which reunite about three miles below the town, forming a fine fertile island, cultivated chiefly with mulberry trees intended for the support of the silk-worm, which is reared in abundance in this part of France. The Patois in its richest dialect (of which I cannot understand one word) is the familiar language of the people. One of my fellow-passengers, a native of Avignon,

told me that a Parisian would be as much at a loss. Have taken a seat in a diligence that starts at 7 P. M. for Marseilles: fare, including overweight of baggage, ten francs. From Lyons to Avignon by steam the fare is thirty francs.

MARSEILLES, *June 6.*—Arrived here at eight this morning, after thirteen hours of very disagreeable travelling. The dust on the road surpassed any thing I had ever before experienced. Neither of my fellow-travellers in the coupé (although both Frenchmen), uttered one word from the moment of starting until our arrival at Marseilles. It was dark for a great part of the road, but had it been broad day, it would have been impossible through such an impenetrable cloud of dust to see any thing of the scenery. I experienced a certain feeling of excitement on approaching the Mediterranean, that most classical of seas, and the theatre of so many renowned battles, from Salamis down to Navarino: had the first view of it three miles on the other side of Marseilles, and took off my hat as its dark blue waters hove in sight. The first thing that strikes one is the absence of beach: having little or no tide, it is necessarily always full: thus more resembling a great fresh-water lake than any ordinary sea. It reminded me of Lake Ontario; only that the colour of its waters is of a deeper

blue. I put up at the Hotel Beauveau, Rue Beauveau, a very large establishment close to the shipping. After the refreshment of a bath and a good breakfast, I walked round the harbour, which is of considerable extent, and filled with ships of every European flag. The water in the basin is of a black dirty colour, and exhales a most offensive odour. From the absence of tide it is not daily changed as in other seas; and receiving all the filth of the town, resembles a pond of putrid water. The only way which it can be renewed, is by a storm to seaward; but in the summer season, when its inconveniences are chiefly felt, this must necessarily be of rare occurrence. It contains in its bosom, twenty-four feet of water; but having only eighteen at its mouth, ships above 600 tons cannot enter with their full cargoes. Once anchored in the harbour, they can ride in perfect security against the most raging tempest. I should imagine the quays to be very unwholesome, and much sickness to prevail amongst the watermen and other employés of the shipping.

June 8.—Most lovely weather, thermometer 71°. The steamer “Pharos” sails on the 10th for Naples; fare 220 francs, and I have only 200 in my possession, not enough for the bare passage, besides my bill here, and living on board, to pay. Called at the Bureau, and explained my situation;

showing at same time a credit from Lafitte & Co. on their correspondents at Naples, and asking if the agent would take 100 francs here, and an obligation for the remainder at the end of the voyage; no great favour certainly; for even if I had had no letter of credit, my baggage would surely have been good for 120 francs. But the fellow hummed and hawed, and said it was quite unusual to do such things; in short, he was disposed to make so great a favour of the matter, that I turned on my heel, determined not to enter the office again in the attitude of suppliant. It had occurred to me on leaving Paris, that I might possibly run short before reaching Naples, and having mentioned this to Lafitte's English manager, he wrote on a slip of paper the name and address of their Marseilles correspondent (Mons. Lucie, 25 Rue Larmeny), assuring me that I had only to present my letter of credit, and the address he gave me, in order to receive any advance I might require. Hence, I went direct from the Bureau to M. Lucie, not entertaining the smallest doubt that my wants would be supplied; but I was disappointed. The clerk returned with a message from his master, that as I had no formal letter from Lafitte & Co., he could make me no advance. I was not a little stung by this unexpected rebuff. My first impulse was to write to M. Lucie, thanking him for his "*obli-*

geance" to me as a stranger, but, on reflection, I thought it better to leave him to the remorse of his own conscience. It was an uncourteous act, to say the least of it, to refuse assistance to a stranger under such circumstances; for, unless he had considered my letter from Lafitte & Co. to be a forgery, he could have been at no risk as to repayment. In justice, however, to the French character, I doubt if any other banker in Marseilles than Mons. Lucie, would have so served an Englishman.

But how to raise the wind, this was the question. I went on board the *Pharamond* to look at the accommodations in the second cabin. These were excellent, and cost only 145 francs; but for the fear that a parcel of English flunkies would have been my messmates, I should have taken a berth here—my pride could not brook this. Had but one available source of the "needful," namely, some gold mohrs and other coins that I had collected in India, the West Indies, and America,—I sold most of them to-day at the money-changer's. It was not without a pang that I parted with them, for they had accompanied me in all my peregrinations. But necessity is a stern mistress, and I would rather have disposed of my watch even, than have gone back to throw myself on the tender mercies of him of the Bureau.

June 10.—The town has been all agog during the last week, celebrating the Fête Dieu. The same procession and mummeries that I saw at Avignon have been enacted daily, with the difference that the figures dressed in white had their faces entirely covered, there being only two small holes for the eyes. To me it is passing strange to see a whole population of enlightened citizens so entirely absorbed by an empty pageant. Did it last but for one day, or even for two, I could more easily bear with it, but to see the same pompous farce enacted for seven successive days, not only without tiring of it, but with an interest ever on the increase, is a proof that the inhabitants of the South of France are far behind their brethren of the North; for sure am I, that the volatile Parisians would be entirely surfeited by even four days of holy pantomime. The ceremony originated as a thanksgiving to Heaven for the cessation of the plague, about a century ago. At the moment of its institution, I can perfectly believe that it might be a solemn service, but now it has degenerated into a serious farce, and is the signal for licentiousness and buffoonery.

I have had my passport signed by the various Italian authorities here, and also by the British Consul, who demanded a fee of eight francs and a half. That such charges should be sanctioned,

is really a disgrace to my country, and a subject well worthy the attention of Parliament. I had also a fee of seven francs to pay to the Genoese Consul. I can easily understand the authorities of these paltry Italian States levying such exactions upon strangers; but surely it is a disgrace to the "Majesty of England" to suffer her representatives abroad to enrich themselves at the expense of her own sons. Verily, it is a hard case that an Englishman in a foreign land, cannot present himself before a British authority, and obtain his simple signature, without paying down a sum of money! My notion of the duties of such an officer is, that he should assist and protect his countrymen abroad in every possible manner, and not grind them by a miserable extortion of their (often) scanty means. While in Paris, having occasion for a certificate that I was in life, I went to the British Embassy, where a fee of five francs was demanded for this mighty service. The same thing happened to me at New-York, where I had three dollars to pay for our Consul's signature. If the salaries are paid, or partly paid, by such means, away with the thrivelling and degrading economy. I am certain that there is not a single Member of the House of Commons (Joseph Hume not excepted), who would not vote a decent sum for the maintenance of the Consuls out of the public purse, rather than allow the

pockets of his countrymen to be plundered abroad. Passage-money, including passport, amounted to 235½ francs ; living on board will be forty or fifty more—I must go and sell my remaining coins. Had a long conversation with an intelligent boatman last night. He tells me that, in spite of the fetid effluvia exhaled from the water of the harbour, there is little or no disease ; and that on the contrary, the persons connected with the shipping, and the crews of the ships, form the healthiest part of the population.

I dine at the Table d'Hôte of the hotel, where there is a set of new faces almost every day. French officers returning from and going to Algiers, compose the majority of the company. There have been also several English travellers, but at the Table d'Hôte, I prefer the vicinity of a Frenchman to John Bull. One of my countrymen disgusted me not a little at dinner yesterday. He gave himself the airs of the Great Mogul ; and if I have any skill in physiognomy, or penetration into character, he is but a sorry gentleman at bottom. I would ask no worse sign of a man's head or heart, than to see him attempt a display of consequence in presence of a number of strangers, more especially, such strangers being of a nation different from his own.

Marseilles has a cheerful promenade, sheltered

by a double row of fine old trees ; indeed, all the French towns have similar walks for the health and recreation of their citizens.

June 11.—Embark on board the “Pharamond” at ten o’clock to-day, to quit the shores of “La Belle France.” Perhaps it hardly merits this appellation, but France, if not a highly picturesque, is certainly a pretty country. If I am ever to return to its fertile soil I cannot tell, but I carry away with me many parting regrets and pleasing recollections of the country and its inhabitants. It is devoutly to be hoped that the good feeling at present subsisting between France and England, may go on increasing daily, and that the two nations may soon sink the memory of former injuries and ill-will in a spirit of mutual conciliation and honourable rivalry. Such has been the sentiment expressed to me by almost every intelligent Frenchman that I have conversed with in respect to the relations betwixt the two countries. Providence assuredly did not place us in such close proximity to be sworn foes ; on the contrary, we were destined to live like brethren, and to co-operate in the maintenance of liberty at home, its diffusion abroad, in the promotion of the arts and sciences, and the improvement and welfare of Europe and the world at large.

I disposed this morning of the remainder of my

coins. The gold American eagle, with its stars and head of liberty; the Spanish doubloon, &c.—all—all went “at one fell swoop” into the clutches of the remorseless money-changer! I reserved only a solitary gold mohr, which I got at Lucknow. An hour hence, and I shall be skimming “the glad waters of the dark blue sea.” Farewell, France. I quit thy smiling shores with a feeling of regret. May peace and plenty ever be thy lot!

GENOA, 13th *June*.—“Pharamond Steamboat.” Anchored in Genoa harbour at nine yesterday morning, after a delightful voyage of twenty-one hours from Marseilles. The Pharamond is a very handsome boat, with comfortable accommodations and excellent table. There are about twenty passengers of various nations. Five or six English—the remainder French and Italian, with two or three Spaniards. The sea was as smooth as Loch Lomond in a calm, and no person sick. The temperature was delicious. We have our meals under an awning on the poop. The captain is a very agreeable man, a Frenchman, who has made several voyages to India. The engineer is an Englishman, and all the machinery made in England. This appears to be generally the case in the French steamboats, and is a flattering testimony to the superiority of our mechanical industry. The captain told

me that the mere duty levied by France on the machinery of this vessel amounted to the enormous sum of 33,000 francs ! On quitting Marseilles, and until sunset of the day of our departure, the Mediterranean presented a chain of monotonous hills, or rather of scraggy and almost naked rocks. Here and there a patch of verdure in their bosoms ; but, generally speaking, all was barren and destitute of grandeur. The morning sun exhibited a faint outline of the maritime Alps,—their summits veiled in cloud. The approach to Genoa is very grand, and reminded me of the coast of Madeira in the vicinity of Funchal. The bay forms almost a perfect circle, having a very narrow entrance guarded by a battery. One handsome Sardinian frigate and two smaller vessels of war rode at anchor. The town of Genoa is built on a declivity of a hill which forms the beginning of the Apennine chain. No lofty spires or domes are to be seen to give the traveller an impression of grandeur. In fact, the beauty of the city cannot be appreciated from the sea. I went ashore at twelve yesterday. It was Sunday. All the shops were shut, and there was a stillness and solemnity throughout, that reminded me of a Sabbath in my own happy land. There were no masons at work, nor carts of merchandise in the streets, as in Paris. I walked over a great part of the town with one of

my fellow passengers, Mr Clark, D.B.A. of Cambridge. We were both much struck with the magnificence of the houses. Genoa may, indeed, be called a city of palaces. It has whole streets of beautiful, massive, and lofty edifices, far superior to any thing that one sees in France. We entered several of the churches, all very splendid in their interior. Service was going on before a crowd of well dressed worshippers of both sexes. An air of much devotion pervaded them all. After the service, crowds of respectable people walked the streets. Amongst them a number of Sardinian officers,—tall, handsome men,—soldier-like in appearance, but generally of slight figure. The women were much less dark than I had pictured to myself. I saw two damsels with downright “carrotty locks;” many were fair, but the majority were black-eyed signorinas; all were very gracefully dressed, without bonnets, wearing merely a white muslin scarf, fastened to the crown of the head by its centre, and the ends hanging down over the shoulders: nothing could be more simple or graceful. Few things are more agreeable than to wander about in a strange town and strange country, surveying the various objects that strike the eye as new; but ignorance of the language of a country, is a sad draw-back to enjoyment. Lord Bacon truly says,

that he "who goes into a foreign country without knowing the language, goes not to travel, but to school."

At four o'clock I dined at the *table d'hôte* of the *Cruce di Malta*; an hotel recommended as good and cheap by Mrs Stark, whose excellent book is a *sine qua non* to every one going into Italy. The dinner was most abundant, well dressed, and more à l'Anglaise than in France. Vegetables were served along with the meat, which is never done by the French; and I saw salt spoons for the first time since I left England. We sail at six tomorrow morning for Leghorn.

LEGHORN.—*Pharamond*, 14th, five P.M.—Anchored here at five A.M. this morning. Went ashore immediately with a party of five persons, and hired a carriage to convey us to Pisa, which is fourteen miles from Leghorn. The Dean of Killaloe was one of our party. He goes to Rome on an ecclesiastical mission from the Bishop of his diocese, and is a man of infinite humour, with a real open Irish heart, and without a particle of religious intolerance. We started from Leghorn at seven A.M. The road is a dead level, and the country rich in fields of wheat, barley, and oats,—some of them already tinged with the golden hues of harvest. Reached Pisa in two hours, and after a good breakfast at the "Tre

Donzelle," hired a carriage to see the Lions of the town. For me the "Leaning Tower" was the great attraction, and it was the first object of our attention. We all mounted to the summit—a height of 193 French feet. The slope is very manifest, and almost alarming; the day was lovely, and the view from the top of the tower magnificent. The horizon is bounded by a range of the Apennines, less remarkable for height than for variety and boldness of outline. Our guide assured us that the tower was built *designedly* with a slope, and he described it as a *bizarrerie* of the architect. I cannot believe this. Sir John Leslie in his lectures, on giving an account of this tower, used to attribute its stability to the cohesion of the mortar, which was sufficient to maintain it erect in spite of its being *out* of the condition required by physics, to-wit, that "in order that a column shall stand, a perpendicular let fall from the centre of gravity must fall within the base." Sir John described the column of Pisa to be in violation of this principle; but, from designs shewn to us on the spot, the perpendicular *does* fall within the base. What may be the real merits of the case I know not; suffice it for me, that it is one of the most curious and unique structures I have ever seen. It is built entirely of marble, and has several huge bells on its top; some of them weighing 11,000 lb. They are

tolled only on particular occasions, one of which will be on the 17th, when the whole town will be illuminated. The preparations are already nearly completed. All the great houses, bridges, streets, &c. have immense wooden frames erected round them for holding the oil-cups. These are placed in countless millions, and describe every variety of device and shape. I was puzzled as to the manner of lighting them all; for to apply a taper to each in succession, would be an endless task. It appears that a thread dipped in turpentine is wound round the wicks of the lamps. This being set fire to, the flame spreads with the rapidity of gunpowder, and has the effect of producing a simultaneous illumination. The Grand Duke is expected to-morrow; hence we could not see the interior of his Palace. The Arno flows through Pisa. It is a sluggish stream of thick clay-coloured water. Its bridges are not handsome, nor its bed navigable for vessels of any considerable size. The streets are paved with flagstones, but from the heat of the sun during the day, none but beggars were to be seen. On descending from the Tower, we visited the Cathedral, Baptisterie, Cimetière, &c. The Cathedral is a fine old Saxo-Gothic (I imagine) edifice, and has an air of much solemn magnificence in the interior. It contains a number of ancient and modern paintings. "The Sacrifice of Isaac" is the *chef*

d'œuvre of the collection; at least I suppose so, from its having been the only one transported to the Louvre, by the savans of Bonaparte; for my own part, I could not see its peculiar excellence. The Baptisterie and Cimetière are filled with ancient and beautiful marble monuments, which might well occupy the attention and interest of the learned in such matters for many days. The earth of the burying-ground called Campo Santo, was, according to our guide, brought from Jerusalem. From the Cathedral we went to an Academy of Arts, which contained little that was interesting, and at two o'clock set out for Leghorn. The road is skirted by a double row of young trees, all united by vines, whose tendrils are so trained as to form a continuous line, or rather a succession of arches. Nothing can be more graceful; the rich clusters of grapes alone are wanting, but if these were present, the leaves would be withered; so that for mere beauty, setting aside association, they appear to more advantage now than when laden with fruit. We had no time, on our return, to see any thing of Leghorn; and are now on the eve of sailing for Civita Vecchia. The weather is most delicious, and my health and strength improve rapidly.

CIVITA VECCHIA.—*Pharamond*, 16th June.—An-

chored here at eight this morning. All my countrymen, except Mr Strickland, went ashore to travel to Rome. I accompanied them to the inn to breakfast. What a scene it was at the Custom-house, and confusion worse confounded in the "Salle à Manger" of the hotel! Luggage piled up in heaps on the floor—porters vociferating at the top of their voices—travellers bargaining with coach-hirers—hungry men bawling for breakfast—and customhouse officers importunate for bribes. Civita Vecchia is a poor town. The inn was dirty, and the fare indifferent, if not bad. The fastidious traveller, who judged every thing by the standard of England, would have had a rich theme for complaint and abuse. Before pinning our faith to the descriptions of foreign customs, manners, &c., we should know something of the private dispositions of the narrator. One man sees everything *couleur de rose*;—another has his vision obscured by the mists of prejudice;—and all this depending on the different moral idiosyncrasies of individuals. The captain having sent notice that he was to sail precisely at two P.M., I took leave of the party at one o'clock. Felt really much regret at leaving them. The worthy Dean, Mr Lyons, gave me his blessing with as much tenderness and affection, as if I had sprung from the loins of the Pope! so little has he of

religious bigotry. To-morrow morning we hope to anchor in the bay of Naples.

NAPLES.—*Hotel de Commerce, 17th June.*—Anchored in this lovely bay at six A.M. I do not recollect having ever in my life made a more delightful voyage. "Since leaving Marseilles, we have had most heavenly weather—the wind being just sufficient to moderate the heat, and not enough to agitate the sea. There was nothing like exclusiveness, or knotting together of particular persons amongst the passengers. All were as one family—French, Italian, Spaniard, and English, each seemed to have forgotten, or, at all events, to have laid aside for the time, his national prejudices. This is the true way to enjoy and profit by travelling in foreign countries. I never sailed with a more agreeable man than our captain, Fraissinet by name. We talked for hours together of Calcutta, and the "sacred Ganges." At dinner yesterday, (on the score of my being an Indian, I suppose,) he treated me to a bottle of delicious Burgundy; this was a compliment I had not expected, and for which I felt duly sensible. One of our party, Mr Baill, a wealthy merchant, is about the best specimen of a Frenchman I have met with. He has not a particle of reserve; before I had been two hours in conversation with him, he gave me the whole history

of his life, "even from his boyish days." He is a man of rare good humour, with a nonchalance of disposition *à toute épreuve*. I passed the whole of last night on deck with him and an Italian merchant. Almost every subject was brought on the tapis; first, a long dissertation on languages; then a parallel between England and France, both social and political. Nothing like asperity or jealousy, mingled with our remarks; on the contrary, the peculiarities and foibles of our respective countries were discussed with the greatest good humour. From terrestrial matters, the volatile Frenchman made a jump to the heavens, and launched forth into "the boundless regions of interminable space," as Sir John Leslie used to say. Mr B. is, like myself, no great astronomer; but a Frenchman knows better than any other person how to make a little learning go a long way. He poured forth his ideas with a volubility that almost confounded me; and it required all my attention to follow him through the mazy labyrinths of space. At length he grew so hoarse, as to be scarcely able to speak, and shrugging his shoulders, and exclaiming "*Ma foi, je me suis fait mal au gosier,*" he descended at midnight to the cabin. A lovely midnight it was; in these latitudes, the stars are seen with a brightness unknown in Britain. The Milky Way, too, is plainly

perceptible although less distinctly and beautifully than to the southward of the line.

At four o'clock the captain sent to awake me, that I might enjoy the lovely prospect which the entrance to the bay affords. The sun rose in serene majesty a few minutes after I came upon deck. There are few more varied or magnificent scenes in this world, than the *tout ensemble* of the Bay of Naples; but to form any thing like a correct idea, one must see it as it is; for mere words can never unfold its charms to the reader's eye.

A custom-house officer having examined our passports, we were permitted to land. I went ashore with Mr Strickland, Mons. Baill, and three other Frenchmen. Mons. B. was appointed general of the party, with full powers to pay every thing. This plan is a great saving to an Englishman, for much more is expected from him than from any other traveller. The search at the custom-house was not a rigorous one, and the officers were content with a fee of five carlinis (1s. 8d. English), paid by Mr. B. for the whole party. After breakfast, set out to find Callander. His agents informed me that he had gone with a party to Caserta, but would be home in the evening. At three, we sat down to an excellent and well served dinner at the *table d'hôte*. There were about thirty guests,

the host and hostess presiding at the head and foot of the table.

Hotel Crocelli, 20th June.—Slept only one night in the Hotel de Commerce. Joined Callander here on the 18th. The Crocelli is a large and elegant establishment, the most fashionable and expensive in Naples. At this season, however, when the town is almost deserted, the traveller may make his own terms. I pay only six carlinis (2s.) for an excellent bed-room, and eight for dinner, including wine. Similar accommodation in winter would cost me three times as much. The front windows look upon the Mediterranean, from which the hotel is separated only by the road. To me the sole objection is, that it is on too exclusive a scale, being almost entirely frequented by the wealthier class of English; neither has it a *table d'hôte*, as in the Hotel de Commerce, so that, though living in Naples, one sees as little of Neapolitans, or of strangers (except in the streets), as if he were at home; indeed, there is nothing in this house to remind me that I am in a foreign land. The servants speak excellent English; our dinners are cooked and served in the English style, and my native tongue is current for almost every thing. The weather alone proclaims my southern abode, and nothing can surpass its loveliness. The sun is too powerful for walking the streets without an um-

brella, but in the house the temperature is delicious, the thermometer ranging from 72° to 75° Fahrenheit. I have done little in the way of "lionising;" as I shall probably be here during the winter, there will be no lack of opportunity for seeing every thing at my leisure.

Yesterday, I accompanied Mr Strickland and my French friends to the Museum, a vast building, containing numberless galleries of *vertu*, three of which only we had time to visit, as they were all closed to the public at two o'clock. The first was filled with paintings in fresco, taken from Pompeii, —truly a wonderful collection, many of the figures were in the most perfect preservation, after their long slumber of eighteen centuries among the ashes of Vesuvius. The second gallery consisted of Egyptian antiquities, mummies, vases, &c. Here I met a countryman, "bearded like the pard," and with a wildness in his eye too evidently proclaiming that "soul was wanting there." The keeper of the collection informed me that the poor fellow had spent all his money during the first four or five days after his arrival, and was now penniless. Day after day he loiters away his time in the galleries of the Museum. I entered into conversation with him; although he expressed himself in good language, his incoherent remarks and unmeaning laugh spoke too plainly the vacant mind. He told me that he had gone

to the Minister of State to ask permission to carry a sword, that he might revenge himself on some soldiers who had thrown stones at him ! The third gallery was one of statuary, containing the original of the " Farnese Hercules," " The Saviour on the Cross," by Michael Angelo, &c. &c.

On Saturday, I joined the same party on an excursion to Pompeii, fourteen miles from Naples. We started in an open carriage, a party of six, at one P. M. The road lies along the shore of the Mediterranean. About half-way we stopped to visit Herculaneum, into whose dark and chilly caves a guide conducted us, each person carrying a wax taper. A quarter of an hour suffices for visiting all that is to be seen here—even this was too long for me. Immediately on descending, I felt struck with a chill that penetrated to the very bone. The heat above was great, and I was but thinly clad. All the party buttoned up to their chins ; for myself, I would have given the world to escape from such an atmosphere, but being unable to find my way out alone, I was obliged to follow the guide, whose descriptions were totally without interest. At length the cold became insupportable, and the son of the guide having fortunately joined us, I instantly took advantage of him to make my escape. Whatever there may be for the imagination in

Herculaneum, there is certainly little for the eye to dwell on. A series of dark and dismal passages, with here and there a chamber and a niche. The party was not five minutes after me in ascending to the genial warmth of the sun. Let the chest-invalid beware of descending into Herculaneum without a warm cloak for protection. For myself, I escaped with a cough which lasted only two hours.

We arrived at Pompeii at three o'clock. Here all is above ground—a striking and a novel spectacle truly—a large town without a single inhabitant. We passed two hours in making a hasty survey of its deserted streets, and dismantled palaces. The amphitheatre is to this day in perfect preservation; its area oval, and about 100 feet in length, and around it are the seats for the spectators. How many a proud patrician dame has viewed in ecstacy the combats of men and animals, from these very benches of stone! We entered some of the dens where the wild beasts had been caged until let loose for the onslaught. In a field close to the amphitheatre, was some newly cut barley, from which I gleaned a few ears, in order to plant them in the “land o’ cakes.” From the hurried nature of our visit, I had little time for meditation or reflection, yet I could not but transport myself in imagination to the spot where I then stood, as it would have

appeared on the night prior to the destruction of the city. The mind of man can imagine no contrast more striking, yet the author of the calamity remains unchanged. I looked up from the desolation around to the fire-heaving monster above, but Vesuvius shews no signs of remorse. On the contrary, he beholds with sullen indifference his direful work of destruction. The streets, with one exception, are very narrow, and all paved with flat stones. In some there is a distinct double groove, caused evidently by the friction of wheels. I was struck with the smallness of the apartments, which are in general mere sleeping cabins. The Romans must have taken their meals in the courts of their houses. There are a great number of mosaic pavements and drawings, in high preservation; but almost all the marble columns are only a third of their original height. On asking the guide what had become of the upper portions, he replied that no more could be found. Some marble baths, and also one or two fountains, were in admirable preservation. The circumference of Pompeii is four miles. We left by a different gate from that by which we entered. Nearly the last house we visited was one described as having belonged to Cicero; I entered its court with peculiar reverence, and plucked a flower from the area, which I intend to preserve. The renowned orator must have lived in

a bad neighbourhood, his house being close to one which, from the nature of the sign engraven above the door, had evidently not been the residence of the goddess of chastity. Next to the house of Cicero, is that of Diomede, the largest in the town. Thence we proceeded to the gate where our carriage was in waiting, and drove away much gratified by our short visit to Pompeii. We had a tolerable dinner at Resina, on our way home. Mons. Baill managed every thing; the rest of the party had no trouble, and very little to pay. The only other sight that I am curious about just now, is the crater of Vesuvius, whither I am to accompany the French party to-night. I have some fears of foundering at the last portion of the ascent, which must be made on foot, and which Callander tells me is almost perpendicular. This will try my lungs, but I am resolved to succeed, or “nobly perish” in the attempt. The carriage is to call at half-past eleven to-night, and we hope to be on the top of the mountain to see the sun rise. It is now past ten; I am sitting all rigged for the ascent, with a pair of strong boots, a flask of Falerian, a couple of oranges, my faithful Niagara,* and plaid of the royal Cumming tartan. It is a lovely night, and gives token of a “goodly day to-

* A favourite stick cut by the author at the Falls of Niagara.

morrow." Thermometer 71° with the window wide open.

June 21.—This day is an epoch in my life. I saw the sun rise from the summit of Vesuvius. We left Naples at half-past eleven last night, and drove to Resina (a distance of six miles), where we found guides and mules in readiness, although no notice had been sent. Mons. B. was spokesman, and made a bargain that each person was to have a guide and mule for seven *carlinis*, (2s. 4d. English), a small sum truly. In a quarter of an hour the whole cavalcade was mounted—two torch-bearers preceded us. It was a lovely night, and dark as Erebus, save for the frequent flashes of sheet-lightning which shed a momentary gleam through the darkness. After an hour's ride, we reached the hermitage, a small house with a few fine old trees before the door, and the humble abode of a holy man. While the mules were resting we entered. The old Monk received us hospitably, and produced a bottle of wine, at the same time telling us that two English gentlemen, who had come to sleep there that they might be on the mountain top by sunrise, were in the adjoining room. The Monk handed me the traveller's book that we might inscribe our names. On opening it, the last name on the list was that of H. E. Strickland. Struck by the circumstance, I mentioned it to

my excellent fellow-traveller Mr S., who instantly exclaimed—"Oh! it must be my son—my son!" and, rushing into the next room, in a moment he was locked in his son's embrace! I shall never forget *that* meeting. It reminded me of a scene in a novel, and yet it was no romance. It was beautiful to witness such a gush of paternal love. Poor Mr S. was quite overcome by his feelings. The whole party felt electrified; and our kind-hearted Frenchmen fully entered into the pleasure of so unexpected a meeting. Mr Strickland had come to Naples on purpose to hear tidings of his son who had been for twelve months travelling in Greece and Asia Minor. On his arrival he had found a letter from him dated Athens, saying that he expected to be at Naples, as soon as the quarantine would permit him. Mr S. had left a note at the Post-office for his son, who had gone there the instant of his arrival several days ago; but, with the characteristic neglect of the Italian postmasters, the letter had not been delivered; and, but for this accidental and almost incredible rencontre, the father and son might have left Naples without meeting.

At half-past two o'clock we remounted, and proceeded to the base of the precipitous portion of the mountain. In half an hour we reached the spot where the ascent was to begin on foot. Two sol-

diers accompanied us, by way of protection against the banditti. No travellers are permitted to ascend the mountain without a military escort. Gave my plaid to the guide to carry; and, armed with my faithful Niagara in the right hand, and holding with the left by a leather strap fixed round his broad shoulders, I commenced the formidable ascent. We all moved off at a given signal; the torch-bearers and one of the *gens d'armes* in front—the other soldier bringing up the rear that there might be no straggler from the ranks. It was indeed a terrible pull. With the absurd ardour of sound-lunged travellers, my companions set off at a furious pace. It was in vain that I bawled out “*doucement, Messieurs;*” each was more eager than the other—all seemed emulous to be the first on the top. Even my guide partook of the general enthusiasm, and it was with difficulty that I could hold him back. It made me blush to put a fellow-being to such a use. The poor fellow hauled most manfully, and on my saying that I would give him a “*buono mano*” of two *carlinis* in addition to his hire, he was so rejoiced, that he offered to carry me on his back: fortunately I was not reduced to this extremity. Nothing can be more fatiguing than the ascent; for, in addition to its steepness, the footing is so loose and sandy, that one loses almost half of every step. I was

frequently obliged to pause for breath, and was thus left far in the rear of the party. I had flattered myself at starting, that I should at least be a match for Mr Strickland, who is well advanced in years, but his meeting with his son infused new life into him, and he was amongst the nimblest of the party. It was grey morning ere we reached the summit, and the torches were no longer necessary. At length, after three-quarters of an hour of arduous climbing, I was fairly on the top—the last of the party by a considerable time. Callander did the same thing in twenty-seven minutes. What a rugged scene I trode upon! masses of lava of every size and shape,—smoke, or rather vapour, was issuing from innumerable crevices in all directions. Some straw stuffed into one fuming hole immediately took flame. Here and there I trode upon places so hot as to cause me immediately to withdraw my foot. The old crater discharged neither flame nor smoke; but all around, the white vapours were rising in greater or lesser volume. Every now and then a hot and stifling puff would blow in my face, resembling what one might suppose a “blast from hell.” There was a sharp and biting wind which made the whole party take refuge in their cloaks. The Frenchmen were loud in their admiration of the graceful folds and glowing hues of my tartan plaid. At twenty minutes past

four our Cicerone prepared us for the rising of the sun. A brilliant fringe of gold and purple gave notice of his approach. Five minutes afterwards he rose in unclouded majesty. Oh, it was a scene to behold ! and never shall its effect pass from my memory. We descended into the circular hollow of the old crater, which may be three-quarters of a mile in circumference; from its centre the vent from whence the last eruption issued, descends. On approaching the edge, one can see down only about 100 feet. The actual depth cannot be ascertained. The diameter of its mouth I should calculate to be about 80 or 100 yards. The view—of Naples—the sea, and the surrounding country, was surpassingly fine. Our guides had brought baskets of refreshments, and, before descending, I breakfasted on two eggs cooked by volcanic heat.

The height of Vesuvius is 3800 feet. As a mere mountain it is not remarkable; but the past associations that belong to it, and the future fears that may reasonably be entertained of its wrath, give it a peculiar interest. May not Naples one day share the fate of Pompeii and Herculaneum? for the monster, although he now sleepeth, is not dead—he is only husbanding his fires, perhaps for a burst of more signal vengeance than he has yet displayed. Having been about two hours on the top, we began the descent. Nothing can be easier. It is worth

a journey up for the mere pleasure of descending. The appearance of the lava at the foot of the steep portion of the mountain reminded me of peat, in a Highland moss. Nothing was wanting to complete the resemblance but the pools of mossy water. Until half-way down the mountain, all is barrenness; then begins a forest of young chestnut trees, and lower still are the richest vineyards, trained in graceful luxuriance upon trees. Here and there I observed an apricot tree laden with its fruit, already almost ripe. The whole party were enchanted with the excursion; but the purest gold is not free from an admixture of dross, and the sweetest rose has its thorn:—so it was with my happiness on the summit of Vesuvius. Considerations flashed across my mind that damped the pleasures of the scene. These, however, were but as a passing cloud. Who that saw me gasping for breath three months ago in Paris, would have ventured to predict, that I should this day attain the summit of Vesuvius? Verily, during the last few years, my life has had its vicissitudes. I am now infinitely better, and stronger in health, than I had ever expected to be in this world.

Vesuvius is the third great wonder of Nature that I have seen. The Falls of Niagara was the first—the Island of Staffa the second—and now the Crater of Vesuvius. This is the order of my having

visited them, and the order also in which they strike the imagination. All, indeed, are sublime, and yet widely different. The Cataract of Niagara is one of Nature's grandest and most gigantic works;—in the Cave of Fingal the hand of the Divine Architect is admirably manifest;—and in the Crater of Vesuvius are to be seen the traces of His wrath.

June 23.—Drove last night with Callander to Castel-a-Mare, twenty miles from Naples, round the head of the bay. A ball, to which we had been invited, was given by the Philharmonic Society. There were about sixty persons present, chiefly Italians, with perhaps a dozen English, and a sprinkling of French. Waltzes and quadrilles were the order of the evening. It was but a stupid affair, and would have passed unnoticed, but for an introduction it procured me to a fair countrywoman. The young lady had been for some time, in delicate health, and while dancing a cotillon with a French gentleman, fell suddenly down in a dead faint. Consternation was on every face. The music ceased—the dancers dispersed—and all was anxiety and interest in the young lady's behalf. A swoon is the best of all introductions for the doctor; and, accordingly, I proffered my services—conveying her, with the assistance of Callander, to the sofa. The usual restoratives were brought—vinigarettes and vinegar, cold water, wine, &c. She soon recovered

her consciousness; but, on attempting to sit up, immediately relapsed into another swoon. The couch was now wheeled into the verandah, where there was a freer circulation of air; but even here it was some time before perfect consciousness returned. A lovely girl never looks half so lovely as when in a swoon, so it was with ———. The deadly pallor of her skin, and the placid repose of her fine features, gave her an interest and a beauty that the roses of health and the full play of animation could not have imparted. At length she returned to herself. On opening her large dark eyes, she gazed around with an expression of oblivious bewilderment, resembling a seraph awaked from a holy trance. Being too much exhausted to walk to her carriage, Callander and myself had the honour of carrying her down stairs. Never was fairer burden committed to the arms of man! Having deposited our fair charge in the carriage, I seated myself by her side, and accompanied her and a younger sister, (whose pleasing expression and quiet sisterly attentions prepossessed me very favourably,) to their Hotel. In spite of the cool air of the night, she had not recovered sufficiently to walk up stairs without assistance. Having seen her safely laid on a couch, and wishing her a speedy restoration to strength, I immediately departed for Naples, two gentlemen who were on the eve of starting having politely

offered me a seat in their carriage. The sun rose before our arrival. I was anxious to arrive early, to arrange my money matters, &c. having done which, I dined at the Hotel de Commerce, that I might have the pleasure of treating my French friends to a parting bottle. I had received much kindness and even assistance from them, particularly Mons. B., and had no other means of testifying my sense of their politeness. The landlord gave us some bottles of excellent Lacrima Christi, in which we pledged each other with flowing bumpers; my friends expressed themselves much gratified by this trifling attention, which, at a cost of a few shillings, secured for me (and by reflection, for my country), the good-will of a party of foreigners. Men are apt to judge a nation by the character of its individuals; and, provided the estimate be not formed on too few examples, it is the true manner of judging; hence, it behoves every Englishman so to comport himself abroad, as to do away the impression universal amongst foreigners, of our haughty, sullen, and exclusive national character. In the evening, we all parted on the most cordial terms, in the hope of soon meeting again at Rome.

The *Chiaja* is the fashionable parade of Naples. I was quite surprised at the number of handsome equipages to be seen here, especially on the Sunday

evening, when there is a double row of nearly a mile in length. The royal family drove frequently up and down the centre of the line. It is the etiquette for all other carriages to draw up while the royal cortège is passing. The king is not in Naples; but I had the satisfaction of seeing two of the princesses, rather nice-looking girls, of sixteen and eighteen, who graciously returned the salutes of the gentlemen.

Naples is a very large city, with a population of 350,000. Although possessing few beauties of itself, it can boast of one of the finest situations in the world. There is but one handsome street, the Toledo, which traverses the whole, or nearly the whole, length of the city. The streets are admirably well paved with flat square stones; but there is no *trottoir* elevated above the general level, so that one may be run down by a carriage as easily here as in Paris. This is the land of beggars. I have seen more within the past week than in any year of my life. It is deplorable to see the number of men, women, and children, crowding the streets and highways, beseeching charity. The burden of their prayer is always *maccaroni*, which is to the Neapolitans what potatoes are to the Irish, and rice to the Asiatics—their bread of life in short. There can be no worse symptom of the government and resources of a country, than to see it overwhelmed by shoals of beggars. An opposite in-

ference may be drawn from the absence of paupers. During a tour of 3000 miles in the United States of America, I saw only one beggar. This is one of the great boasts of the Yankees, and well it may be so. At length, thought I, with a certain feeling of satisfaction, I have found an American who deigns to solicit charity; but on dropping a piece of money into his hat, and asking where he was born, to my mortification he replied, with the most genuine brogue, "In the North of Ireland, ye're honour." Lotteries abound in Naples. This is a shabby and insidious means of screwing a tax out of the population. The tickets are sold at so cheap a rate, that even the very beggars are purchasers. The public fountains are numerous and striking. Many of them are of great antiquity, and have singular and fantastic devices. There is much here to remind one of the tropics—the extreme heat—the white glare of the sun on the sandy roads—the number of lazy half-naked men, and stark-naked children—the swarthy colour of the skin—and the hedges of luxuriant aloë;—all conspire to remind one of a tropical region. Since my arrival, the climate has been delicious, but Callender tells me that the spring was extremely cold and variable, and that he never ceased burning fires until the middle of May.

ROME.—*June 29.*—We left Naples on the morn-

ing of the 24th. Three days of easy travelling by post brought us to Rome. The Apennines, as a whole, are an uninteresting range of mountains, although there are many fine and even beautiful spots amongst them. Here and there we came upon a broken glen of grey stone and brushwood, that reminded us of our native hills. Capua is the only town of much note on the road. It is strongly fortified, and will long live in the page of history as the winter quarters of Hannibal and his soldiers. That winter proved fatal to the rugged courage of the Carthaginian army.

Terracina, where the Pontine marshes commence, is a fine town, beautifully situate on the sea, and with some high bluff crags at its entrance. We stopped for an early dinner, and set out at two o'clock, so as to traverse the much dreaded marshes before sunset. I had a great curiosity to see, and even some nervousness at the thoughts of crossing them; having heard so much of their malaria, and offspring of agues, they rose like ogres in my imagination. The actual sight of them dissipated all my apprehensions. The road is straight as an arrow, and flanked on either side by a double row of well-grown trees. There are also broad deep drains on both sides, full of clear water, with a current running about half a mile an hour. I saw no appearance whatever of any thing stagnant, boggy, or pestilent.

On the contrary, there were magnificent crops of barley almost ripe, and fields of meadow hay. On the lower portion of the Apennines, at a little distance from the road, the olive trees were growing in abundance. There are no villages, and very few houses, excepting the posts established for the convenience of travellers. A herd of buffaloes passed us on the road, being the first that I have seen in Europe. The expression of their countenances struck me as less fierce than in India; but this may be mere fancy. There is said to be great danger in falling asleep on the Pontine marshes,* and that the atmosphere over them causes an almost irresistible inclination to somnolency; to obviate which we kept firing pistols at the trees, as we drove rapidly along. This was much better sport than firing at banditti. I certainly did feel a strong tendency to sleep when we had nearly traversed the marshes; but I attributed this more to the restlessness of the previous night, in consequence of some mosquitoes that persecuted me, than to any somniferous influence of the marshy air. Four hours and a half suffice to traverse the marshes, although one can hardly be said to be fairly beyond their reach until arriving at Velletri, which is six and a half hours' drive from

* This is probably true, because, during sleep, the system is relaxed; the history of endemic and contagious diseases shews, that where many visit foci of infection or malaria with impunity during the day, few escape who sleep in them even for a few hours.

Terracina. The road from Velletri to Albano, is extremely hilly, obliging us to travel with four horses. We dined at Albano, and set out at four o'clock for Rome. It was a lovely afternoon, and there was not a cloud in the firmament. On approaching the "Eternal City," the picturesque ruins of her ancient aqueducts were to be seen on both sides of the road. Here and there was a continuous and tolerably perfect range, but in other places merely a solitary arch, with grass and ivy climbing up its crumbling sides. Callander had been twice in Rome before. To me it had all the freshness of a first visit. I felt a strange and undefinable sensation at the thought of finding myself in the heart of a city that had once been the Mistress of the Earth, and whose name was linked with the earliest associations of my schoolboy days. Half a mile from the city, we met a Cardinal walking in advance of his gilded chariot, and two servants behind him. He was the first Cardinal I had ever seen. The carriage drove on, and at half-past seven, just as the last rays of the setting sun were streaming their mellow light on the Campagna, I entered the gates of the "Eternal City," and rising from my seat, took off my hat in reverence of departed greatness. Callander knows the whole of Rome, and makes a most excellent and enthusiastic cicerone. Nothing could be more sombre and gloomy than the air of all things around when we entered,—houses and

streets there were, but the life, and stir, and commerce that should have animated them, were *not*. The few human beings on the streets were mostly priests and monks. Dilapidation reigned supreme. All bore the stamp and impress of decay. The transition from the streets of Pompeii to those of this part of Rome, is not more striking than it would be to pass from Rome to London. It was by the *porta* Giovanni that we entered, and on our way we passed close under the walls of the Coliseum, —the noblest ruin my eyes have ever beheld. We drove to the Hotel de l'Europe, in the Piazza d'Espagna, a very large establishment, where I have an excellent bed-room at five pauls a-day, which in the winter would cost fifteen. I dine generally at the Trattoria, where a good dinner may be had for three pauls upwards. The Roman wine is thin, but pleasant, and better, I think, than the *Vin du Pays* of France. On the 28th, Callander drove me to the studios of three British sculptors. I had no idea that my countrymen were so distinguished as artists here. He introduced me to Mr Macdonald, whom we found taking his siesta under the shade of a Venus he was modelling. I was proud to find a Scotchman rising to eminence as a sculptor in the land of the arts. The two others, Gibson and Wyatt, are Englishmen, both older men, and of more extended

reputation than Maedonald. There were some beautiful marble figures and groups in the studios, of their own composition.

Our next visit was to St Peter's, with the exterior of which I was less struck than I had expected. It is some time before the eye can embrace the exceeding vastness of the building. The dome appeared smaller than that of St Paul's. The colonnades on each side, consist of an immense number of pillars of Doric architecture, with the statue of a saint standing over each column. This crowd of statues has a cumbrous effect. Nothing can be more striking than the interior of this vast church. The mind is bewildered by its gorgeous magnificence. The huge bronze statue of St Peter was dressed in full canonicals, in honour of the saint's anniversary day, the right foot remaining exposed for the lips of the devout, several of whom were kissing the toes, which are literally worn away by the lips of devotees; yet this statue was made to represent Jupiter Ammon! We went this morning in full dress to witness the celebration of high mass. It was a grand pageant. By virtue of our courtly attire, we were permitted to break through the line of Swiss guards, and take our station in the most favourable position. The Pope was carried in a chair of gold through the centre of the church, surrounded by Cardinals and Bishops glittering with

golden ornaments, and with costly mitres on their heads. Fans were waving round the chair of his Holiness, and the soldiers and crowd knelt devoutly as he moved slowly along. He passed within two yards from where we stood, but we "bowed not the knee to Baal!" He is a stupid-looking old man, unless the dullness of expression was caused by the close shutting of his eyes. It was certainly a rich sight for the eye to look upon; but there was nothing to inspire the heart with a sense of devotion. I did not even feel impressed with the respect that I should have felt for a temporal sovereign. Having seated himself on his throne, the dignitaries of the Church rendered their homage; first came the Cardinals, all of whom in their turn kissed the hem of his garment; then the Bishops, to whom the holy toe was presented. I could not help pitying the poor old man, when this solemn farce was enacting. Don Miguel, with some of his Staff, was seated in a box opposite his Holiness. I had an excellent view of the Don, who, though of small stature, has a very fine countenance; but I thought I could recognise the tyrant lurking in his dark eye. Feeling tired of standing so long, and the ceremony being but half finished, I descended to the entrance door, and seating myself on one of the steps, mused for half an hour on the fallen splendours of the Church of

Rome. Here was indeed a wide field for reflection, and proof irrefragable that truth only can endure. The ecclesiastical dominion of the Pope—to what is it now reduced? That voice which, in the darker ages of the world, excommunicated monarchs, and even hurled them from their thrones, is now silent—or if it speak, it “has no terror in its threats.” The shadow of power only remains—the substance is for ever fled. It was a proud reflection that an English Monarch was the first Prince of Northern Europe who burst the chains of superstition and of error. The motives that prompted him were questionable—nay, bad—but *they* are long past and forgotten; their blessed fruits, it is to be hoped, will ever endure.

On my return to the church, the ceremony was in the act of closing—the raising of the spirit (!) had been over. I saw them carrying out the Pope in his chair of state. In the centre of the church he stopped and read a document, which I was told was a protest against the Sardinian or Neapolitan Government (I forget which), for not paying the annual tribute of 12,000 dollars. It appears that the Pope, as he cannot exact the money, takes this means of asserting his right! Last night the exterior of St Peter's was illuminated. This is reckoned one of the grandest sights imaginable. The first illumination lasted till nine o'clock, and

consisted of vast numbers of pale lights, ranged in every shape and manner upon the huge pile, covering the whole dome, and reaching even to the cross on its summit. Precisely at nine o'clock, the flambeaux were kindled. This was the work of an instant, and all was done by unseen hands. Five or six hundred men were concealed about the building with every thing in readiness. The original lights were not taken down, but their effect was entirely eclipsed. So sudden a burst of brilliant light had a fine, and even magical effect. The full moon rose over the colonnades just as the grand illumination began, and seemed jealous of a rival that had certainly the power, while it lasted, of weaning all eyes from the less glaring charms of her pale orb. We drove to several remote points of the city, and had very striking views of the illumination.

June 30.—We were present last night at the fireworks of the Castle of St Angelo. C. had secured two places on the top of a house directly opposite the Castle, and separated from it only by the Tiber, which rolled its thick and muddy waters under our feet. I had heard much of the magnificence and extent of the Roman fireworks, but my expectations were more than realized on this occasion. At ten o'clock precisely, on a signal given from the Vatican, the rockets began to shoot into the air. I have seen fireworks on a great scale in India, where

they are favourite amusements with the native princes ; but those of last night were of far surpassing splendour. There were to have been two distinct representations of volcanos—first of Vesuvius, and then of Etna—but by some mistake, both went off together. It was a scene that sets description at defiance. The roar of the cannon—the hissing of the rockets, which rushed with tails of fire into the air, bursting in showers of serpents, and of gold and silver—the dark and murky smoke that formed the back-ground of the scene—the stifling sulphurous smell—the rush of liquid fire, representing torrents of lava, and the wheels of revolving sparks—all conspired to produce an overpowering effect. It might have been a fight in the depths of hell ! The *entertainment* lasted about twenty-five minutes, when the assembled multitudes took their departure, having “supped full of horrors.” On this scene also, the envious moon looked down, as if amazed at man’s audacity.

After breakfast, we made a round of Picture Galleries and Studios. First to the Borghesi Palace—an extensive collection of the ancient masters. It is almost bewildering to have such a feast spread before one. A long apprenticeship must be served before even a slight knowledge of the Fine Arts can be acquired. For the present, I can see things only with a passing eye. From the Borg-

hesi¹we drove to the studio of Bien Aimé, a sculptor of high reput^e. Here were a number of statues and marble groups, one of which, a virgin weeping over her dead dove, the loveliest object that I ever beheld. We next visited Thorwaldsen, to whom I was introduced. He is an eccentric-looking venerable old man, and was engaged on the colossal statue of a horse. His figures being chiefly of a gigantic class, lose much of their effect when seen in the studio. He has a bust of Sir Walter Scott, sculptured when he was in Rome. It is not nearly so good as Chantry's; but Sir Walter was not in his usual health at the period of its execution. There is also a full-length statue of Byron, with the poem of Childe Harolde in his hand. Our next visit was to the Barberini Palace, to see the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, by Guido Reni. Nothing can surpass the perfect beauty and loveliness of this portrait. Poor Cenci! had I been one of her jurors, assuredly she should not have perished on the scaffold. If she *did* poison her father, it was no more than he deserved. In the adjoining room, is a picture of Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, as large as life, by Billverti. What a voluptuous expression is that of Dame Potiphar! and how well does her amorous eye contrast with the cold repulsiveness depicted in the face of Joseph.

Dined at four, and went afterwards to the Va-

tican, where I had only time to run through its miles of splendid galleries, containing libraries, paintings, statues, and antiquities. The most celebrated of the statues are those of the Apollo and Laocöon. We quit Rome in a few days, and have chalked out the following route: to Venice *via* Florence and Bologna—then through the Tyrol to Munich—and from thence to Geneva.

July 1.—Lionising alone, C. being laid up. Went first to the Doria Gallery, afterwards to the Church of St John Lateran, a huge and ugly pile, but of very imposing interior. On the opposite side of the road is the Santa Scala, a flight of steps leading to a small chapel, which are said to have been brought from Jerusalem. The people believe them to be the identical steps by which Christ ascended the tribune of Pontius Pilate, and as such they are treated with peculiar reverence, nay worshipped. To protect them from the rapid decay threatened by the knees of the devout, they are now covered with thick planks of wood. At all hours of the day, men and women are seen ascending on their knees. They are twenty-eight in number; and on the step nearest the ground, there is a hole in the plank to shew a spot stained red with a drop of the Saviour's blood! Sights such as these are painful to behold in a Christian country. I next proceeded to the remains of the Baths of Diocletian, and the Churches of

Santa Maria degli Angeli, and Santa Maria Maggiore. The former contains eight superb columns of Egyptian granite. The interior of the latter is magnificent, but more resembling a banquet hall than a church. I then visited the Pantheon, remarkable for its beautiful portico of sixteen pillars of Egyptian granite, and came home exhausted, and sick of "Lions." The heat is great, and this along with fatigue of body and bewilderment of mind knocked me up completely. To see things thoroughly and to advantage, one should pass a season in Rome. General impressions are all I can carry away. To attempt criticism, or even to register my observations at any length, would be, in the words of Shakspeare, "a wasteful and ridiculous excess."

Dined at five; and after a rest of some hours, drove down to the Coliseum, in hope of seeing that noble ruin by moonlight; but the capricious goddess shone not. On the two previous nights, when her presence could well have been dispensed with, from the fireworks, she appeared in full glory. We remained about an hour, listening to an extemporaneous concert got up by a large party of Italian ladies and gentlemen, who had come with a similar object in view, but whose dulcet strains invoked the pale goddess in vain.

July 2.—Another day of solitary "lionising." Set out after breakfast, with Jean, a very in-

telligent cicerone, and weighing at least 20 stone. Called first at the Irish College, on one of my fellow passengers in the Pharamond, a youth named O'Sullivan, who has been sent over here to qualify as a priest. The College contains fifty students, who wear a black clerical uniform, and are clothed, and fed, and educated for the priesthood, at the small cost of L.25 a-year. Drove afterwards to the Convent of St Clement's, and left a card for the worthy Dean of Killaloe. Devoted the remainder of the day to ancient ruins. "Jean" conducted me first to the Ponterotto, a ruined bridge, extending half way across the Tiber. This is a very interesting locality. Here is the outlet of the Cloaca Maxima into the Tiber—the work of the Tarquins—and which serves to this day as a common-sewer to the city. A little farther down, are the remains of the bridge which Cocles defended against the whole army of Persenna. In the neighbourhood also, are the pillars of the temple of Fortuna Virilis, beautiful columns of the Ionic order; and at a little distance, is a small Temple with nineteen Corinthian pillars, supposed to have been dedicated to Vesta. Drove next to the Church of St Paul, two or three miles out of the city; it had been one of the grandest churches in the world; but twelve years ago, a conflagration of four hours was sufficient to destroy its magnificence. It is

now, however, nearly rebuilt, and contains enormous pillars of Simpron granite, and a number of beautiful marble columns. On my return, I stopped at the Coliseum, and ascended to its third gallery. This is the Prince of Ruins, and worth all the others in Rome put together. What matchless grandeur and elegance it combines! It was begun by Vespasian, and finished by his son Titus. The circumference is 1700 feet. On one side, the original height remains, but there is a great deal of dilapidation on the other; and actually many palaces have been built at the expense of this still noble edifice. The area is now consecrated ground, and has a figure of the Saviour on the Cross in its centre. This pious fraud has alone saved the whole ruin from being carried away for building materials. A great many flowers grow on the side of the building, and also some large shrubs, approaching indeed to trees. They enhance the picturesque exceedingly, but will unquestionably hasten the decay of the ruin. Although the associations connected with the Coliseum are certainly not of a sentimental or pleasing order, the ruin is one of such solidity, elegance, and innate majesty, that it can dispense with the aid of poetic halo. The memory indeed *may* be shocked, but the eye cannot fail to be charmed.

I next visited the Palace of Nero. An intelligent

cicerone conducted me through its dark and lofty apartments. They are in excellent preservation, and several frescoes on the top of one of the corridors yet remain. They are seen by aid of some tapers raised on a pole. The Baths of Titus were built on the top of Nero's Palace, but their bare outline hardly now remains. My last visit was to the once famous Forum Romanum, now an open space between the Capitoline and Palatine hills, surrounded with the crumbling relics of its ancient grandeur. Various groups of columns still remain, said to have been portions of different temples,—those of Jupiter Tonans, Romulus, &c. The Arch of Severus is in good preservation. The Forum affords a week's study to the classical antiquary. I discussed it in half an hour! It is far too hot for lionising in the forenoon—thermometer 70° and even 80° in the shade. The Dean of Killaloe, dressed in a prodigious three-cornered hat, and full canonicals, called on me this forenoon. I could hardly recognise my steam-boat friend in his new garb. He had just come from the house of Cardinal Weld (an English cardinal), with whom he is to dine to-day. In the evening there were public amusements in the Borghesi Gardens—horse-racing *à l'Anglaise*, walking on the tight-rope, a sham fight representing the capture of Algiers, and fireworks. It was a lovely afternoon, and there was a

great number of persons collected. Wandering about among the crowd, I was surprised to hear the English language very often spoken; but, judging from appearances, many of those who were using it had never set foot on the shores of Albion; “non omnes qui citharam tenent, citharcedi sunt.”

July 4.—Callander is still ailing. Called on the Stricklands, who accompanied me to the Rospi-
gliosi Gallery. Here are two ancient pillars of
rouge antique, for which the Emperor of Austria
offered 10,000 louis d'ors. This Gallery contains
the celebrated Aurora of Guido, in fresco—the
Death of Samson by Ludovico Caracci—and David
after slaying Goliath. The latter is a beautiful
painting by Domenichino. Had I been the artist
I would have infused a certain air of triumph in the
expression of David's countenance after such a vic-
tory. The Garden of Eden by Domenichino :
Adam is in the act of handing the fig-leaf to Eve
that she may hide her shame after the fatal apple;—
our Saviour and the Twelve Apostles, &c. &c. Drove
next to the Sciarra Gallery. It contains a number
of the works of the Old Masters. The Bella Donna
of Titian,—“Modesty” and “Vanity,” two figures
in the same painting, by Leonardo da Vinci,—and a
portrait of a friend of his own by Raphael. These
three pictures are said to be the most valuable in
Rome—perhaps in Europe. The Emperor of Aus-

tria offered *carte blanche* for their purchase; but if Jean speak true, the owner dare not sell them—the government would not permit them to leave the country. If an act of despotism be ever excusable—or, at all events, susceptible of palliation—it is one such as this. Rome has now no other treasures of which to boast, than her works of art; and the government is perhaps right in insuring their preservation. These three pictures are all in double frames, and with glass over the canvass. Although the noble owner cannot—and probably would not—part with them, he makes no scruple in accepting a *douceur* of ten louis for permission to copy them. Each had a copyist at work whilst I was in the room. At three o'clock I dined with the Stricklands at the Trattoria. When we entered, the party then at dinner were sitting with their coats off; and, on the hackneyed principle of doing at Rome what the Romans do, we were glad to follow their example. Mr Macdonald the sculptor called on us at four, and ciceroned us to the various galleries of the Campodoglia. We were three hours visiting its interminable stores of art. I feel my brains quite bewildered—the constant succession of paintings, statues, and antiquities, over-exciting the mind, and exhausting the body. Of the hundreds of statues I have seen, the “Dying Gladiator” and the Venus rising from the bath, are the

only two I recollect. Both these are considered master-pieces, and were dug from the ruins of Adrian's Villa; nothing whatever is known respecting their history. By the way, I must not forget the two bronze ducks, whose quacking saved the capitol. According to Livy, and to my former notions, they were *geese*, and not *ducks*; undoubtedly, however, the figures in question *are* ducks, and in the act of quacking most lustily. In the same room is a bronze statue of the Wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus. The twins are represented drawing nourishment from their foster-mother. This is a very ancient figure, and is said to have been struck by lightning when Cæsar fell. One of the hind-legs of the wolf certainly bears marks of something like corrosion. The infant founders of Rome are comparatively of modern origin. Behind this group is a noble Head of the elder Brutus. The Tarpeian Rock forms a part of the hill on which the capitol stands, but although within a hundred yards of me, I was too much "done up" to go and see it. Its height is now only about fifty or sixty feet, a vast accumulation of rubbish having reached half way up to its top. Indeed this is the case with all the hills of ancient Rome. The stranger looks in vain for the seven prominent well defined hills that his schoolboy imagination has taught him to expect.

July 5.—Went this morning to Madame Bianca Bona's to see a likeness of C., for which he is now sitting. She is an exquisite artist, and shewed me a miniature of Cenci, which she copied from the original! • O what divine loveliness is in that face! It *must* be true to nature, for no painter could ever have imagined so perfect a being. • The price, considering the beauty of the painting, is a mere trifle—only twenty scudi—L.4 Sterling.

July 7.—At the opera last night—had a stall in the pit for five pauls (2s. English). Small shabby house, with five tier of boxes, and lighted by one miserable chandelier. Madame Ronzi de Begnis was the chief female performer. She is a handsome comely woman about thirty-four, rather too fat, but with a fine voice, which I would rather have heard without the orchestra. There was no ballet! The few women who appeared in the chorus were without exception plain; indeed, I may say ugly. I came away a little before the close, and got home at half-past one. • The house was but thinly attended, and so badly lighted, that I could not appreciate the beauty of the ladies in the boxes. At Bianca Bona's again to-day. Dreamed all night of Beatrice Cenci—have bought the miniature. She cannot part with her own copy, and the one *to be* mine is not quite finished. However, I shall get it at Florence before setting out for Venice. Who

knows but Cenci may one day share the fate of my coins? Indeed, I am very certain that in any country where female loveliness is acknowledged, she would be valued at a far higher rate than I paid for her; but I hope never to part with Cenci—the sight of her will cheer my hours of melancholy, and beguile the tedium of solitude.

Drove yesterday to visit the Capuchin Friars, a fraternity of holy men amounting to 150 in number. The principle of their society is, that they must subsist entirely on charity. They are not allowed to accumulate funds, and have frequently been obliged to renounce bequests made to them. The day that is passing over them is all they have to care for. Found them at vespers at three o'clock—reading and singing. There were some fine looking men amongst them with enormous beards, shaving not being allowed. The capuchin who conducted us through the establishment, when their devotions were finished, spoke French well. The dress of the order is a coarse loose grey habit, enveloping the whole body down to the heels, and fastened round the waist by a knotted rope, with which they chastise themselves for their sins. The community is divided into several sections. The aged and infirm amuse themselves at home. A certain number is devoted to attendance on the sick. About fifty are priests. The young and sturdy go

daily forth to beg for the support of their brethren. Our guide conducted us to the cemetery where all the members are buried. Six years after interment the bodies are dug up; and such as are found in a good state of preservation are taken out entire, clothed in the dress of the order, and placed either standing against the wall, or reclining on a couch of bones. Nothing can be more quaint than the interior of this cemetery. Bones are piled over bones and formed into ornaments, and even lamps. It is difficult to understand the total absence of smell, unless on the supposition that the bodies had been embalmed before interment. One does not feel the same sombreness here as in the Catacombs of Paris, from the simple circumstance that in the one there is bright day, and in the other total darkness. In the closets of their church are some fine paintings by the old Masters. Each Monk has a chamber, or rather cell, to himself; we entered that of our guide. The barest necessities of life only are allowed them;—even glass panes to their windows are reckoned too great a luxury. On asking our guide if he was happy and contented with his lot, he replied—“Yes; but that the wine was very thin.” I shrewdly suspect from the appearance of our friend, that he is not indifferent to the good things of this life. I saw one patriarchal-looking Monk, at the age of ninety, walking up and

down the passage with firm step and stately gait. We came away much gratified by our visit, and drove to the Barberini Gallery, to have a last look at the divine Cenci. On comparing Bianca's miniature with the original, I found it an absolute facsimile.

July 8.—Went this morning to the Studio of Vallati, famous for his paintings of boar hunts. Saw some wonderful representations on canvass of that stirring sport. Thence to the Church of St Augustine to see the image of the Miraculous Virgin. As a work of art it has little merit; but it is the idol of the true believer! The head is encircled with a tiara of diamonds, and other precious gems—the gifts of the great, to whose requests she had been propitious. Every finger is clustered with rings of rare value; and votive offerings without number are suspended above her head, and around the walls of the church. Multitudes were entering and kneeling before her image—then devoutly kissing the toes, which are nearly worn away. All this reminded me of the Hindoo idols I have seen in India. I recollect visiting a huge and hideous female figure in a temple on the river Ganges, below Benares. The Hindoos were kneeling before the image praying for mercy, and presenting offerings of flowers, beads, &c. Where is the difference between the two scenes? The idola-

try is the same in both ; only, in the church of St Augustine the object of worship is of a more comely form than that on the banks of the Ganges.

I passed yesterday evening with a very agreeable Austrian family, the Baron de Binden, his wife, and daughter, all of whom speak excellent English. The Baron is a most gentlemanlike man, and Consul-General at the Roman Court.

They have a singular mode of reckoning time here ; the new day beginning the moment of sunset ; an hour after which, it is one o'clock ; two hours later, two o'clock, and so on, up to the time of the next sunset, the hour before which is necessarily twenty-three o'clock. This seems a ridiculous enough fashion, for as the sun never sets twice at the same hour, they must be for ever altering their clocks. The same system prevails at Naples. During the dominion of the French in Italy, they abolished this singular custom, but it was revived as soon as things returned to their ancient footing.

There is a method of fishing in the Tiber that I have not seen elsewhere. A long pole having a bag-net at each end of it, is constantly going round, and so arranged, that it is made to revolve by the current like a mill-wheel. When one net is in the water, the other is of course in the air, directly above. A person is always on the watch in a sentry-box in the platform, provided with a receiving

net at the end of a long stick, by which he catches the fish that would otherwise be restored to the river by the revolution of the pole. According to *Jean*, all the sturgeon in the Roman market are caught in this manner. I have frequently watched for half an hour at a time, but have never seen a successful revolution of the nets.

FLORENCE, *Hotel de l'Europe*, July 12.—Arrived here at eight yesterday evening, after a fatiguing journey of three days from Rome. We started at six P. M. on the 8th,—travelled all night with a heavy dew falling—and reached Terni at eight the following morning. After breakfast, we drove to see the famous Falls of Terni: the carriage brought us to the foot of the hill (a distance of five miles), where we found abundance of mules ready saddled, and guides without number, all eager to conduct us to the cataract. It is well worth a long journey to see the Falls of Terni. Indeed, the wild and beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood would of itself amply compensate for the trouble of a visit. It was a burning hot day, and no cloud in the clear blue firmament. The ascent to the top of the hill is long and steep. On the summit we dismounted to visit a cave, formerly the haunt of banditti, having an entrance that one might pass a thousand times without perceiving. It is remarkable only

for a number of large stalactites depending from its roof, reaching nearly to the ground, and as thick at the extremity as the base. A little beyond the cave we had the first view of the falls. The river is of considerable volume, and flows with great rapidity. Its waters are of a white, or rather a clay-white colour, and are strongly impregnated with earthy salts, which have the effect of petrifying all vegetable matters they come in contact with. This is well exemplified all around the fall,—the spray from which descending on the lichens, and other scraggy vegetation on the rocks, has converted them into calcareous matter of infinite variety of shape. The best view is obtained from a summer-house erected on one side of the fall. The day was favourable, there being sufficient wind to carry off the spray in the proper direction : had it been a dead calm, it would have risen straight up, and hovering round the gulf prevented us from seeing the whole depth of the fall. Callander measured the height of the cataract last year, and found it to be exactly 285 feet. We descended on foot to the bed of the river, and crossed on a natural bridge of rock to the opposite bank. The taste of the water is vapid, but not disagreeable, although, from the calcareous matter held in solution, unwholesome to drink. According to our guide, the river is full of trout, some weighing seven and eight pounds. They take the

worm readily, he says, and are occasionally caught with the fly. Unfortunately he had no tackle, or I would willingly have spent an hour in endeavouring to catch a trout under the Falls of Terni. We regained our carriage by the path on the opposite side of the river. On our right were some magnificent rocks, richly clad with wood half-way up their sides, and shooting their conical and naked peaks to a great height in the sky. Our guide pointed to a bench where he had often seen Queen Caroline and Bergami seated together. She had lived for eight days in a house which he shewed us; and many of the inhabitants of Terni were summoned to London to give evidence against her. Our visit to the falls occupied four hours. I came away more than satisfied, although the sight of Niagara had given me a sort of contempt for all European cataracts; but let no man pretend to despise the beautiful Falls of Terni.

Set out the same evening at eleven for Perugia, and arrived to breakfast the following morning. This town stands on the top of a very high hill, commanding a view of one of the most extensive and beautiful valleys in Italy. At twelve o'clock we started for Arezzo. The second stage brought us to the banks of the lake Thrasymenus, where Hannibal so signally defeated the Romans. It is a large sheet of water, some twelve or fifteen miles in extent, with much fine scenery on its shores. Here

we experienced a thunder storm, with vivid gleams of lightning and heavy rain; although sheltered from the wet, I felt sensibly, and still feel the effects of the damp. Awoke the following morning at Arezzo, with great oppression of chest, wheezing, and cough.—The last two months of dry heavenly weather had lulled me into a false security. My susceptibility of cold continues the same.—The oppression has now left me, but a fixed pain remains in the chest. This is rather a damper on my spirits, as I had begun to cherish the hope of altogether shaking off my pectoral infirmity. From all that I can learn of Italy, there is no part of it dry enough to suit my case. Upper Egypt is said to be the driest country under the sun; and I begin to think seriously of wintering on the Nile. The Pyramids have long haunted my imagination, and a strong presentiment possesses me, that I shall stand on their summits before the close of the year.

The country between Arezzo and Florence is of exceeding beauty, especially after entering the valley of the Arno. Here the vines are richer than any I have yet seen; all trained upon trees, and their foliage so luxuriant, as completely to eclipse,—indeed altogether to conceal, the verdure of their supporters. Washington Irving, in the story of the “Wife,” has a beautiful simile, in which he compares a wife clinging to her husband, and con-

soling him in adversity, to the vine that entwines itself around the stately oak, ornamenting its stem in its hour of strength; and when riven by the thunder, clinging around and supporting the shattered trunk. In the Vale of Arno, I would compare the vine to a flaunting wife, who, conscious of her superiority over her husband, studies only to display her own charms, altogether regardless of him from whom she derives her protection and consequence.

The banks of the Arno on either side, are flanked by plantations of the olive and vine, the deep blue green of the former contrasting strikingly with the light verdure of the vine leaves. They are planted in alternate rows; and the intervening soil is frequently made to yield a crop of barley. Towards evening, we saw a few fire-flies; but these beautiful and remarkable insects do not appear to flourish in Europe as in the East, where they convert the whole atmosphere into a galaxy of twinkling stars.

The cicada made a prodigious chirping by the roadside; almost the whole way from Rome, it kept up an incessant noise, scarcely audible when the carriage was in motion, but sufficient to stun the ear the moment of a halt.

Judging from the improved aspect of men and things on entering the Tuscan territory, I should

imagine the Government to be liberally and wisely administered.

July 14.—Pain of chest continues, but is less severe. Weather extremely hot,—thermometer standing at 79° in the shade. The heat, however, is not oppressive, except when one is exposed to the sun. Sitting in light attire in the house, the temperature is delightful. The great difference between the heat of Italy and India is, that in the former, there is no hot wind—at least I have not yet experienced it; hence the windows and doors are kept wide open; whereas in India, every chink is closely shut until after sunset.

Visited the Royal Gallery yesterday,—an immense collection, and containing specimens of the different European Schools,—the Dutch, Venetian, French, &c.—each having a separate chamber; but there is no English School. England, however high she may hold her head in other matters, must be content to stoop it in due humility when the fine arts are in question. This gallery contains the statue of the immortal Venus de Medicis. It is of Greek sculpture, and was dug out of the Villa of Adrian; and although found in fragments, has been joined with admirable skill. Nothing can be more perfectly graceful and symmetrical. Its height is only 4 feet 11½ inches English; and yet there is nothing diminutive in its appearance. In the

same room are two Venuses by Titian,—both on canvas;—the one is divine,—the other of a very mortal description. I passed two hours in making a tour of the various galleries, which contain numerous paintings of rare value. The public are admitted indiscriminately. The scavenger, after his morning's labour, may go and feast his eyes on the Venus de Medicis. This certainly indicates a liberal government. A populace possessing such advantages can hardly be a brutal one.

Went after breakfast to-day to the Pitti Palace, the residence of the Grand Duke and his Court. The suite of apartments is of surpassing splendour,—the floors being of the most beautiful marble,—the walls hung with richest silks;—and the ceilings glittering with gold. There are some very elegant tables of Pietro Duro manufacture; a style of work peculiar to Florence, consisting of drawings formed by the fitting in of precious stones,—a stone Gobelin in fact. In one of the end rooms is the famous Venus of Canova, a beautiful statue certainly, but wanting that indescribable grace and elegance which form the great charm of the Grecian Venus. The one looks as if modelled from a goddess,—the other from a mere woman. The public is admitted here also without any distinction, and no fees are allowed to be given to the attendants. Not so at Naples and Rome, where it is no easy

matter to satisfy the rapacity of the attendants. The favourite subject of the masters are Judith and Holofernes,—St Sebastian,—and Adam, and Eve, before and after the fall. But perhaps the most frequent of all are the Virgin and the Infant Saviour, and the Descent from the Cross.

Drove to-night to the Casino, the fashionable evening resort. There were a number of equipages, amongst others, that of the Grand Duke with six horses and two outriders. All uncover when he is passing. I saw also two brothers and a sister of Napoleon; Jerome, Ex-King of Westphalia, and Louis, Ex-King of Holland, and the Widow of Murat of Naples. She is now married to a French General of Scotch extraction, named Macdonald. The well known features of Napoleon are not traceable in either of his brothers or sister.

July 15.—To-day with C. and Mr Strickland at the Royal Museum,—a vast collection of objects of Natural History. To me the chief attraction was in the anatomical galleries, where the most minute anatomy of the human frame is to be seen beautifully modelled in wax; and with the fidelity of nature. It would take many days to study with attention this vast collection. One room is devoted to female anatomy; and although usually kept locked, is opened to all who ask for admission. This apartment is but little fitted for the female

eye, nor indeed for that of the non-professional male. I observed, nevertheless, an Italian lady accompanied by a gentleman, coolly examining and commenting on all its varied and not very delicate contents. The remaining suite of rooms, twenty or thirty in number, are devoted to Natural History in all its branches,—cabinets of minerals, comparative anatomy, botany, ornithology, &c. On our way home we looked in at the Tribune of the Royal Gallery, to shew Mr S. “the statue that enchants the world.”

17.—To-day is Sunday; but there is no divine service, although there are several English clergymen in Florence. The heat is said to be the reason; but this must be a mere excuse. In the house all day,—cannot shake off this gnawing pain of chest.

19.—Went yesterday with C. and the Stricklands to the chapel of the Medici, attached to the church of St Lorenzo. It was begun about 200 years ago, and is not yet completed. The walls are covered with the richest specimens of marble and Pietro Duro work; and there are several splendid sarcophagi. The dome is ornamented with a fine painting in fresco, which occupied the artist nine years. Besides the purpose of a chapel, it is intended to serve as a mausoleum for the Ducal Sovereigns. Small as this building is, its materials

are said to be more valuable than those of any other church in Europe, except St Peter's. We next visited the Pietro Duro Manufactory, and saw the manner of proceeding with the work, and also some finished 'specimens.' One table on which is represented a harp and some flowers, is the most elegant piece of workmanship I have seen: although not so large as a card table, it was the work of four years; and in materials and labour, cost the Grand Duke L.4500. Nothing can surpass the beauty and ingenuity of this manufacture, and yet it is difficult to witness it without lamenting the folly of devoting so much time and industry to so useless a purpose. None but a despot could employ so many workmen, and expend so much time and material, on works that are after all but mere toys, and whose sole use is to adorn the halls of a palace. For my own part, I have seen with more satisfaction the spinning-jennies of Manchester whirling their useful rounds in a close and suffocating atmosphere, than this Royal display of Pietro Duro. The former benefit the whole human race; the latter adorn only the palaces of kings.

Our third visit was to the Corsini Gallery, in the palace of the same name, belonging to the Prince Corsini, one of the richest nobles of Italy. The suite of apartments consists of ten or twelve rooms,

forming a double parallel range, all handsomely furnished, and with rich carpets. There is a vast number of valuable pictures in this gallery, including ten master-pieces by Carlo Dolci, and some noble landscapes by Salvator Rosa. After dinner, drove to the Church of St Croie, a large unfinished pile, chiefly remarkable as containing the tombs of Dante, Alfieri, Machiavel, Michael Angelo, and, though last, greatest of all, the immortal Galileo. Eight P. M.—My Cenci has arrived from Rome—the miniature is perfect; I could gaze on the lovely countenance for hours together. We start to-morrow for Bologna. Florence is a very pleasant town, and said to be the cheapest in Italy as a residence. The Grand Duke is much beloved by his subjects, and exercises his unlimited power with moderation and judgment. There exists no evidence of a grinding or harsh government in his territories. I have only seen one or two beggars in Tuscany. Every one seems to have employment, and the populace are a much better looking race than those of Naples or Rome.

BOLOGNA, *July 21.*—Left Florence at seven A.M. yesterday, arriving here at ten P.M. The road was remarkably hilly, stretching across the Apennine chain. We had four horses the whole way. Passed through a great variety of temperatures. It was

burning hot when we left Florence. At the top of a high hill, I was glad to wrap myself in my cloak ; before reaching the base, the heat was again suffocating. In short, it was a series of ups and downs all day. The corn was perfectly green on the summit of a hill at whose base it had already been reaped. I do not know the exact height of this part of the chain, but should imagine that we had gone over an elevation of 1500 or 2000 feet. There are many romantic valleys, with abundance of hill and wood, but not a single lake or river was to be seen. In the spring, when the winter snows are melting, there must be rapid torrents in all these ravines. At present, they are perfectly dry. No landscape can be complete, or even beautiful, without the presence of water. As a whole, I should not say that Italy was a picturesque country. For a great portion of the year, the power of the sun is such that the grass is withered, and the streams dried up. Hence nature presents a parched and thirsty aspect ; and no sky, however lovely and serene, can compensate for the absence of green fields and running brooks—the two most essential features of pastoral beauty.

Bologna is a fine venerable old town, famed for its pictures and sausages. I tasted the latter at tea last night ; but as we start at ten o'clock to-day, there will not be time to visit the galleries.

Walked before breakfast to see the two Leaning Towers. These appear to be all the fashion in Italy. The one is a square building of great height, but I could not discover by the eye that it declined from the perpendicular. The other, (which is only about half the height of the former,) has a manifest inclination. An arcade runs under the first stories of the houses along the whole length of the streets, affording shelter from sun and rain. One might be sure that this was a papal city, from the number of holy men and beggars to be seen in the streets. Indeed half the population of the pontifical cities is composed of these *natæ consumere fruges*; but the priests are the soldiers who uphold the Pope, and superstition is a weapon stronger than the sword.

VENICE, *July 23*.—Left Bologna after breakfast on Thursday, and dined the same day at Ferrara, where we learned that a quarantine of twenty-five days had been laid on all travellers entering the Papal States from Lombardy. Crossed the Po, the boundary between the Imperial and Papal States, four miles from Ferrara. It is a vast and majestic stream, the largest I have seen in Europe; and about a quarter of a mile in breadth. We were fifteen minutes in crossing the ferry, which is on the same principle, though on a more

extended scale, as Captain Smollett's ferry on the Leven.* A long rope is moored to a pole exactly in the centre of the river, about half a mile above the ferry, the other extremity being attached to the boat. The rope is prevented from sinking in the water by being fastened to nine sticks, supported by an equal number of small boats, ranged at intervals of about eighty or one hundred yards apart, and which describe the small segment of a large circle, when the ferry-boat is ashore. Of course they form a straight line when it is half-way across. The current alone, with the aid of the helm, is sufficient for crossing; the depth of the water is twenty-five feet. A health officer accompanied us, the sulkiest-looking dog I have seen in Italy. He took our passports, and fastened them to the end of a stick, that he might hand them to the Austrian authority without risk of the cholera! C. had jumped ashore before the police agent had returned with the passports. On his stepping into the boat again, the health officer threatened to eject him, fearing that he should have brought the cholera along with him. Even a dog that was ascending the plank leading to the boat, was driven back by the vigilant man of health, as if the poor brute had been a walking pest-house! A delay of

* This ferry has recently given place to a handsome suspension bridge, erected by Captain, now Admiral, Smollett.

two hours occurred before we could set out for Rovigo. An eccentric character of the Custom-house told me that in the villages around, there had been within a few days, sixty-seven cases of cholera, forty of which had been fatal. We reached Rovigo at eleven P.M., and started next morning at nine. There were heavy thunder showers on our way to Padua. The country is quite level, with an excellent road, straight as an arrow. A row of stiff poplars on each side forms an apparently interminable vista. Reached Padua at three P.M., dined, and set out for Venice at four. The evening being raw and thick, the view of the city was very indistinct. We left the carriage at Fusina, (six miles from Venice,) and proceeded thither in a gondola. There was great delay in removing the baggage from the carriage, and all C.'s books (eighty or ninety volumes), were detained, to be sent to the Censor. A gondola is a long narrow vessel, tapering at both ends, and having a hood in its centre capable of sheltering four persons. In fine weather, the hood is lifted off; a man stands at the stern, another at the bow. Unluckily it was too dark for us to see any thing of the plan of this *waterlogged* city. We glided swiftly and silently along, till at length the gondola stopped, and we stepped straight into the hotel. Not a sound was heard in the street. There is something very striking, but not

unmixed with melancholy, in the death-like stillness, of an evening in Venice, more especially after visiting the other large cities of Italy. Naples, Rome, and Florence, are insufferable from noise in the streets during the night. But here not a sound is heard save the splash of the oar, while the gondola steals smoothly along. It is, "the rapture of repose," after coming from Florence. Looking out at my window this morning, I was struck with the novelty of the scene before me. At my feet was a large canal of sea-green water, about eighty yards across, and two sloops of seventy or eighty tons burden were moored at the door of the inn. Boats of various descriptions were plying their vocations of commerce, business, or pleasure. There is a row of lofty, though ricketty-looking houses on the opposite side of the canal. About 300 yards to the right, is the Bridge of the Rialto, and to the left, a number of small canals are seen to diverge at right angles. Thermometer has fallen to 70°, and the sensation of cold is uncomfortable.

July 26.—During the three days we have been in Venice, the weather has been cold and wet. Yesterday we had a fire, the thermometer having been at 65° Fahrenheit. We have navigated a great part of the town. A small gondola, with one man, costs four francs a-day. He stands on the stern, working on the starboard side, the oar resting in the hollow of a

prop raised about a foot and a half above the gondola. It is strange that the oar, being on one side, the boat does not yaw to the other. It is astonishing with what admirable precision the man steers, passing through the most crowded thoroughfares, and hardly ever coming into collision. It must be an absolute science, and as difficult as to drive four-in-hand in London. By means of a chart, it is quite easy to steer in any direction. The Grand Canal describes the figure of the letter S, through the heart of the town, the greater part being towards the north. One would at first imagine that legs would be of little use in Venice, but this is not the case; for although the fronts of the houses go right down into the water, all have an exit from behind. In fact, one may traverse every inch of the city on foot, through narrow alleys beautifully paved, many of them not three feet in breadth, and crossing every now and then one of the numberless bridges. I never was in a town the geography of which appeared so difficult to learn. One gets completely bewildered by the great number of lanes, and the absence of prominent objects to direct the eye.

On Saturday, visited the Piazza of St Mark, a delightful promenade, bounded by the Royal Palace on three sides, and by the Church of St Mark on the fourth. In breadth it is about equal to the

Palais Royal of Paris, but is not so long. The Church of St Mark is a very singular building, and scarcely conformable to any of the known orders of architecture. It is a mixture of all, with an oriental style superadded. The famous bronze horses, carried away by the French, are now replaced in their old position above the entrance. The interior is small and gloomy, and the pavement of the floor, from the sinking of the piles, quite uneven.

Met Dr Duncan, and accompanied him to the Armenian monastery, situated on a pretty little island three miles from Venice. Dr D. was well acquainted with one of the brethren, the Professor of Natural Philosophy, to whom he introduced us. We found him a pleasant intelligent man, perfectly familiar with the English language, having been chiefly educated in London. There are twenty-six monks of the order, all learned men, who devote themselves to the diffusion of the Scriptures in the Eastern languages; likewise to the instruction of a certain number of Armenian youths, whom they educate and bring up gratis, and from whose ranks the vacancies in the fraternity are supplied. Nothing can exceed the air of comfort that reigns throughout the establishment, in which there appears to be none of that austerity so general in other monastic institutions. Lord Byron passed

five months on this island (returning always to sleep at Venice), studying the Armenian language. His autograph is written in the strangers' book, both in English and Armenian. Having seen the whole establishment, library, printing-office, manuscripts, &c. we returned to Venice, stopping on our way home to visit the Great Church of San Giovanni è Paulo, alongside of which is a public hospital, that had originally been a convent, but is now converted to a more useful purpose, having 1200 beds for the accommodation of the sick of both sexes. There are medical, surgical, and obstetric wards, and one portion is set apart exclusively for cholera patients. I was introduced by the porter to one of the physicians (a little sharp-looking old man, with grey surtout and spotted neckcloth), and had a long conversation with him in French, on the subject of the cholera, a disease which he considers to be, beyond all doubt, of a contagious nature. He has a crotchet too of its being communicated by an insect, and in support of his theory, quoted the instance of six persons who had drank of water containing animalcula, having all taken the cholera. This is a conclusion drawn from very inadequate premises. The wards are large and airy enough, only the beds are too close together. I saw three cases of *pellagra*, a disease peculiar to northern Italy, but on examin-

ing the limbs, I could perceive no cutaneous affection; and, as far as I could discover, the patients complained chiefly of the bowels, and all appeared fatuous.

Dined at the *table d'hôte* of the Hotel de l'Europe, with a respectable company of thirteen or fourteen gentlemen. In the middle of dinner, two Frenchmen, seated at opposite ends of the table, happening to recognise each other, rose simultaneously from their seats, wiped their hairy lips with their napkins, and advancing to each other, impressed a savoury kiss on each side of the face; then, with the utmost composure, resumed their seats and their dinner. This little episode amused me not a little. The "White Lion" is an excellent inn, but has the great objection of having no *table d'hôte*.

In the evening, walked in the Place of St Marc; a military band attended, and the promenade was thronged with well-dressed persons. Under the palace are numerous shops and coffee-rooms; one of the latter is resorted to solely by Greeks.

The temperature has been cold, with a drizzling rain. Rowed yesterday to the "Palazzo Manfredi," where there is a valuable collection of paintings by Titian, Rubens, Carlo Dolci, and many masters of the Venetian school.

Wednesday 27th.—Yesterday forenoon visited the

Palace of the Doge, a fine ancient building, of Saracenic architecture. A handsome, massive staircase of marble leads up to the entrance. Here are two gigantic statues, between which the Doge Marino Faliero, was beheaded. Here, also, were the famous lions' mouths, for receiving letters addressed to the Inquisition. The holes in the wall are now only to be seen, the heads having been carried away by the French, and never restored. We were first conducted to the Hall of the Grand Council of the Republic, the largest and most striking apartment I have seen in Italy or elsewhere. At one end there is a painting by Tintoretto, representing paradise, and occupying the whole length and breadth of the wall. It is reckoned a fine work, but the subject is crowded and confused. The sides of the hall are occupied by portraits of the various Doges; a blank, with an inscription, fills the place where Marino Faliero's ought to have been. From thence we visited the Hall of the Council of Ten; and lastly, the small room sacred to the Council of Three. In this last, condemnation was passed on the unfortunate criminal. Its proceedings were profoundly secret, and the wretched culprit condemned by this triumvirate was never more heard of. If declared guilty, he was conducted down a dark and narrow staircase leading to the dungeons of the palace, and there either confined for life, beheaded, strangled,

or drowned, according to the fiat of his fiendish judges. We afterwards descended to the dungeons themselves. Originally there had been three stories, but now the lowest is full of water, and the stair leading to it blocked up. We entered all the cells of the other two—eight in number on each floor. The second is at present on a level with the water. They are small dark compartments about ten feet by eight, with enormous walls which were formerly lined with wood. On the arrival of the French in 1797, the secrets of the prison-house were disclosed, and the populace became so excited that they forced open the cells and set fire to them. The burnt fragments are still to be seen in all save one, in which they found a prisoner of noble extraction: he had been fourteen years confined, during which time not one ray of sunshine had dawned upon his dismal solitude. On being brought to the light he became instantly blind, and died about a year after his liberation. The place of the guillotine and of strangling was shewn to us; also the secret door by which the bodies were carried out to be sunk in the sea.

It is impossible to enter these gloomy cells without a thrill of horror—not at the mere cells, neither at the thought of the punishments undergone in them—but from the reflection, that the sentences were passed by a secret and irresponsible tribunal.

What a foul blot on the memory of the Republic, that it should have nurtured in its bosom such an infernal engine of bloody despotism ! The dungeons themselves are no worse than similar places of solitary confinement in other countries, and the gallows and guillotine are common to the most enlightened nations of the present day ; but then they are inflicted in the face of heaven, and not until the criminal has had the benefit of an impartial jury. Here, on the other hand, the private pique or malevolence of three persons might occasion an innocent man to be seized, convicted without evidence of guilt, and immured for ever in utter darkness ; or, if in a more merciful mood, might cause him to be beheaded, choked, or drowned,—and render account to no human being of the fate of their victim. Thank God we live in other times. The most iron despotism of our age dares not thus tamper with human life. Before appearing in presence of the dread tribunal the prisoner was confined in a jail separated from the palace by a canal, and having no other communication than by the celebrated Bridge of Sighs, along which he passed but once. If acquitted, he was dismissed without returning to his prison. If condemned, he descended by a narrow staircase, having no communication with his former abode, to that “bourne from whence no criminal ever returned.” This ar-

rangement was obviously to preclude the possibility of his divulging the mysteries of the inquisitors. The bridge consists of an elliptical marble arch covered in on all sides, and would be a dark passage but for two slabs with curiously worked holes which admit the light. Well and appositely was it named the "Bridge of Sighs." There are a number of names inscribed on the sombre walls—amongst them the autograph of Byron. Wrote my own near that of the illustrious Bard, whose words I may now quote with truth—

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each side."

The Palace of the Doge, with its associations, dungeons, &c. is by far the most interesting object in Venice.

In the evening, I accompanied C. to the theatre—a beautiful house, but a more melancholy specimen of comedy I never witnessed. There were but four *dramatis personæ*—two of each sex—all below mediocrity. The boxes were empty, and the pit only half full. If I may judge from last night's experience, the Italians are destitute both of humour and wit, and yet they are a quick and lively people, but they should keep to the opera.

Ascended this forenoon the Tower of the Place St Marc—an inclined plain conducts to its top. Height 360 feet. It was from this tower that the

renowned Galileo made his astronomical observations. A haze over the distant mountains prevented our seeing the more remote summits; nevertheless the visible horizon was of great extent, and the town and its wilderness of waters lay stretched as on a map at our feet.

From the Tower we rowed to the Arsenal, where there is nothing of interest to be seen except a model of the Bucentaur.

In the evening I went with a German friend to visit the Rialto, and, leaving our gondola, sauntered for half an hour on the bridge. It is built wholly of marble—is about eighty feet in breadth—has three distinct roads, and four ranges of shops, mostly of jewellery. At one extremity of the bridge was formerly the Exchange (now removed to the Place St Marc), where Shylock and Bassano made their famous bargain for the 3000 ducats. It is a crowded and interesting locality—hundreds were passing to and fro; but I looked in vain for figures to remind me of the stately Moor or the gentle Desdemona. There was the loveliest sunset to-night I ever beheld. No tongue, nor pencil, nor pen, can convey the remotest idea of the various hues that tinged the western sky as the sun went down.

“Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light.”

TREVISA, *July 30*.—Left Venice yesterday at three P. M. Rowed to Fusina, where our carriage had been left. This town is only two posts and a half from Trevisa. Passed some very pretty gentlemen's seats—almost the only ones I have seen in Italy. The "country gentleman" is a character peculiar to Britain. On the Continent persons of rank and wealth always live in the large cities. They have no home of tranquil seclusion in the country, to which they may retire for their own enjoyment, and for the benefit of their dependents. The Americans are alike strangers to the sweets of rural felicity, which is just what one would expect in a Republic, where every man must push his own fortune. Quitted Venice with a feeling of regret, anxious though I be to reach Munich. If not a beautiful, it is a very remarkable city, and one that stands alone in Europe in respect to its construction—surrounded by water on every side, and built in water, with canals instead of streets, and gondolas in place of carriages. It has 400 bridges—only one of which—the Rialto—crosses the Grand Canal. The architecture of the houses is different from that of any other city in Europe, being of a mixed and eastern style. There is a tide of from two to three feet in height, with a current running about half a mile an hour when at its

strongest. The depth of the Grand Canal is about fifteen feet; the small narrow ones being only from three to five feet deep. Although Venice is a free port, she has but an insignificant commerce, Trieste on the opposite side of the bay being much better adapted for shipping. Her ancient and haughty *noblesse* have almost entirely disappeared; there being at the present day only ten or a dozen noble families who have fortunes suitable to their rank. The palaces of the remainder are mostly gaunt and empty ruins. The curse of the Doge Marino Faliero appears to have been fulfilled; for the "ocean-born and world-commanding city" is now shorn of her glories, and stripped of her wealth—the energies and pride of her citizens being paralysed and withered by the jealous and grinding policy of Austria. From the date of the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, the commerce of the East, which until then had passed through Venice, was diverted to other channels—hence the first blow aimed at her mercantile importance.

On the 28th we visited the Academy of Arts, a collection of fine paintings chiefly by the Venetian Masters, and wound up the night by visiting the Bridge of Sighs. It was a full and brilliant moon, and her silvery rays streamed with strange

contrast over the dark and dismal walls of the Doge's Palace and the prison opposite.

No traveller should quit Venice without navigating the canals by moonlight. The effect is infinitely more picturesque and striking than during sunshine.

I do not think Venice would be agreeable as a permanent residence. "It always gives me a sort of feeling of being on ship-board: The absence, too, of carriages, horses, and all that is associated with the idea of a large city, together with the black and crape covered gondolas, give it a melancholy aspect. I had imagined on my arrival that some member of the Emperor of Austria's family had been dead, seeing every gondola covered with a pall of crape, and funereal tassels; but, on enquiry, I found that they were always so. Fit emblems of Venice—once the magnificent—now mourning over her decayed and still decaying splendours!

BASSANO.—Arrived here at three P.M., having left Trevisa at eleven A.M. I learnt from the landlord that cholera had made dreadful ravages in this town—out of 520 persons attacked within the last twenty-one days, only twenty having recovered! This is a frightful mortality! While I was speaking to him in the yard, I saw one of the health officers

appointed by the Government carrying a poor fellow, just attacked, on his shoulders to the hospital. The sick man was ghastly pale, and writhing as if in agony from spasms; by this time, in all probability, he sleeps with his fathers. •Another scourge of the Almighty has been experienced in this neighbourhood. Eight days ago a village five miles distant was demolished by a series of earthquakes that lasted for two or three days, coming on at intervals, and extending as far as this town, and a considerable distance beyond it—thirty-five houses (being the whole number in the doomed village), were thrown down, and seven or eight persons killed. The tremblings of the earth still go on from time to time, and the unhappy villagers are living in the open fields. Fortunately the cholera is on the decline, there having been comparatively few cases during the last two days. The population of Bassano is 15,000. To-morrow morning we set out for Trente. May, •merciful Providence guide us through the dangers that beset our path!

BOTZEN, 2d Aug. 1836.—Left Bassano on the 31st at nine A.M. A fatiguing journey of twelve hours to Trente. Road lies between two chains of rocky mountains, the river Brenta running between them. Many of the precipices descend sheer down to the valley, a perpendicular depth of 2000 feet.

We had no hills to surmount, the road sweeping along the edge, of the river. Dined at Pergine, three miles from Trente, and the first town of the Tyrol on this route, where they speak a sort of gibberish, half German, half Italian. Reached Trente at nine P. M., terribly knocked up, and started yesterday morning at eleven for Botzen. Road lies along the banks of the Adige, a rapid mountain river of that dirty grey colour, peculiar to all streams fed by melting glaciers. The scenery was of the same character, only perhaps a little wilder, than on the preceding day. We arrived here at six o'clock, and found the inn all in a bustle preparing for the reception of the heir-apparent to the throne of Wurtemberg, who was expected to dinner. It is always a misfortune to arrive at an hotel occupied by royal visitors. All the good apartments were engaged for the prince and his suite, and I was doomed to a night of duration in a bed not five feet in length, and mattresses soft enough to smother one; add to this, the annoyance from a pointer in an adjoining room, moaning piteously all the night, and the pertinacity of the black flies in their attacks on my face. The howlings of the dog became beyond endurance, and I had to call Frederick (the courier) to loose him. Lay all night with my feet a foot and a-half beyond the end of the bed. This made a diversion of the flies in favour of my face,

and I at length feel asleep. The prince and suite arrived while we were at dinner—his highness in a carriage and four with his governor, and two doctors, or rather a physician and surgeon, in a carriage behind. He is a fine good-looking youth of thirteen or fourteen. I find the want of German here, the more especially because the chambermaid, who is a nice rosy girl, does not know a word of Italian or French. We start after breakfast for Britzen, a short run of three and a-half posts, but do not expect to reach Munich before the evening of the 5th. Would I were there! I am tired of perpetual motion, and long much for a week's repose, and letters from Scotland. It is an age since I have had a letter from any one, and neither mountains, nor rocks, nor rivers, can fill the void in the affections caused by the absence of "words from home." Besides, this dull and gnawing pain of chest never ceases to annoy me.

MUNICH, *Aug. 6.*—Four days between Botzen and Munich; our halting places having been Britzen, Steinach, and Mittewald. Left my coat behind me—rather a strange omission. The day being hot, I put on only my *blouse*, forgetting my coat on a chair behind the door. Made Frederick write to the innkeeper to forward it. The scenery all the way from Botzen is extremely fine—differing

from that of the two previous days in the abundance of wood growing to the very summits of the hills. Without wood a scene may be grand, but it cannot be beautiful. We passed one magnificent sheet of water at Walchensee, hemmed in by an amphitheatre of finely wooded mountains—the trees being chiefly pine, with an occasional sprinkling of walnuts and oaks. I do not recollect of ever having seen finer scenery than that of yesterday and the day before. Certainly the Tyrol bears away the palm from Scotland,—not that the features of the landscape are more varied or more pleasing,—but solely because Nature displays her charms on a larger scale. The Tyrolese appear to be a primitive and happy peasantry, and but for the difference of “tongue,” I could have imagined them countrymen. All along the road (almost every hundred yards in some districts) are placed shrines containing a wooden Saviour on the Cross. These are miserable as specimens of art, and more miserable still is the reverence entertained for them by the deluded peasantry. On ascending the Pass of the Brennen, I observed one that was made to serve as a fountain, a wooden pipe conducting from a rill to the back of the figure, and a tube fixed in the front from which flowed a considerable stream of water. Our postilion stopped to drink. Few of the peasantry pass this fountain “without doing likewise.”

On entering the Bavarian territory, we crossed the Iser—"rolling rapidly"—a beautiful stream of sea-green colour. I should imagine it to be a good stream for angling. The other rivers we have passed have all been too rapid for fish to rest, many of them for miles and miles not having a single pool. The Iser, on the contrary, has some beautiful and tempting "casts" for the lover of the "gentle art." They have a singular fashion with their bed-clothes in Germany—a huge balloon of feathers being used instead of blankets. I tried to sleep under one of them at Mittiewald, but was soon obliged to throw it off on account of the suffocating heat it produced. They may be very comfortable coverings in the severe cold of winter, but in order to benefit by them one must lie quite horizontal.

Reached Munich at ten last night. A thunder-shower overtook us about the middle of the last stage, during which a sudden gust of wind carried away my umbrella. On hollering to the postilion to stop, the man thought I was urging him forward, and the louder I bawled the faster he drove, putting his horses to the full gallop. My despair was at the uttermost. At length Frederick contrived to make the man stop, but not till we had left the umbrella a full quarter of a mile behind. I sent Frederick back to look for it, but, as it was quite dark, he returned after a fruitless search. "Mis-

fortunes (as Shakspeare truly observes) come not singly, but in battalions"—the loss of a coat and umbrella is too much on one journey. Here is practical proof of the disadvantage of not knowing the language of a country. Had I but known the German for the word stop (which, by the way, is "halt"), I should not now have to lament the loss of an old and faithful companion.

August 2.—Munich is a large, clean, and thriving town, with little to interest the stranger in the way of novelty and nothing bordering on antiquity to excite his veneration. Barring the signs above the shops, I could fancy myself in a flourishing English town. The Royal Palace and the Glyptothec are the only public buildings of note. The front of the former is of great simplicity, yet chasteness of design; the latter has a beautiful Ionic portico. There is a good *table d'hôte* in this house, at a quarter past one, (rather too early an hour,) attended by a large and respectable company of Germans. The Munich beer is most excellent, and much to be preferred to the sour wines of France and Italy. I feel the want of the language more and more daily; the German seems exceedingly difficult to acquire. They say it is a pretty and even musical tongue; but it must come from lips more beautiful than any I have seen in Munich before I believe this.

The Iser flows in several branches through the

town. I cannot learn whether it contains any trout. The weather is cold, and the sky cloudy. They have an ingenious mode of catching flies here. After breakfast, the waiter places three or four traps near the windows; these consist of sticks about two feet long, dipped in treacle, and fixed in wooden pedestals. It is curious to watch their treacherous action. The fly lights, expecting a feast—its feet become fast—it struggles hard for a few moments to escape—sinks under the exertion—and “dies of a rose in aromatic pain.” Not a single fly did I observe to extricate itself. In less than half an hour, the stick is clustered with the dead and dying. The fate of their kindred does not serve as a warning to the others; but it is not flies only that are blind to the dangers which overwhelm their fellows.

C. has gone to the Ambassador's country seat, not to return to Munich; the day after to-morrow, I take out his carriage, and pick him up at Wolfratzhausen, twenty miles distant.

August 10.—Had the agreeable surprise of meeting Bonar yesterday. He is here on leave from his Embassy at Stutgard. After dinner, we drove through the “English Garden.” The grounds are of great extent, intersected by branches from the Iser in every direction, adorned by many fine old trees, green lawns, and clumps of shrubbery, and

are well stocked with deer. The principal Picture Gallery is shut, being under repair; and the Leuchtenberg Collection is open only twice a-week. I looked in at the theatre the other night; it is a handsome edifice, the audience was numerous, and the comedians excellent. Smoking is forbidden in the streets here, probably because the fashion is so universal, that every one would have pipe in mouth.

The Bavarian women are generally fair, and have pretty faces, though but little elegance of figure. They all wear a droll little silver turban, with two peaks looking backwards, and fastened on the very back of the head. No tidings of my coat—the landlord must be a rogue.

KEMPTEN, *August 18*.—I left Munich this day week, at one o'clock. Same day visited the Glyptothec, built by the present King, and containing a number of Grecian and other statues. Amongst them are the *Ægina* marbles, a group of twelve, and supposed to have been dug from the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius. They were bought by the King of Bavaria, after having been declined by England and France. A duplicate of Canova's *Venus* is also in this collection.

The Leuchtenberg is an extensive gallery for an individual to possess, and contains some fine paintings by Murillo—a few by Titian—one by Reubens,

the subject, David cutting off the head of Goliath. The artist has represented David as a hard-featured muscular man. Surely this is an historical error. Canova's lovely group of the Graces is in this collection.

On reaching Wolfratzhausen, I found a note at the inn from C., saying he could not think of leaving such agreeable quarters for a few days, and expressing the regrets of Lord Erskine, that he had no spare room to offer; but conveying an invitation that I should consider his house my home during the day. I passed nearly a week in the most agreeable manner, accompanying his Lordship and family on various excursions in the romantic neighbourhood; sharing their elegant hospitality during the day, and returning to my little inn at night.

On the 15th, drove to the Iser with Mr Woodmass, who is son-in-law to Lord E., and an enthusiastic angler. There are no trout in the Iser, and but very few greyling. We were in pursuit of a fish called *huton*, which is said to be of great size, and fine eating. I fished diligently for five hours, killing only two greyling, the first I had ever seen. It is a handsome fish, and comes nearer to the genus *salmo* than any other. The two weighed a pound and a quarter, and were cooked the same day for dinner. They must be very scarce or very shy, for I rose but three, including those killed, and I doubt

if the Iser have often been better fished. The day was lovely, and I was quite satisfied with my sport, more especially as it was with a Findhorn salmon fly I caught the first fish ; but had I killed nothing, it would still have been a pleasure to stand in the crystal element, and throw the line. I felt the enthusiasm of Rob Roy, when, on returning to his mountains, he exclaimed—" My foot is on my native heath—my name's Macgregor !"

We travelled from Munich in the post chaises of the country—very jingling rickety concerns. The country reminded me of Scotland. Indeed, all I have seen of Bavaria, brings my native land forcibly before me. The harvest is not yet begun, and on some of the elevated situations, the crops are quite green. At Naples, when we left it, nearly two months ago, the harvest had commenced. What a difference of climate ! Munich stands on a plain 2000 feet above the level of the sea ; hence it must have a comparatively rare atmosphere. To this circumstance, I attribute the disappearance of my pain of chest, which, for the last five days, has given me no uneasiness.

SCHAFFHAUSEN, *August 21.*—Arrived here at seven P.M. yesterday, having travelled from Lindore to Osburg, by the shores of Lake Constance, and crossed to the town of Constance, in the Duchy of

Baden. The shores of the lake are lined with extensive vineyards, trained in regular drills, as in France, and supported by perpendicular stakes. Nothing is more monotonous than a tract of vines of this description; how different from those of Italy, where they are trained upon trees, around which they spread their delicate tendrils in graceful luxuriance; yet in Italy the grape yields no rich wines, whereas in France and on the Rhine, it produces the most precious kinds. We descended from Constance by water; four hours' rowing brought us to the commencement of the Rhine, which is here of great rapidity, and of a beautiful clear blue colour. Where it issues from the lake, it is about a quarter of a mile in breadth, but becomes narrower as it proceeds. The banks on the left hand are covered with young oaks; on the right, with vineyards.

On arrival at Schaffhausen, I proceeded to the Falls, experiencing but little of the panting excitement with which I approached the sublime Niagara. The rapids extend but a short way above the cataract, which is broken into three divisions by some very picturesque rocks, that raise their rugged crests midway in its channel. My impression was one of extreme disappointment. True, it was nearly dark, and my survey a very partial one, but I had Niagara and Terni in my eye. The Falls of the Rhine possess none of the grandeur of

the one, and little of the romantic beauty of the other.

To-day it rains in torrents, and there seems little prospect of its clearing up. The corpse of an English lady (Lady A.), is lying in the passage, packed in a large box, with the word "Fragile," written on the lid. The landlord let me into the secret of its contents, although afraid of scaring away superstitious travellers. The husband and several grown-up daughters are in the house. Lady A. had died suddenly of apoplexy, a few days ago. The corpse goes to-morrow to England for interment, accompanied ~~by~~ the sorrowing and bereaved family. What a sad remembrance must ever be connected with their tour in Switzerland!

Nine P. M.—I cannot go to bed without making the *amende* to the Rhine for the disrespectful terms in which I this forenoon described its Falls. The afternoon was beautiful. I accompanied Callander to the opposite side of the river, and surveyed the Fall from various points and distances. A wooden staircase and platform extend to the very edge of the cataract, and here it is that one can best form an idea of its magnitude. Had I not seen Niagara, the Falls of Schaffhausen would have confounded me with wonder. Indeed, their broken shape and picturesque rocks are beauties not possessed by the American Fall. Perhaps the best view is to be

had from an old chateau, built on a fine cliff, that "beettles o'er his base" into the gulf below; but in order to be fully impressed with the amount of falling water, one must approach as nearly as possible to the base of the cataract—from a distance even of 100 yards, no adequate notion can be formed.

The three isolated rocks that divide the Falls are extremely picturesque, standing in bold defiance of the descending torrent. The two largest are clothed with grass and small trees to their summits. The third is a naked mass of grey stone, much worn at the base by the attrition of the water, and having an arched hole bored through it by the action of the same cause. It is probable that, ere the lapse of half a century, these romantic rocks will be swept from their perilous abode.

ARAU, *August 23*.—We left Schaffhausen at eleven A. M. yesterday, and reached Zurich at five P. M. Distances are calculated here by "stund," *i. e.* one place is distant from another according to the time necessary to perform the journey on foot. There is no fine scenery on the road till coming on the Limmet, a rapid stream that issues from the Lake of Zurich. After breakfast, I entered into conversation with a remarkably agreeable old French gentleman, and nearly the largest man I remember to have seen. He talked enthusiastically of the

splendid scenery of Switzerland, the bracing air of its mountains, &c. and declared he only regretted his age and *embonpoint*, because they prevented him from penetrating into their sublime solitudes. He told me that a young Dresden physician had been drowned here on Saturday; being an excellent swimmer, he had rowed himself far out into the lake, and several hours having elapsed without his return, a party were sent in search of him, who found his boat, and in it only his clothes. There could be no doubt of his fate. The authorities caused a diligent search to be made for the body, but in vain. My informant described the deceased as a young man of the fairest promise, who had just completed his studies in Paris and London, and was making a tour through Switzerland, prior to establishing himself as a physician in Dresden, where a widowed mother was waiting to receive her only son. The landlady of the inn wrote to her yesterday, to "possess her of the heaviest sound that ever reached her ear."

August 24.—Top of the Weissenstein. Left Aarau yesterday morning at nine; got to Soleure at four, and came hither in a *char-à-banc* this evening. The height of this mountain is 4221 above the level of the sea, and 2600 above the town of Soleure. On looking up its precipitous face, one would think it impossible for a road to

wind to the summit. A *char-à-banc* is a little oval carriage, with leather hood, capable of holding two or three persons, who must sit sideways, the right shoulder being toward the horse, the driver sitting on a dicky outside. One horse sufficed until we reached the foot of the mountain, when two more were added. The road, in all but steepness, is an excellent one. Three hours is the usual time for ascending from Soleure; an active walker might do it in two and a half. Found the inn deserted, the bad weather having driven away all the travellers. Had coffee, with delicious rich cream, the finest I have seen since leaving the "Land o' cakes" ten months ago.

August 25.—A day of almost constant rain. Awoke several times before sunrise, and looked out of my window, but all was darkness until eight o'clock, when a singular scene presented itself; the whole valley was shrouded in dense white clouds, so as to shut out the view of Soleure, or any other object in the plain below, and yet the atmosphere above was clear, and the sun shining bright. It was curious to look down on the sea of rolling clouds, and to watch their slow and heaving undulations, as they gradually rose and enveloped the top of the mountain. About nine it began to rain heavily, and continued with short intervals throughout the day; one thunder storm succeeding another. Stole

out in a fair interval, about two o'clock, and took a walk on a fine verdant bank below the inn. The valley, with the town of Soleure, and its winding river, together with the two lakes of Neuchatel and Morat, were perfectly visible, but not a single distant Alp was to be seen. A heavy shower drove me back to the inn, where I amused myself watching from the window the constant succession of moving clouds that traversed the valley; sometimes a partial ray of sunshine would break through the mist, and irradiate a portion of the plain; but these gleams were "few, and far between."

After dinner, I read an account of the quarrel between Switzerland and France. The Swiss appear to be very wroth at the peremptory tone assumed by the French Government, and I think with good reason. There was a very large meeting at Zurich a few days ago, to petition the Diet to demand the recall of the French Ambassador the Duke de Montebello. I am sorry for this, having been indebted to His Grace and his lovely Duchess for many civilities last winter in Paris. I do not know a milder and more gentlemanlike man than the Duke of M.; and can never believe that he would have assumed (without the express orders of his government) an imperative tone with the Swiss. It is probable, however, that the quarrel will soon be amicably arranged.

This is an excellent inn, and were the weather fine, I should have no objections to pass the week here. It stands on an elevation higher than any part of Great Britain, except the top of Ben Nevis, which exceeds the Weissenstein by a few feet. I feel much oppressed in breathing and low in spirit, on account of the damp. To-morrow there is full moon, when it is to be hoped the weather will clear up and settle.

August 26.—No rain to-day, but there is a haze in the air that entirely conceals the distant mountains. Walked to the top of the Rothyflo, about a quarter of a mile from the inn, and 400 feet higher than the Weissenstein, fine green grass all the way to its summit; some bold precipices descend towards the town. To wait longer here in hopes of seeing the Alps, is “*Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis.*”

27.—A most lovely day with bright sun and calm air; but still the mountains are but partially visible. I had a tolerably distinct view, however, of the Finster Aar-Horn, shooting his untrodden peak far into the sky; of the Yungfrau also, the queen of the Alps, who still retains her virgin treasure, which Callander last summer would fain have spoiled her of. Mont Blanc, the monarch of the Alps, ought to be visible were the air clear enough. It is probable we may not have a better view than that of to-day, and if so, I shall go away disappointed, al-

though I have seen enough of the outline, to imagine the effect which a perfect view of the whole range would produce. In the evening I wandered among the grassy woods along the edge of a hill to the right of the inn, where there are some fine romantic gorges, richly wooded, but without murmuring streams; a great number of beautiful cows were grazing in the wood; few animals add more to the beauty of a pastoral scene. It was soothing to listen to the constant tinkling of their bells,—the plaintive music of which contrasted strangely with the solemn stillness of the air. It is the fashion in Switzerland to tie bells round the necks of the leading cows of each herd. These answer the double purpose of keeping the herd together, and of enabling the shepherd to find his flock in the thickest fog. The cows are said to pique themselves much on this musical appendage; and if a leader be degraded by the removal of her bell, for leading the herd astray, or other naughty act, she pines in melancholy, and refuses her food until her jingling honours are restored.

On my return home, I was agreeably surprised to find Doctors Newbigging and Macnight just arrived from Soleure. They were rigged in pedestrian fashion, with knapsack on back. This is the only true and independent way to enjoy travelling among mountains,—got all the news of Paris from them.

They start to-morrow morning for Zurich. A number of other travellers, French and German, have arrived this evening. It appears to be the general intention to turn out in a body to see the sun rise, at which time the mountains are often clearer than at any other period of the day.

28.—The whole household was on foot before five o'clock ; but a dense mist hovering over the mountains, obscured the boldness of their outline. During the half-hour that preceded the rising of the sun, the view was the most distinct ; now (eight o'clock) the haze is so thick as to conceal them altogether, and yet the sun shines with an intense brilliance.

INTERLAKEN, *August 30.*—We descended from the Weissenstein on the 28th, and walked to Soleure, a distance of six miles, by a path cut in the face of the mountain. We passed a little hermitage built between two bold cliffs, that appeared to have opened on purpose to let the road enter. The hermit was from home. A small rill meanders through his secluded domain ; and in the rock, at the back of the house, is a cell, once the sole abode of his predecessor. It is a small compartment dug out of the rock. Nothing can be more romantic than this little hermitage. Left Soleure at 10 A. M. yesterday, and reached Berne at two P. M. amidst a torrent of rain.

After dinner, set out for Thoune, a drive of four hours, and embarked this morning in the steam-boat on Lake Thoune for Interlaken,—a sail of only one hour. It was a dismal day of fog and drizzling rain, and the fine scenery of the Lake was completely hidden. Arrived here at Syler's "Pension" at twelve o'clock, out of humour with the weather, and suffering from oppression of breathing. There are a great number of visitors, chiefly English. The situation of Interlaken is entirely concealed by the clouds.

August 31.—Lovely day,—sun rose in unclouded glory. The "Yungfrau" stands unveiled before me : this is the first good view I have ever had of a *bona fide* Alp. And is this the inexorable Alpine Queen, who has been so often wooed and never won ? Did I not *know* to the contrary, I should imagine that an active man might set out from this door,—mount to the very summit,—and return the same day to dinner : So little to be trusted is the eye of inexperience in estimating the height of mountains. No one unacquainted with the Alps, would imagine the Yungfrau to be above 4000 or 5000 feet high, —at least such is my own impression. Indeed I cannot help fancying that I could see a man with the naked eye on its summit : So white, and beautiful, and distinct, is the snowy crest. Even reason and knowledge hardly correct the errors of the eye ; so apt are we to transmit our visual impressions to the

mind as regards the form and shape of accustomed objects that it is difficult to abstain from doing so here also. Experience alone can thoroughly deceive us. A few arduous climbs up mountains of far inferior height, are the best and only means of arriving at a just appreciation of Alpine elevations; as for myself, I am not likely to learn this lesson practically. Meantime it is difficult to persuade myself that the mountain now before me is four times the height of Ben Lomond; and yet this is undeniable.

The situation of Interlaken is extremely beautiful; behind the village is the rapid glacier river the Aär, flowing from the Lake of Brienz into that of Thoune, and on the other side of the stream a ridge of rocky mountains of great height and boldness. In front there is another range of wooded hill, having an opening opposite this house, through which is seen the towering Yungfrau. We sit down, about 40 at dinner: the provisions are excellent, and the rate of board (including every thing except wine) five francs a-day. This house is chiefly frequented by the English, a number of whom are here at present, including Lords Blantyre and Maidstone. There was a ball last night in a neighbouring Pension,—the ladies of one house invite the travellers in the next, and so on in turns,

—so that there is seldom a night without a dance in one or other of the boarding houses.

There are few places where I would rather spend a month than at this beautiful and amusing residence. Every man may gratify his tastes here. The mountaineer has mountains to his heart's content,—the sportsman has the chamois to hunt, (Lord Blantyre killed one about a month ago,)—the fisherman may amuse himself in the waters of the Aär,—the lover may pour out his soul to his mistress under the shade of the noblest walnut trees in the world,—the artist has infinite variety for his pencil,—the rake may recover from his excesses by the pure air of the valley,—the poet may invoke the muses from heights far higher than Parnassus' top,—the philosopher may plunge into the forest, and indulge his meditations far from mortal ken,—the man who loves to study the varieties of human character has here an ample field for observation:—In a word, Interlaken is the Idler's Paradise,—a second Cheltenham in the bosom of the Alps.

GRINDELWALD, *September 2.*—To-day I had my first experience of an Alpine Pass. Left Interlaken yesterday afternoon; drove in a *char-à-banc* to Lauterbrun, through a wild and romantic valley, traversed by a glacier stream. The distance is nine

miles; slept at Lauterbrun. On looking out of my window this morning, I was amazed and charmed with the grandeur of the scene. The Yungfrau and her giant appendages were towering in the clouds; but the summits only were obscured,—the glaciers lower down glittered in the sunshine. • We started after breakfast • on horseback. The Fall of the Staubach is close to the inn. At present there is scarcely as much water as would turn a mill; but the height of the fall is prodigious, being 800 feet over a perpendicular precipice. Early in the season, when the snows are melting, it has a vast body of water, and *then* the effect must be overpowering. For three hours and a half we kept ascending, the path in some places being almost perpendicular. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the day, and the view was in the strictest sense, sublime. At every turn some new and snowy peak presented itself,—objects in the valley soon became lost in the altitude, and its glacier stream looked like a silver thread. The face of the hill is covered with grass. Here and there are patches of ripening barley, some fine old pines, and a few hazel bushes. We passed through the débris of an Avalanche of stones: A huge mass of impending rock had become detached, and had in its fall down the precipice, been broken into large fragments of from ten to fifty tons and upwards. These had rolled many hundred yards down

the hill, and woe to the luckless cottage that may have stood in their course. The height of the Wengen Alp is 6673 feet. Each step of our progress brought us nearer and nearer the Yungfrau, and yet her height appeared to increase! I had a hundred proofs to-day how utterly useless is the eye, unaided by practical knowledge, to guess even at Alpine heights and distances. We stopped to refresh at the inn on the top of the pass, where twenty travellers at least were assembled, some young and sturdy lads with their mountain poles and knapsacks; others, like ourselves, on horseback. There were several ladies among the number, French, English and German. The whole range of the Yungfrau, the Monch, and the Grand Eiger, is admirably seen from the little inn: finer mountains I could not imagine to exist. We heard the roar of several avalanches, resembling the sound of distant thunder; but did not get a good view of any. Sound travels so slowly (more especially in so rare an atmosphere), that the fall is over before the noise arrives to give notice. This was evident enough to-day; for on directing the eye to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, nothing was to be seen but a cloud of snowy dust raised by the avalanche in its fall. At the inn the descent into the valley commences, which we were three hours and a-half in accomplishing. We

passed close under the precipice of the Grand Eiger, which rises quite perpendicular to a height of between seven and eight thousand feet, and is the noblest and wildest crag my eyes ever beheld. Down its rugged precipice an avalanche fell fifteen years ago, and swept before it a great part of the forest. The stumps of the broken pines are seen "rotting at ease" around. Arrived at this inn (The Eagle) at four o'clock, having been six hours on horseback, in a pure and brilliant atmosphere. C. was received by our host with open arms. It was from this inn that he made his audacious attempt on the Yungfrau last year. About a month ago, an Englishman named Plunket made a similar attempt, and with like ill success. I read his account in the Travellers' Book, inserted by himself: it is a meager affair, stating merely that bad weather had driven him home. The landlord tells me that he reached the inn in a state of high fever. After dinner we had a concert by three Swiss women, who sang very sweet national airs—plaintive and wild melodies—such as I have no doubt would draw patriotic tears from the eye of many a Swiss who might hear them in distant lands. No wonder that the Swiss suffer more than other nations from nostalgia! To part from the sublime and lonely solitudes of their youth, and mix with men in the crowded city, must be a moral revolution al-

most too strong to be endured : yet the nature of their country forces them to wander in search of the bread which their native solitudes deny. Like the Highlanders of Scotland, they emigrate to the western world, leaving behind them all but the strong and rooted affection they cherish for the haunts of their infancy and youth. I have met several boats filled with Swiss emigrants on the Grand Erie Canal in the State of New York.

Sept. 3.—A lovely day. Visited the lower Grindelwald glacier ; from the inn, it looks like a gorge of tumbled snow, which one might easily walk along or cross without difficulty—one more proof of the errors into which the eye may lead us !—the path is a very steep one. We rode as far as was practicable, then sent back the horses. A walk of half a mile brought us to the glacier. It was rather nervous stepping to reach it. Poor Frederick grew blind at the first ticklish place, and, being assisted out of his difficulty by our guide, he remained until our return—four hours afterwards. I have never seen any object in nature that surprised and delighted me more than this glacier. Until to-day I had no distinct idea what the word really meant ; and even now that I have seen and trodden upon a glacier, I feel it impossible to describe it in words. In length it may be about three miles from the high sides of the mountain that give it birth

down to the valley beneath, and about a quarter of a mile in breadth, and consists of innumerable masses of frozen snow of every form and magnitude. About the centre, they stand up in the shape of pointed spears inclining downwards—closely ranged together—and looking like a grizzly array of mountain bayonets planted by the tutelar genii of the Alps, to guard their solitudes from the approach of man. Higher up, and nearer the base of the mountains, is the part called “Mer de Glace,” not an inappropriate name; for here the shape of the masses of ice is just what the huge waves of the Cape of Good Hope would present, if, at the moment of their greatest fury, they were suddenly chained into ice. I shall not soon forget the effect of this impression: it was sublime beyond all description. One might have fancied himself looking on the remains of a mountain battle, and that the chaos of huge icy rocks beneath, was made up of the weapons that the Alpine giants had hurled headlong in their wrath. Above the “Mer de Glace” we descended upon the glacier. It was a ticklish descent; but under the stimulus of so novel an excitement, the dangers of the path made no impression. It was comparatively smooth at the part of the glacier on which we first trod. Our guide preceded us, leading the way to the two *moulins*, which it was our object to visit, and car-

rying a hatchet for cutting steps in any opposing mass of ice. Walking on the smooth part of a glacier is neither difficult nor dangerous; but, unhappily for the explorer of the Alps, these are comparatively rare. The frozen surface is too rough to be slippery, and, by aid of a mountain pole, one gets on as easily as on the hill-side. We had frequently to jump across narrow chasms, formed by the splitting asunder of a cliff of ice: sometimes they were half filled with water—at others nothing was to be seen but a dark abyss. Half an hour's walk brought us to the first *moulin*. The roar of its waters announced its vicinity. A moulin is a torrent rushing down an almost perpendicular declivity, hemmed in between two ridges of ice, and suddenly disappearing under the glacier. On looking down into the hole where its visible channel ends, one sees but a depth of a hundred feet or more, but the actual depth is enormous. C. fathomed one of the two here last summer, and with a line of 725 feet found no bottom. Nothing can be more appalling to the senses than to look down into this roaring gulph. Our guide held fast by the skirts of our coats while we stretched our heads over the precipice. Into this moulin the clergyman of Grindelwald, Curé Moreau, fell headlong a few years ago. All hope of finding the body had been abandoned, but one of his sons insisted on being let

down by a rope, and, wonderful to tell, succeeded in bringing up the body of his father, which he had found sticking in a *crevasse*, at a depth of 120 feet from the surface. To reach the second moulin we had to cross a *murena*, or high ridge of ice extending down the centre of the glacier for many hundred yards, and covered with a thick coating of sand and stones—the *débris* of the mountain carried down by the avalanches. The second moulin differed but slightly from the first: there was probably a larger torrent of water, and its hollow roar when vanishing under the glacier, was louder and more prolonged. The breadth of the surface across its channel was not more than twenty or twenty-five feet; where the torrent rushed, it did not appear to be more than five or six feet. We remained about two hours and a-half on the glacier, during which time we heard the thunder of several avalanches as they rolled their icy fragments down the sides of the surrounding mountains. Of two of these we had a tolerably distinct view; but from the distance at which they fell, their broken fragments seemed no larger in their descent, than if they had been a cart-load of hailstones. It was the sound alone that gave token of their real size. We were also lucky enough to hear the crash of several falling pyramids of ice on the glacier itself: these produce a sound quite different, and much

more abrupt, than the hollow and prolonged growl of the avalanche. I felt loath to quit the glacier : It was the first, and in all likelihood will be the last, on which I shall ever tread. I have now some idea of the difficulties and dangers of scaling the summits of the lofty Alps. Callander pointed out the route he had taken last year in his attempt upon the Jungfrau, until his course became concealed by a projecting rock. I had been in the habit of remonstrating with him against the folly of running his life in danger by indulging in attempts among the Alps, which, even if successful, could have been attended with no solid advantage ; but in my own feelings on the glacier this day, I shall in future find a ready excuse for the enthusiasm that carries the dauntless traveller into the frozen regions of untrodden snow. In the eye of sober reason it may be folly, but youth is the period of excitement ; and surely the endeavour to penetrate into the most majestic solitudes of nature, yields in every sense a far more elevating and nobler excitement, than that which is derived from the turf, the nocturnal revel, or the gaming table. It was three o'clock when we quitted the glacier—the sun shone bright, and the colours reflected upon the masses of ice were the most beautiful imaginable, in the caverns they were of a bright sea-green—in other places of a darker shade ; while here and

there were masses of a Prussian blue. The general aspect of the flatter portion is a dirty grey, from the quantity of sand and stones that cover the crests of the waves; but this does not apply to the pyramids that bristle into the air at the steepest part—they are mostly of a dazzling whiteness.

At five o'clock we reached our inn, where a good dinner, and a foot-bath of water, salt and wood-ashes (the Swiss recipe for blistered feet) have refreshed me much. The day has been one of great enjoyment, having given rise to an enthusiasm, that I had thought long since dead within me.

Top of the Faulhorn, September 5.—Left Grindelwald at twelve yesterday to ascend this mountain. It was a delicious sunny day with a warm south wind. The ascent, which is long and arduous, occupied us four hours. As we approached the summit, the view of the surrounding mountains became finer and finer: the sky was cloudless, except a few passing wreaths of white vapour that shrouded Yungfrau. The Grand Eiger, the Monch, and the Wetter-Horn, were entirely visible. Arrived at the highest peaks of the Shreck-Horn and the little inn about half-past four. What a situation for a house! At a height of 8647 feet above the sea, and several hundred above the level of eternal snow. It was indeed a bold and original speculation. The person who first imagined it,

and who built the inn, was ruined by the expense.

A German gentleman and two young ladies, arrived shortly after us yesterday. I went early to bed in hope of a fine sunrise this morning. Thermometer in my room was as low as 45° Fahrenheit, and the *feeling* of cold from the great rarity of the air, was intense. At five this morning, not a mountain was to be seen, the clouds enveloping them entirely. The German travellers set out at six,—at eight it began to snow, and has continued all day. It is now nine P. M., and snowing in prodigious thickness, with a blinding drift. Few situations can be more desolate than ours this day: However, we have a comfortable shelter, and provisions wonderfully good, all things considered,—I occupied myself by reading the remarks in the Travellers' Book. We are not the first who have been snow-bound here this season. On the 31st of August, it snowed without intermission, making prisoners a large party of ladies and gentlemen. The only observation in the book worth noting, is an experiment made by a gentleman to ascertain the boiling point of water in so high an elevation: He notes it to have been at ter A.M. on 4th August at 68° Reaumur, or 185° Fahrenheit. Sent back our horses this morning, as it is difficult to say how long the snow storm may last.

September 6.—Awoke at five; not a cloud in the sky! The mighty and majestic Alps stand before me in naked glory. The sun rose at half-past five. On what a scene of inconceivable grandeur did he shine! It is piercingly cold, and the snow ten inches deep. On the path leading to the summit of the mountain, it was two feet in depth, and had to be cleared away before the ascent was practicable. To describe the scene before me, were utterly impossible. A new language should be made for the Alps, the superlatives of our own tongue being quite inadequate; or it must be a genius like Byron's that succeeds in the attempt.—

“ Above me are the Alps,
The Palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps;
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity—where forms and falls
The Avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow,—
All that expands the spirit yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to shew
How earth may pierce to Heaven, and leave
Vain man below.”

The eye embraces a horizon of about 150 miles,—every summit in that vast range being perfectly visible. The air is clear and transparent as crystal, and the firmament above of a deep blue approaching to black. The mantle of snow which covers the mountains (except on those abrupt precipices where it could not rest) has the effect of

bringing them close to the eye. I have now a perfect view of the lofty chain in front of the inn, comprehending the Wetter-Horn, Shreck-Horn, Grand Eiger,—further back, the noble peak of the Finster-Aar-Horn; and lastly, the Yungfrau. On minutely examining the latter with the telescope, the two sides which present in this direction, appear altogether impracticable, being absolute precipices of naked rock. That which we do not see *may* be more accessible; but I doubt much if the favoured suitor be yet born, who is to make a Matron of the Virgin Queen. If unlucky in the weather during our stay on the Weissenstein, we have been amply indemnified on the Faulhorn. One might wait a month before such another view as that of to-day occurred. It is now nine A. M., and a thick curtain of rolling clouds is suspended some thousand feet down, separating us as it were from the world below. Nothing can be grander or more mystical than their effect, when viewed from such an altitude. We are now preparing to set out for Rosenlaué, a walk of between four and five hours; as it is downhill all the way, I hope to get along swimmingly. Our bill here, considering the situation of the inn, was extremely moderate. The landlord and his servant are to be our guides, and porters of our luggage to Rosenlaué, for six francs each.

ROSENLAUE, *September 7*.—Left the Faulhorn at ten A. M. yesterday. During the first hour of the descent, the snow was of great depth,—in some places up to our knees,—the reflected glare, too, of the sun, was almost blinding. As we descended, the snow became thinner and thinner; and on reaching the top of the Grand Sheidek, it had almost disappeared. The footing was both fatiguing and slippery; and but for the support of a mountain pole, it would have been difficult to have proceeded without frequent tumbles. My good stick, Niagara, is of no use among the Alps. We stopped to rest at a *chalet* half way, and were regaled by a bowl of delicious creamy milk. The lofty grazings of the Alps are common to all the world. On surmounting the “Grand Sheidek,” we began the descent into the valley of Rosenlaue. The height of the pass is 6439 feet; and the romantic beauty of its scenery surpasses that of even the “Wengen Alp.” I have never seen a finer valley than that of Rosenlaue: Its banks are of the most verdant green, covered with pines of great size and beauty,—some mossed over with age,—others blasted to their very tops, yet standing perfectly erect; the greater number towering in the consciousness of youth and vigour. A glacier stream runs through the valley, and forms a fine cascade before reaching the inn. We were exactly four hours and

a-half in descending: The distance cannot be under twelve miles, as we walked all the way at a smart pace. I feel assured that on no ordinary road could I have made the same journey. There was a grateful stimulus in the light mountain air, and a moral excitement in the majestic scenery around, that made one forget personal fatigue. When we commenced the descent, the summits were entirely free from haze; gradually the clouds of the valley began to rise, so that we had the advantage of seeing the mountains in their naked glory, as well as partially enveloped in their graceful robes of mist. We reached the inn at half-past two P.M. To-day it snowed tremendously in large, lazy, even-down flakes, until two P.M., when we set out to see the great glacier of Rosenlaué. No traveller should leave the valley without visiting this glacier, which is only an hour's walk from the inn. The stream flowing from it forms a cascade, that in any other country than Switzerland would be considered grand. The channel above the fall is between two cliffs of great depth and ruggedness. This glacier is of a totally different character from that of Grindelwald; certainly much more stupendous, being literally a huge mountain of ice, but without the remarkable variety of wave and spear. Of the two, I infinitely prefer that of Grindelwald. Perhaps the freshness of first impressions may have

some share in influencing my preference. The stream issuing from the extremity of the glacier is of great velocity, and emerges from a cavern the walls of which are of a singularly beautiful pale blue colour. Our guide cut a series of steps round the peak of ice that crossed the river; we followed him over. The steps were perilous enough; had the foot slipped, we must have tumbled into the stream, and been swept into the cavern. I climbed up a considerable way after getting upon the glacier, which is much more practicable than that of Grindelwald, owing to the enormous size of its masses, and the absence of the deep clefts and spears characterising the latter. On our way down, we met a young traveller from the Faulhorn, who had ascended yesterday afternoon, and left in three feet of snow this morning, without having seen a single mountain! We may consider ourselves highly fortunate, despite of one day's durance.

INTERLAKEN, *Sept. 11.*—Left Rosenlaué at eleven A.M. on the 8th, raining heavily; a walk of two hours and a half brought us to the hotel of the Reichenbach. The path, along the course of the glacier stream, is a most romantic one. Unfortunately, the fine scenery was in a great measure veiled in clouds. The rain and fog completely spoiled the effect of all, excepting the Fall, which ap-

peared to increased advantage. The Reichenbach has altogether six falls: the highest is about 300 yards from the road leading down to the inn; a neat little summer house is built at its base, whence the visitor may enjoy the view undisturbed by the spray. The girl who lives here told me that the perpendicular descent was 250 feet, but I should think she must have exaggerated greatly. A boy conducted me to the lower falls, five in number, and all exceedingly picturesque. The descent from the first to the last may be 1000 or 1200 feet. From some points of view, one might easily fancy the whole to be a continuous fall—projections of rock concealing the broken intervals. The Reichenbach is certainly a fine and romantic fall, but is far inferior to the lovely Terni. Slept at the inn—it rained all night in torrents. Next morning drove in a car to Brienz, a small town at the head of the lake. The road lay through the valley of Hasle, but the bad weather marred the view. Nothing was to be seen but cataracts, of which we passed no fewer than seven; some shooting over precipices, and pouring down their silver streams in graceful curves into the valley; others rushing down a cleft in the rocks, and midway dividing into many a fierce and foaming torrent. An hour and a half brought us to Brienz, from whence we descended the lake in a boat, rowed by one man and two sinewy old

women. The Giesbach, a fine broken fall on the left side of the lake, was seen to peculiar advantage from the late heavy rain. The day was cloudy and dismal. Got here in time for dinner. The bad weather had driven many away, and prevented the arrival of others. The season appears to be already broken. Last night and all to-day, it has rained tremendously in the valley, while the lower range of mountains is covered with deep snow. Switzerland has few charms in such weather. Winter has already begun, and we must give up the idea of going to Geneva over the Pass of the Gemmi. I regret this, as it is said to be one of the finest passes of the Alps. Yesterday forenoon the sun tempted me out, and I spent three hours on a hazel bank on the shore of Lake Brienz. The industry of my predecessors had left few nuts ungathered, but I was amply rewarded by the beauty of the scenery, and the number of exquisite butterflies that were sporting in the sun. Switzerland is said to possess a greater variety of this beautiful insect than any other country. The more rare varieties are found only in the haunts of the chamois, whither they are pursued by a class of men who subsist by hunting them, and ensnare their gaudy prey by means of a small net.

Sept. 13.—There is no improvement in the weather—constant rain in the valley, and snow on

the mountains. Grim winter rules supreme, and fires are in every room. There are few travellers arriving, and many are retarded by the badness of the weather. M. Berryer, the distinguished member of the French Chambers, is an inmate of our Pension,—a thorough cosmopolite; talks to every one—sings all day—and romps with the children, as if he were capable of no higher enjoyment. Yet he is the most renowned orator of France.

My patience is exhausted; C. being rather ailing, I have resolved on setting out alone. It would be folly to think of the Gemmi, which, even from the snow of last night, must be covered to a depth of many feet. There is a review of the troops of the Canton in the neighbourhood to-day, but the weather is too uninviting to go out. The Swiss army is a sort of militia; every citizen from the age of eighteen to forty-five being obliged to serve. They only do duty for a month each year. Of course, the discipline is not first rate. Switzerland could not support a regular army. The wildness of the country, and the jealousies of the surrounding potentates, are sufficient guarantees against foreign enemies.

There is a tame chamois in the court of the Prefet's house. It is by no means a handsome animal, and far inferior in grace to our roe-deer in all ex-

cept the head, which is certainly pretty. Two black horns stand nearly at right angles from the forehead, with their extremities curved backwards; the great length of the hind leg, (somewhat resembling that of the kangaroo,) enables it to bound from peak to peak amid its lofty haunts, but gives it an appearance of much awkwardness. There is no race of men so hardy as the chamois hunters. Indeed it is strange that persons should be found willing and eager to embrace so perilous and precarious a pursuit. It must be the excitement, and not the profit of the sport, which stimulates them. One of them told C. that three weeks sometimes elapsed without his even getting a sight of a chamois; that twenty-five francs were all he got for the body; nevertheless he would not change his profession for the wealth of the world!

GENEVA, *Sept. 16.*—Left Interlaken for Thoune, on the 13th. By *diligence* following morning to Berne—a distance of twenty miles. Rain falling in torrents. Travelled to Fribourg in the *interieur* of a small *diligence*, with three Frenchmen, a German, and a young Englishman. I had a great deal of conversation with the former. The French are the best travelling companions in the world; they have no reserve or stiffness of any sort. An Englishman scans a stranger (particularly if he be a

countryman) from head to foot, before addressing him, cogitating in his own mind what may be his quality and pretensions ; and even then, his conversation is generally for the first few hours as dry as "the remainder biscuit after a voyage." How different is the manner of a Frenchman ! he opens out at once—in a single half hour you feel at ease—nay, perfectly at home with him ; instead of yawning and grumbling at the slowness of the progress, he beguiles its tedium by narrating his adventures, and criticising the men and things that he has left behind. He never bestows a thought on whether the person he is addressing be a lord or a chimney-sweep. His object is to laugh and joke, and make the time pass pleasantly ; and if the chimney-sweep can contribute to this end more largely than the lord, the Frenchman gives him the preference accordingly. I do not mean to say that I prefer the national character of the French to that of my own country ; but as a travelling companion in diligence, give me a Frenchman. "

The eldest of the trio was a vivacious old gentleman, of at least seventy years of age, who wore in his button hole the decoration of the Legion of Honour. The two young men were his nephews. We had long discussions on politics and religion. The latter is a topic that I always endeavour to avoid with a Frenchman, repeated experience hav-

ing taught me the variance of our opinions upon the subject. However, the old gentleman was not to be put off. He declared himself to be "Bon Catholique," but to have no faith in the divine character or mission of our Saviour. "Then you are a Deist, said I." "*Ma foi, oui*," was his answer. He next asked me, in a tone of ridicule, if I believed in the redemption of a Saviour, why God had not sent his Son 1000 years sooner to save the world. It was now evident that no good was to come from prolonging the discussion, so I told him it was not for me to scan the ways of Providence; that I had *my* views on the subject, and he had *his*; and that, as we were not likely to agree, nor to convert each other, we had better drop the argument. The good-natured Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and with a "Bon, c'est vrai," we quitted the field of theologic controversy. At five P. M. we reached Fribourg, where I dined and slept. Early next morning, I rose to visit the famous suspension bridge, which I had crossed the evening before, on entering the town. It is certainly a magnificent work of art. A Frenchman (whose name I forget) was the engineer. It stretches across a gorge of 160 feet in depth, with a torrent traversing the channel. The span is 900 French feet, or 287 of my ordinary steps. I had a long conversation in French with

the old man who collects the pontage on the Fribourg side. He had been in the Swiss Guard of Louis XVI, and had witnessed many of the horrors of the French Revolution. The cables that sustain the bridge consist of a great number of thin iron rods united together, having been previously immersed in boiling oil, and then varnished. According to my informant, this process gives the metal the power of resisting frost. This, if true, is a curious and interesting fact. The cables are two in number on each side, about the thickness of a man's leg above the ankle, and passing over a plain Doric arch at either end. I could not gain admission to where the extremities are fastened, but was told that they had at each end an attachment in the solid rock. The bridge is supported by forty iron rods depending from the cables. It is certainly a wonderful structure, but much inferior in elegance to the Menai bridge, the span of which, if I remember right, is but 570 feet, while that of Fribourg is nearly double. I am told that in the most tempestuous weather, its vibrations are never such as to cause the slightest alarm to man or horse. This seems alike difficult of explanation and belief. The Menai has two carriage tracks, and a foot-path between. Here there is but one passage; the floor is of broad wooden planks, with breadth enough for

two carriages to pass, and a footway on each side. The cost, according to my informant, was 600,000 francs.

The Cathedral of Fribourg is celebrated for its organ, said to be the finest toned instrument in Europe; unfortunately, I arrived half an hour too late in the afternoon, and started too early the following morning, to have an opportunity of hearing it. There is a very large college belonging to the Jesuits here. The Canton being Catholic, a number of the Jesuits, on their expulsion from France nine or ten years ago, took refuge at Fribourg, where they founded a seminary capable of accommodating 500 or 600 boys, whom they educate in all the branches of literature and philosophy.

Left Fribourg at half-past eight, for Lausanne, in the cabriolet of a small diligence. The day was raw and damp, but without rain. It was a long but pleasant journey of ten hours through a pretty smiling country. Several fields of tobacco on the road-side. Put up at the Lion d'Or at Lausanne. Embarked next morning at eleven, in the steamer, for Geneva. On the way to the boat, I passed the house that had been inhabited by Gibbon. What was my surprise to meet on the shores of the lake, my old master and friend Mr Espinasse of Edinburgh, also waiting to embark. It was a joyful and unexpected rencontre on both sides. My heart warmed at the

sight of my worthy old master, whose instructions in my youth have been of more *practical* value in my various wanderings, than all the classic lore instilled into me at college. Mr E. was on his way back to Edinburgh, after an extensive and rapid tour through Germany and the Tyrol, in company with a friend. There were a great many passengers on board. Amongst the number was one group that engrossed universal attention. It consisted of three persons; the gentleman is a celebrated German musician, of most eccentric appearance, with long fair hair hanging down over his shoulders, and wearing a huge straw hat. One of his female companions was a woman of about forty, possessing the remains of considerable beauty. I was informed that this lady was a French Countess, who had not scrupled to forsake her husband and four children, to share the fortunes of this German *musicante*. But the figure that engrossed all eyes, was that of the other female, a young woman of twenty-two, with sallow complexion, and long black hair, hanging straight down over the back of her neck, and dressed in all respects as a man, viz., a Swiss blouse, double-breasted waistcoat, trowsers with straps under her boots, a black silk stock, and straw hat, and though last, not least—in wonder—a cigar in her mouth! I shall never forget my feelings of surprise and amazement when she first

emerged from the cabin, and made the tour of the deck. Every eye was fastened upon her. At first I could not believe her to be a woman; indeed, my impression was that she belonged to neither sex; however, on a more minute survey of her person, and after hearing her voice, there was no longer room for doubt. The trio seated themselves closely together, the masculine lady reading aloud to the other two. Espinasse and I sat scanning the group with curious eyes, speculating on their country and professions; at this time I had not learned their history. After reading together above an hour, they descended to the cabin, leaving the book open on the seat. Our curiosity led us to examine it, and what was our surprise to find it the Holy Bible! It is said that travellers see strange sights, and I declare that, in all my wanderings, I never saw a sight that surprised, and, I will add, disgusted me, more than the lady in question. In what relation she stood to the others, or what may be her history, I know not; however, to do her justice, she had not the slightest air of coquetry; on the contrary, her expression was of a demure and pensive character. The day, though fine, was too cloudy for a view of Mont Blanc, or the distant Alps. Five hours' sail brought us to Geneva. The scenery on the shores of the lake is but little remarkable.

Hotel de Bergues, September 23.—Although a

week at Geneva, I have never, until yesterday, had a peep even of Mont Blanc. The weather has been, and still is, extremely cold. C. arrived on the 19th. On Saturday I accompanied Espinasse and his friend to Ferny, well known as the residence of Voltaire; it is five miles distant from Geneva, and about two miles within the French frontier. The house, or chateau, as it is called, is approached by an avenue of trees beginning at the village; behind the house, and all round, are some pretty walks. Count ——— is the present proprietor, but he permits the public to visit the parlour and bed-room of the “Great Man.” In them there is nothing to be seen of particular note. It is the imagination and not the eye that must expect to be gratified on occasions like these. For myself, I did not enter the retreat of Voltaire with the feelings of a devout pilgrim; my admiration of the *genius*, being associated with but little reverence for the *man*. We were shown an elm in the garden that he had planted. It is now a fine tree, having a circumference of ten feet at least, and its trunk defended from the spoliations of the pilgrim, by a coating of thorns, extending higher than a man can reach. But for this precaution, the outer bark would soon vanish, and the safety of the tree be compromised. After walking over the grounds, we were conducted to see some relics of Voltaire.

These were exhibited by the venerable gardener, a fine old man of seventy-three. He shewed us a book of seals taken from the letters of Voltaire's correspondents, all pasted in order, in a portfolio. Remarks in his own handwriting are written under many of the seals : under that of one, he has written " Fou,"—of another, " Il fait des vers." The Arms of Emperors and Kings are among the number, shewing how recherché among the Potentates of the earth was the Philosopher of Ferny. Among them was the seal of Garrick, but with no remark attached. The old gardener was a boy of fourteen when Voltaire quitted Ferny for Paris. His vocation was to accompany his master during his walks, carrying his writing materials, in order that when a luminous thought came across him, he might note it down. He shewed us the inkstand and seal which his master had always used, and which he had presented to him the day before his departure for Paris : likewise a copy of the four last lines that he ever wrote. They are to the effect that in his lifetime he had never shrunk from combating prejudices ; and that if, in the shades, he found any to exist, he would write them down *there* also,—

" Tandis que j'ai vécu, on m'a vu hautement
Aux badauds effarés dire mon sentiment ;
Je veux le dire encore dans le royaume sombre,
S'ils ont des préjugés, j'en guérirai les ombres."

I bought a printed sheet, giving some particulars of Voltaire, to which the old man appended the impression of the seal. I had also the honour of putting on the huge wig of the Philosopher, which was exhibited as a most sacred relic !

On Sunday I went to a French Protestant Chapel, with the simplicity of whose interior I was greatly struck, after being accustomed to the gorgeous magnificence of the Catholic Churches. Every thing around brought to mind the Presbyterian Churches of my own loved land. The Clergyman was a devout-looking man, but read his prayers,—a practice that in Scotland would be reckoned quite heterodox. In other respects, the form of worship is much the same. Geneva is finely situate at the western extremity of the Lake, and on the sides of the “Arrowy Rhone.” The breadth of the river, where it issues from the Lake, is 245 of my paces. It may be twenty or twenty-five feet deep ; but so beautifully clear are its waters, that the bottom is quite visible. About half a mile below the town, is the junction of the Arve and the Rhone. The former is a glacier stream, and consequently its waters are of a dirty grey colour. It is curious to see with what apparent reluctance the Rhone receives its turbid tribute. As far down as the eye can reach, and probably a great deal farther, the line of demarcation is distinctly visible.

This is a very large hotel,—the largest I have seen in Europe, containing 180 bed-rooms, besides servants' accommodation. Fifty servants belong to the establishment. The Tremont Hotel of Boston, in the United States, is a large and magnificent establishment. I forget the number of bed-rooms; but I well recollect asking the landlord, Mr Boyden, how many servants he had,—he replied (emphatically) “ My *family* consists of sixty-five persons,” so that probably it is a larger establishment than this one. There is an excellent *table d'hôte* at five, and another at seven, for travellers who arrive late. The two rooms are capable of dining comfortably ninety persons. The management of the hotel and the eating department, are extremely well conducted, but the terms are rather high. I pay three francs for a small bed-room on the second floor, and four for dinner at the *table d'hôte*. There is one want which the proprietor should endeavour to supply, and that is a saloon, or drawing-room, where the company might assemble after dinner, either for dancing, cards, or conversation, according to the taste of the parties. At present, families and individuals have only their bed-rooms to retire to after dinner, and this is but an unsocial mode of existence. The company is of the most select description of travellers; next to the English, the Americans muster the strongest. Yesterday my left hand neighbour was a very pretty

young English lady. We had a great deal of conversation, in the course of which, the name of Washington Irving happening to be introduced, I took occasion to express my high admiration of his talents and his writings. She fully agreed with me in this opinion, which indeed admits of no dispute; and pointing to a gentleman seated a little lower down the table, with three other Americans, she told me that he was his nephew; that he had been her next neighbour at dinner the day before, and it was from him she had learned that the person she had then the honour of addressing, was the author of "Cyril Thornton"! I could not help laughing heartily at the high, though unmerited honour, bestowed upon me. I replied, however, that, with the exception of our being both tall, lean men, I could boast of no identity with that distinguished author. At first she appeared to be doubtful of my denial, and did not seem quite satisfied of my veracity, until I had solemnly reiterated my assurances. How the delusion originated, I am at a loss to imagine; but the probability is, that all the Americans in the house set me down as the author of "Men and Manners in America."

September 25.—Sunday.—For the last two days the weather has been fine, but this change comes too late for me. I regret much to leave

Switzerland without having seen Chamounix, and the Castle of Chillon ; but regrets are unavailing. Time passes, and my resolution is fixed. The hotel continues full of travellers ; my neighbours at the *table d'hôte* are mostly from the United States. It is a curious feature in the American character, that they never tire of speaking of their own country. No matter where you meet a Yankee, the burden of his conversation is still America. No man loves his country, or admires it more, than I do ; yet, when travelling in a foreign land, I prefer to talk of the things, and scenes, and customs, with which I am less familiar, than to ring everlasting changes on the many excellencies of " my native Isle, loved Albion." That the Americans have every right to be proud of their country, and its intelligent and enterprising population, I most fully admit. A tour of several thousand miles in their flourishing States, gave me abundance of practical ground both for wonder and admiration ; nevertheless, I think they would gain more consideration in Europe, by showing a desire to inform themselves of the political and social state of the countries they may be visiting, than by eternally obtruding the natural beauties and political advantages of their own favoured country. However, this weakness, which is, perhaps, at present both natural and excusable, will wear itself out when America shall

have attained that rank among the nations of the earth, which she is unquestionably, at no distant day, destined to assume. I was amused by the way in which a very gentlemanlike and intelligent Yankee, with whom I entered into conversation to-day for the first time, solved the question of my identity with Captain Hamilton. He had evidently been told that I was the author of "Men and Manners," but having some doubts on the subject, determined to satisfy himself out of my own mouth. He could not well come to the point and say, "Are you Captain Hamilton?" so he went to work indirectly, by remarking, "You made your tour, Sir, in company with Captain Hamilton?" My answer in the negative, and the observation accompanying it, that I visited the States subsequently to him, settled the point at once; so that the laurels that had been forced upon my brow, are already withered and dead.

I went this forenoon to the English chapel; there were about 100 persons assembled, mostly strangers like myself. The service was conducted by a foreigner (from his accent a German), who acquitted himself well, seeing that he spoke in a language not his own. In the afternoon, I went to hear Mon. Malan; a distinguished preacher, and, I believe, a most devout man, though a dissenter from the Church of Geneva. His church is about a

quarter of a mile out of the town. I never saw a finer countenance than that of Mons. M. He is a tall handsome man, with long grey hair falling over his shoulders, and with a pious serenity of expression, that sufficiently indicates his real character. He preached a most eloquent and highly evangelical discourse in French, on the true way to glorify God,—which was not to be done by the most rigid observance of moral duties, but by cherishing an abiding sense of the Saviour's presence, and by grounding all our actions on love and obedience to him. I was surprised that his congregation was so small. There was no precentor, and Mons. M. led the last hymn, called the Adoration, in a voice of uncommon power and melody. He is considered, I believe, a heretic, by the *soi-disant* orthodoxites of the Genevese Church.

LYONS, *September 30*.—Left Geneva at six A. M., on Tuesday the 27th. Had a glorious view of Mont Blanc, and his mountain "Staff," on my way to the *diligence*. The sun had already risen, and his early beams shed a golden lustre around their giant peaks and snowy crests. I took leave of C. the night before, and with a heavy heart. We had long been together, and had travelled hundreds of miles in each other's society; not, it is true, without an occasional fierce though temporary squall, but

these were always as evanescent in their duration, as sudden in their approach. The sun never yet went down on our wrath. Had either party been disposed to cherish resentment, companionship, instead of a pleasure, must have been an intelerable annoyance. Indeed, I am no friend to partnerships in travel. A man is always, most independent when alone. Neither would I ever again agree to roll over the Continent in such luxurious ease. London-built carriages, post-horses, couriers, &c. may be all very comfortable; but, unquestionably, a man learns little or nothing of foreign men, or manners, or languages, who travels in this fashion. Commend me to the Veturino carriage or the *diligence*—to inns not frequented by the English, and the necessity of making one's own bargains. However, I have passed four delightful months in C.'s company, and now we part, perhaps to meet no more. Whatever destiny may have in store for him, my best wishes and prayers will ever attend him.

Frederick accompanied me to the coach. I never knew a better man. His attentions to me have been excessive. I bought for him a case of the handsemeſt English razors that I could find in Geneva, and had his name engraved on the lid, ſaying it was “pour temoignage de ſon excellent caractère, et de ſon obligeance.” His name is

Frederick Wiehenmayer, and his address 218 Regent-street, London. I am sure that any family or person in want of a courier, might consider themselves extremely fortunate if they chanced to secure the services of Frederick. German is his native tongue, but he speaks English, Italian, and French, with nearly equal fluency.—I was twenty-four weary hours in reaching Lyons, yet the distance is only 180 miles. It is the hillyest road I remember ever to have travelled, and almost throughout an uninteresting one. A constant succession of low scraggy mountains, too sterile for beauty, and too insignificant for grandeur. We stopped to breakfast at Belgarde—five hours from Geneva. Here we had the Customhouse to pass. I had understood the search to be a most rigorous one; all I can say is, that I might have had fifty German watches in my portmanteau, and as many in my great-coat pockets, without discovery. Indeed I do not recollect ever to have passed a customhouse so easily; but the officers have information beforehand of suspicious persons, by means of spies in Geneva. One of my fellow-passengers in the coupé, a German, told me that the last time he had travelled the same road, the search was most rigorous, and carried even to an indecent examination of the person. On this occasion our persons were not searched at all.

It is in the neighbourhood of Belgarde that the Rhone loses itself. I had a great desire to see the place where it disappears, but the "conducteur" assured me that there was not time; and, moreover, that there was nothing worth seeing. The river reappears from the earth at the distance of a quarter of a mile below. After breakfast a boy conducted me to see a somewhat similar appearance in the Varsalime—a small green torrent rushing down between two hilly ridges, and disappearing under a flat table of highly polished rock, for a distance of about a hundred yards. Here and there are apertures through which the torrent may be seen—likewise two or three natural and picturesque arches that traverse its channel. I stepped across them all to the shame of my conductor, who looked aghast, and refused to follow me across one of the most nervous arches. Ten minutes are sufficient to see this really remarkable and romantic spot; and I would recommend all travellers to economise this amount of time from their meal. At nine P.M. we stopped for supper. The driver of this stage was as drunk as Chloe—a rare occurrence in France, and he and the *conducteur* were wrangling and abusing each other the whole way. The coach was full outside and in, and, on several occasions, I thought, from the yawning of the *diligence*, that we were to be upset. A gentleman at

the supper-table, who, I learned here, is M. P. for Wolverhampton, told me that he had remonstrated with the driver, who fiercely answered him that he had driven princes and princesses, and how did “ces cochons ici”—“dare to find fault with him!!!”

We reached Lyons at six; here I had the double pleasure of meeting my friend Dr Cox, and my old preceptor Mr Hay (of anthological celebrity). Mr H. is on his way to Rome with Mr Blackwood, who goes thither for his health.

3d October 1836.—Left Lyons the 1st, at five A.M.—a fine but very cold morning. There were a great number of passengers, and four English carriages on deck. The nephew of Washington Irving was on board, and I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. On asking him how he came to set me down as the author of Cyril Thornton, he told me that one of his travelling companions, who had met Captain H. in New York, thought he recognised the same gentleman in my lank figure—hence the error. Having sailed down the Rhone before, I have no new observations to make on the voyage, unless that the dirt and filth of the steamers appear to increase with the patronage of the public. The boat was really disgracefully dirty—the decks appearing as if unscoured for six months; and, altogether, the accommodations and size of the vessels, are infinitely below what they ought to be,

considering the numbers they carry, and the enormous amount of passage-money. From Chalons to Lyons, a voyage that takes the same number of hours, the fare is six francs, whereas here it is thirty. It is true that, from the rapid current of the Rhone, the boats do not carry passengers in returning; this may be an apology for the high fare, but certainly none for the filth. The probability is, that all the boats belong to one company; hence the dirt and dearness. Reached Avignon at six, and proceeded with Mr Irvine to the Hotel de l'Europe, but it was full. We next tried the Hotel du Palais Royal. On asking the landlord if he could give us two single bedded-rooms, he declared that he could not. It is a common trick among innkeepers on the Continent during their full season, to declare, when two travellers present themselves in company, that they have but one spare room, and it a double-bedded one, there being at the time five or six empty chambers in the house. The drift of this *ruse* is obvious enough: of course it is their object to let all the double-bedded rooms in the first instance, there being no difficulty whatever in disposing of the single chambers afterwards. I was quite aware of this from former experience, but neither Mr I. nor myself having the slightest unwillingness to share the same room, we did not insist further. Accordingly, our things were conveyed

up stairs. On descending to the *table d'hôte* a quarter of an hour afterwards, we encountered at least six travellers, who had not quitted the boat so soon as ourselves, all mounting, with their luggage, to their respective bedrooms; however, this is a pardonable trick. Two friends travelling in company have scarcely a right to separate rooms during the crowded season. In this way the landlord would necessarily often lose half the hire of his double-bedded rooms, as few men would choose to share their chamber with a total stranger.

At six o'clock yesterday morning I set out with Mr Irvine in a gig for the fountain of Vaucluse. It was a cold rainy morning, and our Rosinanté the most miserable brute that ever went in harness; however, the livery-man who brought him to the door, assured us he was a "rare one to go." A youth of sixteen was our driver; before proceeding a hundred yards, it was evident that the poor brute had not a leg to stand on. On remonstrating with the lad, he assured us that his present unwillingness to trot arose from his natural love of home, and his desire to linger in the neighbourhood of familiar scenes; but that once fairly away from Avignon, he would trot like a four-year-old. I was fool enough to believe this nonsense, and rather objected to Mr I.'s proposal of returning for another horse, thinking it would be attended with loss of

time; accordingly we jogged on at an ambling sort of walk, which all the whips in the world would not have increased to a good round trot. The rain was falling fast, and the road dreadfully wet and boggy. We were now an hour out, and only one of the six leagues accomplished. This was intolerable: both agreed on an immediate return; accordingly we wheeled about, to the great discomfiture of the boy, who feared to encounter the wrath of his master: the wretched animal testified no sort of joy or nimbleness of foot, at the prospect of returning to a home he had felt such reluctance to quit. The whip was as necessary in the one case as the other. At eight o'clock, we reached Avignon, driving straight to the Rémise, where we found the master, who expressed no surprise at our return, but hastened to provide a fresh horse. Neither did he make any apology for his conduct, which I pronounced "honteux." Altogether it was a most provoking affair, and perhaps the "unkindest cut of all" was in the sly leers of the waggish stable boy, who could hardly suppress his laughter at our woe-begone countenances, and bedraggled equipage. In all probability he had fully anticipated the result of our excursion. We breakfasted in a Café hard by, while the horse was being got ready, and started again at nine. Three hours and a-half

brought us to Vaucluse. The road for the greater part of the way is lined with vineyards and rows of olives. The situation of the fountain is romantic and grand ; its approach being up a gorge of naked red coloured rock, bounded at its upper extremity by a fine bold precipice about 1000 feet high. At the foot of this precipice lies the far-famed fountain. At this season of the year, there is nothing remarkable in its appearance—presenting merely a large basin of beautifully transparent water, but without manifest outlet. Repeated soundings have been made, but no bottom ever found. A few feet above the highest level of the fountain, is a fine fig-tree, growing in great luxuriance, with its roots clinging to the naked rock, and yielding striking proof of how much more, air, moisture, and heat, contribute to vegetable growth, than mere soil. The most, indeed the only remarkable circumstance connected with this fountain is, that its rise and fall depend on the melting of the snows of the Alps. Thus, in April and May, when the snows of Switzerland are rapidly dissolving under the influence of the early summer sun, it is twenty feet higher than at present ; then it discharges a very large torrent, as is evidenced by the present rugged but empty channel. From this peculiarity, it is supposed to have some mysterious subterranean connection with the High Alps ; as from the circumstance of there

being no snow mountains in this part of France, it must evidently depend for its increase on some remote source of supply. A French gentleman whom we met at the fountain, gave me this information : About fifty yards below, a rapid torrent rushes from under the mountain ; this stream is doubtless supplied by the fountain, from which it must escape by a circuitous under-ground channel. Nothing can be imagined so beautiful in the shape of water as this stream. It is of a crystal purity and transparency such as I never saw equalled. Were it a hundred feet deep, its bottom would be visible. Here and there its bed is of a bright green colour ; and its waters infinitely more translucent than those of the Rhone at Geneva. I am told that it is full of trout, but it would indeed require the hand of a master to take them with the fly. We dined at the inn of Vaucluse on trout and cutlets ; setting out for Avignon at half-past two. There is a rude cenotaph in honour of Petrarch in the village, also an inn bearing the name of Petrarch and Laura. The poet had lived a long time in this grand but sterile neighbourhood.

The vintage is now commencing in this part of France. Judging from the luscious and tempting clusters of grapes on the vines as we passed, I should say it is a rich one. There is a fine of ten francs on all grape-stealers ; nevertheless, I could not re-

sist the theft. While walking up a hill to relieve our horse, I watched my opportunity, and leaping across the ditch, helped myself to a bunch; they were small and shrivelled, yet (because they were stolen perhaps) I found them delicious. Had the owner of the vineyard been present, I would have *bought them*; but as he was not, I was obliged to steal. The driver tells me that the proprietors are very liberal with their grapes, and that the thirsty traveller by the wayside never asks in vain; but then he is expected to *ask*. We stopped at a house in the village to see a tramping vat. Here, as in Madeira, the grapes are bruised by human feet. This, at first sight, seems nasty enough, but of course all kinds of dirt and odour are deposited and corrected by fermentation. At six we reached Avignon. Mr I. started at seven o'clock for Marseilles. In spite of its inauspicious commencement, I have seldom passed a more agreeable day. Mr I. is a most amusing, as well as intelligent companion, and gave me many a hearty laugh by his tales and stories of the Indians, among whom he resided for several months. He is the author of two volumes, entitled *Indian Sketches*, which I shall take the first opportunity of reading. Judging from the man, the work must be an interesting one.

This is a tolerably good inn. I have no fault to

find with it, save that the sheets were damp. There is nothing so much to be dreaded in travelling as a damp bed. During the summer, one is rarely exposed to this danger. Indeed, since leaving Paris in May, I have never, until the present occasion, had cause to complain. Invalid travellers should always carry their own sheets ; last night mine were absolutely soaking. Of course, I flung them on the floor, substituting in their stead my invaluable plaid. I know not what I should have done without this admirable plaid. It is worth a hundred ordinary cloaks, being twelve feet long, and six broad. I had it made to order at Dr Nicol's manufactory at Inverness, whither I would recommend all and sundry to resort for a similar garment. According to circumstances, it may be made to serve either as a general or partial covering, answering the several purposes of greatcoat, jacket, and blanket ; and being soft without harshness, and warm without weight, I know no such valuable article of clothing. Add to all this, that it is the tartan of my ancestors, and to me it is a jewel above price.

MARSEILLES, *4th October* 1836.—Once more on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, and what a difference of temperature !—the thermometer at 70° Fahrenheit—a degree of warmth I have not felt for long. I had a weary ride of fourteen hours in

the *diligence*. One of my fellow-passengers in the coupé was a French marquis, a vain egotistical little man about fifty years of age, who talked incessantly, during the first six hours, of his exploits in the camps of Mars and Venus. His stories may or may not have been true; if they were—"le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable." At the town of Aix we stopped for a cup of coffee; the marquis had great difficulty in getting out of the *diligence*, and greater still in returning to his seat, and apologised for his awkwardness, by saying he had "mal au jambe;" but, if I am not much mistaken, the Marquis' sick leg was a wooden one!

October 6.—Weather continues fine. Went on board two vessels for Alexandria yesterday,—the *Cæsar* and another Brig, measuring from 125 to 180 tons. The accommodations are very bad; and if I cannot find a better vessel than either of these, I fear I must abandon all thoughts of Egypt,—this will be a cruel disappointment. The *Cæsar* has a sort of cabin,—the other Brig only a trunk, into which it is necessary to creep through a hole. Were it a voyage of a week, I might "grin and bear" the discomforts; but when it may possibly extend to forty days, it would be folly to make the experiment. My health and strength are no longer in a condition for "roughing" it in such wretched crafts.

Marseilles is a dull miserable place for an idle man. Mr Fraissinet, my banker, a kind good old gentleman, has given me a card of admission to the "Cercle des Phocéens," where I am at liberty to go at all hours and read papers, reviews, &c. This is a great resource, and the only one I have here. Forgathered with Mr Irvine, and dined with him yesterday, and to-day at the same Restaurant.

October 9.—Am confined to my room with a severe attack of bronchitis—cough, fever, and oppression of chest. On the 7th and 8th, the town was literally deluged with rain. In no part of the world have I seen such a tremendous shower as one which fell here on the 7th. A furious torrent ran down the principal street, *Rue Paradis*, which it was impossible to cross, except by bridges of planks, laid by the *decrotteurs*, who demanded a sous from each passenger. Sand in cart-loads was deposited in various parts of the street, and even the paving-stones were upturned, and hurried along by the torrent. The whole town appeared as if panic-struck, and business was suspended for the day. To-day it is fine, but I am a prisoner, and sit shivering in my tartan plaid, although the thermometer is at 68° Fahrenheit. Oh, that my fate were fixed, and my back turned upon Europe!

October 13.—My cold is much better, and I am now free from fever at nights. The weather is fine,

Visited a fine handsome brig bound for Alexandria, this forenoon—the “*Eugenie et Amelie*”—her accommodations are infinitely superior to any thing I have yet seen. The captain was not on board, but he is to call to-morrow, and the probability is I shall sail with him.

Friday 14th.—The captain of the “*Eugenie et Amelie*,” has just left me. I have agreed to sail with him on the 16th. This gives me little time to prepare for my voyage, write letters, &c. ; however, I am glad to know my fate, and to escape from Marseilles.

On board the “Eugenie et Amelie.”—Sunday 16th. Yesterday was a busy day with the preparations for departure. My books, medicine-chest, &c. arrived from Naples on Friday, but the cholera having appeared there, vessels are subject to five days’ quarantine. It was very annoying to leave Marseilles, and my things in port. Settled my affairs with Fraissinet & Co., taking all my balance in specie. I have thus no credit on Alexandria, not even a single letter of introduction, and shall therefore arrive an utter stranger ; but I have been in as desolate circumstances before, and Providence has sent me friends. I made my Will yesterday, a duty which no wise man should omit ; for even the poorest has something to leave. I do not quit the shores of Europe without contemplating the possi-

bility, nay, the probability, of my never returning to them ; but Egypt appears to be my destiny, and I cheerfully fulfil it. I have long had a secret hankering to visit that hallowed land ; the present is a favourable occasion, and if I can combine the gratification of curiosity with the recovery of health, all will be well.

I now quit the shores of Europe for the third time. On the first, I was bound for India ; my health was strong, and the tide of hope ran high. On the second occasion, my pursuit was after health—a blessing which, perhaps, in its enlarged acceptance, I am never destined to find. And now, again I leave in quest of the same object, resolved that, whatever may be the result of the present experiment, it shall be the last voyage I shall ever undertake in search of health. Having seen the Nile and the Pyramids, I shall return to my fatherland, and die in peace.

Came on board at half-past six this morning. It cost great labour, and much time was lost, in working out of port. As for time, it mattered little, for we lay six hours in a profound calm, within three miles of the harbour. At noon, the pilot left us, and with him all the friends of the captain and passengers. The adieus were not very touching, notwithstanding the hairy kisses so freely bestowed. I have no patience with this ugly fashion,

so universal in France ; it is intolerable to see two huge mustachioed men kissing each other. I could see as much sentiment in an embrace between a couple of *he-bears*. The captain had his brother on board, and the passengers their friends ; I alone had no tender ties to part from ; I stood aloof, an uninterested though not callous spectator of other men's affections, reflecting on my own complete isolation. I do not know that I ever before was in a more cast-away position ; embarking from a foreign port, where I knew no one, in a foreign vessel, among utter strangers, and bound for a distant land, without a single letter of recommendation. Considerations such as these, especially when the crazy state of my health, and the precarious object of my voyage, are borne in mind, might well have afforded grounds for a fit of melancholy musing ; but I cannot say they had this effect. Had the white cliffs of Albion been receding from my view, instead of the barren rocks of France, my composure would have been less unruffled. Leaving France is like bidding adieu to an agreeable acquaintance, whom I should be glad to see again, but with whom a future meeting was not a condition essential to my happiness ; but, parting from the shores of Albion, ("and fancy lingers round the name awhile,") would have been as the farewell of a dutiful son to a father whom he tenderly loved, to whose embrace

he ardently desired to return, but whom he feared he should revisit no more. 'Tis true that, in quitting the coasts of Europe, I am leaving those of Britain also ; but the whole of France interposing, and it being a year since I have been in England, the painful pleasure of parting from friends is thus spared me. Well, however, do I recollect with what mingled feelings of doubt, and hope, and sadness, the last sight of the Lizard Lights inspired me on my outward voyage to India ; but I was then leaving home for the first time, and my affections were warm and fresh. I trust they are not cold now, but the heart-strings once fairly stretched, never regain their former elasticity.

Nothing can be more uncomfortable and disagreeable than the first day on board ship ; all is in confusion, and every face is strange. It is now nine P. M., there is a light air, but foul, and the little progress we make is not in our direct course. There are three passengers besides myself ; one of these is Sardinian Consul or Vice-Consul at Cairo ; another is a French merchant returning to his pursuits at Alexandria ; the third is a young Sardinian, related to the Consul, a stranger to the ways of the world, and who now makes his first appearance on the stage of Neptune.

I like the air of our skipper ; he is a dapper seaman-like little Frenchman. My cabin is a chaos

of litter of every description. It has two berths, but I have laid my mattress on the locker, athwart ships, as being longer than either of the beds; one of these is filled with my goods and chattels, the other with those of the captain. Every thing is here—crockery of all sorts, books and charts, baskets of bread, loaves of sugar, bags of dollars, bales of sail-cloth, knives, forks, tea-caddie, coffee-mill, candles, and *et ceteras* innumerable—all ready to break adrift, and knock each other to pieces, the moment that our brig begins to pitch. Four bells have struck, making ten o'clock. No sound is heard save the step of the mate as he paces the deck, and the gentle murmur of the waves breaking on the sides of the ship. My candle is burned to its socket. I go to make trial of my new bed, and to commit myself to the care of Him “who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand,” trusting that He who protected me from the cholera in the East, and the yellow fever in the West, will also save me from the plague of Egypt, and all other ills.

October 19.—Three days at sea; weather delicious, and wind fair, though light. We have made about 300 miles; great progress, considering the lightness of the breeze. I am now reconciled to my new element, and like the captain and passengers much. Our table, although not exactly to my taste,

is better than I could have expected. We have a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at ten, dinner at four. There is no difference between the two meals, except that there is soup at the latter—meat and sour wine at both. My taste revolts against wine in the morning, and I am indulged with tea as a substitute. The French are prodigious eaters; one good dish is not enough for them, they must have at least half a dozen; accordingly, at breakfast we have stews and hashes without number, and then comes a dessert of cheese, with salad, almonds, and figs. My fellow passengers marvel much that I never eat such trash. The character of the two nations may be seen in the difference of the table; solid John Bull is content with a basin of soup and one good dish of meat; the volatile and change-loving Frenchman must have a variety; he cannot dine on *one* dish, were it even ambrosia, and then he must invariably nibble at a dessert of figs, almonds, &c. At dinner, the first day, I asked for brandy, but it was in vain that “I called *spirits* from the vesty deep,” for there is not even a bottle of rum on board; poor Jack must have the stomach of a salamander to resist such a gripe-giving potation as the sour wine; even what is served at our table is absolute vinegar, and musty into the bargain. A single bottle of brandy would have sufficed to dilute the water during my voyage, and yet I had

not the foresight to provide it. A pound of good tea would also be a great luxury; but I laid in nothing except a few wax candles. Our brig is 272 tons burden, and manned by ten active young Frenchmen, exclusive of the captain and mate. The discipline goes on admirably; there is no fuss, confusion, or iteration of orders—all is method and tranquillity. The skipper has neither chronometer nor barometer on board. Few English ships are without one or both of these instruments; but in a narrow sea like the Mediterranean, a chronometer may be dispensed with, as there are many landmarks by which the longitude may be determined; and there are, besides, no strong currents like those with which the navigator of the ocean has to contend. The air, though warm, is excessively moist. I cannot remain on deck half an hour after sunset, without catching cold. It is surprising we should have seen so few vessels—only two distant sail have been in sight since we left Marseilles. Hitherto our voyage has been propitious. I am badly off for books, my stock consisting only of Shakspeare, Byron, and Washington Irving, each in one large volume. The skipper has only a few old periodicals; however, time rolls on smoothly enough, but my bed is confoundedly hard—the mattress I bought at Marseilles being stuffed, I verily believe, with shoe-heels; this is sore against my slumbers, which

are neither sweet nor refreshing. On the whole, however, I am 'quite satisfied, and have, as yet, no cause to regret the step I have taken.

October 20.—A profound calm—the sea like a wave 'of glass—vessel heaving on the unruffled bosom of the rolling swell, regardless of the helm—sails flapping lazily against the creaking mast—sun powerful—Passengers yawning, as if they would dislocate their jaws—chief mate standing beside the wheel, whistling for a wind—the skipper muttering *sacré*, and pacing the deck, brimful of spleen; woe unto the man who should ask him for a loan at this moment! The song of the seaman is hushed—not a smile on his cheek, and no joy in his heart; there is but one care-free countenance on board, that of the little shaggy-headed cabin-boy, who is frolicking with a black kitten under the long-boat. Happy boy—happy kitten! I envy ye both. The contagion is universal. I feel utterly incapable of exertion; a sustained effort of attention is impossible. I took up Byron, and yawned over the parting scene between Conrad and Medora; threw down the book, and substituted Shakspeare, which I opened by chance, at the play of Julius Cæsar—scene, the quarrel and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius, the noblest perhaps the “divine bard” ever wrote; but I could hardly get to the end of it.

Nothing tries a man's equanimity more than a

calm at sea. On shore, a man may flee from himself when care sits heavy on his soul; according to his mood, he may plunge into the revels of the city, or the solitudes of the forest, and there find, if not repose, at least relief. Here, if he plunge at all, it must be into the deep, and this were to rid himself of his enemy at too dear a rate. Time has been when I could support a calm with smooth, nay smiling front. I lay once for nine days in the Bay of Bengal, moving certainly, but backwards (on account of a current), and I was the most cheerful man on board; but it is no longer so. “Non sum qualis eram,” and this applies both to the *morale* and the *physique*. Have the disappointments of life and the hand of sickness soured a temper not naturally prone to fretfulness or impatience? I fear they have; else wherefore, from so insufficient a cause, this unaccountable prostration of spirit? Blow, breezes, blow, and

“Come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heav’n ycleped Euphrosyné;”

Come to mine aid, and chase away the black demon of melancholy that now has possession of my soul. Shakspeare says,

“That there was never yet philosopher
Who could endure the toothach patiently.”

But toothach is a joke to a calm at sea. I would let all my grinders ach till they cracked, for an

eight-knot breeze. If a man knew he were to be hanged at the termination of his voyage, I verily believe he would sicken of a calm.

I have just come into my cabin, and opened my portmanteau to comfort myself by gazing on Beatrice Cenci. Her divine countenance is now before me. O what an expression is *there*! It is not one of unmingled sorrow nor of anguish, but a mixture of both, with a ray of calm resignation super-added. I would give a great deal for an authentic account of the story of Cenci. Of two things, there appears to be no doubt, namely, that her father made proposals too gross to be named, and that she—murdered him! Was she to blame for this? Certainly not—if she had no other means of escape from his horrid purpose. “Nought did she in hate, but all in honour.” And for this (not murder, but sacrifice) she was tried and inhumanly put to death. O Cenci! ne’er did the cold earth close o’er a form so fair as thine! and though ignominy attach to thy name here below, I trust thy spirit is on high. One thing is certain, when thy brutal father and thou

“ shall meet at compt,

That look of thine will hurl his soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it:—Cold, cold
Even as thy chastity, my girl.”

Eight P.M.—A gentle air has sprung up, and we are making about two knots an hour. Several stray birds took refuge on our masts and yards this

afternoon ; amongst the number a hawk and robin red-breast, both alike bewildered and exhausted ; they sat looking at each other, displaying neither hate on the one side, nor fear on the other, both alike needful of repose ; but the urchin of a cabin-boy pursued them from yard to yard, until they took refuge aloft. Whether they may have succeeded in reaching land, I cannot say. A poor thrush was less fortunate—it perched on a rope, but so utterly confused and exhausted, as to allow itself to be caught by one of the crew. In an instant its neck was drawn, and it was handed over to the cook ! This was an act of gross and wanton cruelty, and not in accordance with the French character. I tried to save it, but the deed was already done.

This evening the sun went down in great beauty ; indeed, all the sunsets in this region are more or less fine. I take great pleasure in leaning over the ship's side, and watching the parting smile of the god of gladness, as

“ O'er the hush'd deep his yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.”

A beautiful little poem by Professor Wilson, recurred to my memory this evening.

“ A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow.
Long had I watched its glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below ;

Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,
E'en in its very motion there was rest ;
While every breath of eve that chanc'd to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west :
Emblem methought of the departed soul,
To whose bright robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of Mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where to the eye of Faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies !"

This little poem has slumbered in a corner of my memory for the last twelve or fourteen years. Although an exquisite sonnet, I am not sure that I quite understand its meaning.

This evening a great number of purple feathery clouds accompanied the dying luminary to his ocean-bed. They were scattered in every direction around him ; their interstices of a brilliant yellow resembling molten gold : for a moment one of these would hide his broad disc, leaving but a single opening through which he would shoot a golden ray tinging in its course a long line of ocean : gradually he sank lower and lower, and then, throwing aside the clouds that sought to veil his dying glory, descended into the waters in a blaze of effulgent splendour. A few minutes later the queen of night appeared on the opposite side of the heavens. I would have stayed to watch her progress upwards, but the dews began to fall, and " I to my cabin repaired."

October 25.—Bravo, Eugenie! Seven knots and a-half by the log. What delicious music is the rapid whirring of the log line as it spins from the reel! The mate has this moment been testing our speed, and I hear him report to the captain seven and a-half knots. This is music as grateful to my ears as the sound of the fishing-wheel during the first burst of the noble salmon; but, indeed, during the last four days, I have been regaled in the like manner. On the 22d the wind increased to a gale—away suddenly went our studding-sail-yard—the top-gallant-sails and royals were furled, and the topsails close reefed,—all was managed in seaman-like fashion, although the gale gave no warning. During the night we ran before the wind. Yesterday and the day before it continued to blow fresh with a higher sea than I was prepared to expect in the Mediterranean. All the passengers were again sick—the sea washed over the bows of the vessel, and the motion was so great, that we were compelled to eat our meals squatted, Turk-fashion, on the floor. This was uncomfortable enough; but then we were spanking along at the rate of seven or eight knots. To-day the sea is comparatively still; the wind light, but fair—and every inch of canvass is set to woo the wanton breeze. How delightful it is to lean over the gangway, and gaze upon the foaming crest formed by the dashing

prow of the swift "Eugenie," as she careers over the waste of waters, like a proud steed bounding his impetuous way over the trackless desert! I have spent hours and hours in this manner, and spent them pleasantly. By the chart to-day we have but 10° of longitude to run down: three days of this wind would see us at anchor in the Roads of Alexandria. In what jovial spirits is our worthy skipper! Indeed, we are all brimful of glee and charity. No landsman can form an idea of the revulsion of feeling from dark despair and gloomy restlessness, to rampant mirth and joy produced by a fresh fair wind succeeding a calm; and yet, on asking myself why is it so? I am at a loss for an answer: to the captain who is part-owner of the vessel, I can easily understand the pecuniary importance of a quick passage; but what matters it to me whether I arrive a few days sooner or later? I have no friends, not even an acquaintance, at Alexandria. Why, then, am I so anxious to escape from a situation where I am comfortable enough, and, in a manner, at home—to exchange it for a footing on a strange land, where all is vagueness and doubt, and where death perhaps awaits me? I cannot tell; but it is useless attempting to account for a feeling that no effort of reason or of judgment can suppress.

To be sure, our table now begins to be less in-

viting : for the last five days we have had only skin and bone fowls ; and the bread is so hard, that my teeth can make no impression on it. There are two sheep in the long boat, but I suspect they are *passengers*, as a worthy Scotch skipper once told me. I was agreeing for a passage from Madeira to the West Indies, and, on questioning him as to the nature of his provisions and live stock, he enumerated a quantity of fowls and ducks, and ten pigs. Sea-fed pork is the best of all animal food, as is well known to every one who has made a long voyage, and I therefore at once closed with the skipper. Sitting on deck one morning, after having been a few days at sea, and observing no pork at table, I remarked to the captain that it would be no bad idea to kill one of these fine fat pigs (two or three of which were snorting along the deck at the moment)—to my surprise, he answered with the most perfect *sang froid*—“ Na, na, thac’s a’ passengers ! ” I could not help smiling at the *ruse* by which the honest skipper had ensnared me. On the same principle, he might have classed twenty-five ponies (which he was carrying out to the sugar plantations of Grenada), among his live-stock!—but this would not have suited his purpose.

On the 21st we passed two large men-of-war : I begged of the captain to hoist his colours, in the hope that they would shew us their national flags.

At first he objected, on the plea that they would not deign to respond to a signal from him. In this opinion he was backed by the passengers ; but I offered to lay any wager that no such contempt was in store for us : accordingly, the tri-color was hoisted, and we were all eager to watch the motions of the monarchs of the deep. In less than a minute two "star-spangled banners" floated proudly in the breeze. It was the American squadron, under command of Commodore Elliot. The larger of the two frigates led the way, and was probably the "Constitution," with the commodore on board. Strange enough, that I should have seen that very frigate in the dry dock at Boston three years ago. The Americans swear by this ship, as she captured one or more English frigates during the late war. I had a letter of introduction to the Commodore, but he being confined with rheumatic fever at the time, Captain Smith, the second in command, conducted me over the Navy Yard. He took me first to the "Constitution," which was undergoing repairs in a dry dock, and which he called by the name of "old ironsides." On entering one of the wood-stores, he rummaged about until he found a portion of her old timbers, which he presented to me with the remark, that I would doubtless like to have a stick made of it ! I do not know whether he took me for an Englishman or not. If he did, it

was a droll enough present : however, I accepted it with great good humour ; but, on going home, I had half a mind to buy a stick in Boston, and send it to Captain S. as having been made out of a rib of the Shannon : the retort would have been both courteous and fair ; but I did not think it worth while to add my breath to the flame of a national jealousy, which I should wish to see for ever extinguished. I gave the fragment to a carpenter, and had a sturdy stick made of it, which I presented to young Edmonston, son of one of my best and most valued friends ; who, though an American citizen, proved himself a friend—nay, a father, to me in the hour of my utmost need. He found me a lone and forlorn stranger in the island of Barbadoes, and in a state of bodily infirmity from which I scarcely expected to recover.

These are the moments in a man's life when a true friend comes like a shower from heaven, to refresh the wasting body, and cheer the drooping spirit : Such was to me on this occasion, the friendship of Mr Edmonston. He took me into his vessel, in which he was sailing for the health of his excellent and amiable wife. I had every comfort that an invalid could desire, and was treated with as indulgent care as if I had been his own son. We passed between two and three months sailing among the lovely isles of the Caribbean Sea,—land-

ing and passing a few days in many of these "ocean gems." I was inhaling health with every breeze ; and before parting from my inestimable friends (which I did with a sad but grateful heart, at Havannah), I was almost completely restored to health.

There are few portions of my life, on which I look back with more pleasure, than on the three months I passed with my valued friend Mr Edmonston,—not simply because my voyage with him was the means of restoring my health, and of enabling me to visit some of the fairest portions of the earth ; but because the treatment I received at his hands, was a practical proof that the race of the good Samaritan was not extinct upon earth. I had no claim whatever upon him,—not even that of a formal introduction, for he came to visit me of his own accord. At our first meeting, we were totally ignorant of each other's history ; but I shall not soon forget my surprise and joy when the broad doric of my country, with which he addressed me, fell upon my ear. Yes, though for the last thirty years a citizen of the United States, the first seventeen years of his life were passed in Shetland ! And we had thus the tie of a common country to bind us.

Friday 28.—At noon to-day, the reckoning makes us only 140 miles from Alexandria,—one day more of fair wind would have sufficed ; but it is almost a calm, and the little breeze we have is contrary.

On the 26th, a sheep was killed, and we have been feasting for the last three days on excellent mutton. Our cook, "Philippe," has also treated us to fresh bread, so that we have nothing additional to desire in the way of eatables. Yesterday we had fresh fish,—the boatswain having harpooned a dolphin and a pilot-fish. • I was witness of the latter feat of dexterity, having been the first to observe the pilot swimming alongside the quarter. I never saw a more beautiful creature;—it weighed about a pound, and was striped like a zebra, but did not at all resemble the pilot-fish that accompanies the shark.

Considering the bluntness of the instrument, (an old rusty harpoon) and the smallness of the fish, I marvelled that the boatswain should have succeeded in spearing it. The dolphin was about five pounds, and its dying hues were of great beauty and variety,—deep blue, with a tinge of green and yellow streaks. Both were stewed, and made a good and savoury dish. Had I anticipated the fate of the pilot, I should have contented myself with admiring him in secret; but it never occurred to me that so small a creature could have been harpooned. It was not without a certain "compunctious visiting" that I partook of him at dinner.

I have just finished my cigar. It is my custom to smoke one after each meal. This is the hour of most tranquil enjoyment throughout the day. After

breakfast and dinner I enter my cabin, stretch myself on the locker, and am soon wrapped in a cloud of smoke, and a delicious vacancy of thought. In this way I pass an hour twice a-day, in a sort of moral hybernation,—no bitter recollections of the past,—no fearful anticipations of the future intrude upon my thoughts. I am conscious of nought, save of the soothing influence of the grateful weed ; but in order to be completely happy, I must be alone ; the sight and converse of men fill the mental vacuum, and dissipate the sweet illusion. I have great enjoyment in a cigar on shore, but not a hundredth part of what I experience at sea. Here time is my greatest enemy, and gives me more opportunity than I desire for communion with myself. Although little prone to melancholy or gloom, there are moments I imagine in every man's life, when he would wish to indulge in a total negation of thought : Such moments my cigar supplies to me.

Sunday, October 30.—Seven P. M. Our voyage is over,—and we are now lying-to, outside the harbour of Alexandria. Yesterday was a day of alternate calm and squall ; the captain was on deck all night, and in a state of great nervousness, the constant tacking and shifting our course having perplexed him for the longitude. At two P. M., land was discovered from the main-top ; an hour later the “ Tour des Arabes,” Pompey's Pillar,

and the masts of the Egyptian squadron, were visible from deck. The land is so low, that it cannot be seen at a greater distance than three, or at the utmost four leagues. However, our position is determined, and I am satisfied. The captain's calculations have proved accurate far beyond what might have been expected. Poor man, I hope he will have a sound sleep to-night, for the last was one of much watchfulness and anxiety. No life has the same vicissitudes as that of the sailor. I wonder he is not worn out long before the natural period of decline. Our captain's wages are 150 francs per month,—the mate has eighty-five,—the master sixty-five,—and the seamen forty: The latter live chiefly on vegetables—potatoes, beans, macaroni, and vermicelli, being their principal food; twice a-week they have salt-pork.

It is a most lovely evening, and the first Egyptian sunset I have seen was one I never shall forget. It was less the setting of the sun, than the perfect beauty of the heavens after he had disappeared: the horizon near the sea, was of a citron colour,—above was a sheet of the most delicate purple,—gradually the two shades merged into each other, till at length darkness veiled them from the view. Our voyage has been both agreeable and speedy, and I congratulate myself on my good fortune.

PART II.—EGYPT.

ALEXANDRIA—GRAND CAIRO—PYRAMIDS—THEBES
—ASSOUAN—FIRST CATARACT—ISLAND OF
PHILÆ—TEMPLE OF IPSAMBOUL—OUADI HAL-
FAH—SECOND CATARACT, &c. &c.

EGYPT.

ALEXANDRIA, *October 31.*—Took the pilot on board about half-past seven, and dropped anchor at nine this morning, in the harbour of Alexandria. The plague has entirely disappeared from the city, although still making sad havoc among the crews of some vessels from Constantinople, now in quarantine. The view of Alexandria from the harbour, is sufficiently picturesque; but there is nothing to be seen in the shape of verdure. The low shores are mere ranges of sand, without a single tree to remove the appearance of grim sterility. Five or six handsome-looking Egyptian men-of-war rode at anchor in the harbour, from whose masts I saw for the first time the star and crescent floating on the breeze. The most prominent objects on shore, are,—the Pillar of Pompey, one of Cleopatra's Needles, the Palace of the Pacha, and the Lazaretto. After breakfast I left the “*Eugenie*” with the captain and passengers; and at ten o'clock, stepped on the soil of Egypt—a country rich in asso-

ciations, both sacred and profane, extending from the days of Jacob and Moses down to those of Napoleon and Abercromby. To a person arriving for the first time on an eastern shore, the *coup d'œil* would certainly have been striking. There were numbers of Arab women, with their faces carefully veiled, carrying burdens on their heads—long trains of camels laden with water-skins, &c., dragging their awkward limbs along—naked boys running to and fro—lazy Turks stretched at their ease, indulging in their long pipes—and crowds of donkies ready saddled, their owners importunate that we should mount; all this is interesting enough to see once in a man's life, but to me the scene was not new. The native part of the town (the whole of which we traversed to reach the European quarter), is a heap of tumble-down huts, with all sorts of filth scattered on the narrow streets. The European quarter consists of a square of rather handsome buildings, occupied by the consuls of the different nations, and by the foreign merchants. I parted here from my "compagnons du voyage," and repaired to the "Aquila d'Oro," the best, indeed I believe the only, inn of the town. Verily its designation is a misnomer, for it has precious little gold either within or without. It has more the air of a deserted barrack than that of an hotel; however, I was glad to find shelter anywhere. There

was but one small room vacant, with bed, table, and chair, at the top of the house. It is now my habitation, at the rate of half a dollar a night. After a bad breakfast, served in the long dismal unplastered Salle à Manger, I passed a couple of hours in sauntering through the town. Alexandria is a miserable place, and the aspect of the white population of the most forbidding character, being composed of low Europeans from the various countries bordering on the Mediterranean. I feel much the want of an introduction to some English resident, who might put me in the way of managing matters, until I have some experience of the country.

Dined at six, on a bad cutlet, but a bottle of delicious London porter did more than make amends; it gladdened my very heart, for I had almost forgotten the taste of this right-grateful beverage. Never was there a more motley or outlandish group than that assembled in the "Salon" in the evening. I was the only Englishman. There were several Frenchmen dressed *à la Turque*. One who sat next to me at table, wore nothing but a dirty flannel jacket, pantaloons, and a pair of slippers, without stockings! He devoured his chops with the voracity of a crocodile, dispensing entirely with the auxiliaries of knife and fork. There were several Italians, most of them captains of vessels

trading in the Levant. I entered into conversation with a tall fine-looking Frenchman, with huge black mustachios and Turkish dress. He is a military instructor in the army of the Pacha, and has just arrived from Senäär, 2000 miles up the Nile. According to him, the navigation of the river between Cairo and Thebes is by no means safe at present. He says he slept every night with loaded pistols by his bedside, in dread of an attack from the Arabs. This may be mere talk; having neither gun, pistol, nor other defensive weapon, I should fall an easy prey to robbers. I next had a long conversation with a Hanoverian Jew, who speaks good English, and almost every other European language. He has travelled, by his own account, all over the world, and has published a volume of his wanderings in India. On asking the waiter who was the gentleman with the long beard, he replied, that he did not know exactly, but that he had been chained by the neck in a dungeon for fifty days, at a place called Yambo, or the Red Sea, on the charge of having poisoned one of his servants; that he was afterwards marched under a military guard to Cairo, where he was liberated by order of the Pacha. It is probable that I may get the story from himself, should we meet again.

The Italian language is that in use here amongst the Franks, the landlords and waiters being all of

that nation; I find the smattering I picked up last summer, during my tour with C., very useful. The day has felt long and dull, although the evening passed pleasantly—thanks to the conversation of the French Turk and the poison-doling Jew. It is now ten P. M.; the thermometer is 76° ; the mosquitoes are stinging unmercifully. I go to bed, having for my lullaby the murmur of the gentle waves breaking on the beach, within three yards of the wall of the house. So ends the month of October, and day the first in the land of Egypt.

November 1.—Got on a donkey before breakfast, and rode to an establishment of warm-baths. An Arab boy runs behind like the *burroquero* of Madeira, and, by yelling to the donkey, makes him canter at a good pace. I had a most excellent bath of water from the Nile—a vast luxury after a voyage. The Nile is forty-eight miles distant from Alexandria, but a canal diverges to the town, and supplies it with abundance of delicious water. After breakfast I called on the consul, Mr Sloane, who received me politely, and promised to take charge of my books on their arrival, and also of any letters that may come addressed to his care. My next visit was to the far-famed Pillar of Pompey, or of Severus, according to the conjectures of some:—it stands on a slight sandy eminence about a quarter of a mile beyond the Rosetta gate. The beauty of this

column is very great. It consists of a single block of rose-coloured granite, sixty-four French feet in height, and eight feet, four inches in diameter. The pedestal is about ten feet high, and is also of granite. The column is surmounted by a capital somewhat in the Corinthian style. Several sailors have been on its top, as appears from the names of ships written in large black letters on various elevations. About the middle of the shaft I remarked the following inscription :—

H. M. S.

GLASGOW.

MARCH 1827.

And on the ornament on the top of the column “George Canning,” written in very legible characters. The tars must have had some difficulty in getting up, the surface of the column being as smooth as polished marble. I could see no ancient inscription on any part—nor even the traces of one. In all my wanderings I have seen nothing in the shape of a monument that combined so much beauty and solidity as that of Pompey’s Pillar. On my way I entered a garden of date trees, the fruit of which is now ripe. Each tree has from five to a dozen clusters, supported by a yellow slip, which divides into an infinity of threads all round the bunch of fruit. Some of the clusters were of great

size, weighing probably from twenty to forty lb. I gave a piastre to the gardener, who sent up a lad to pluck some fruit. He climbed by aid of a rope, which encircled both his waist and the tree;—his body erect, and his feet planted against the trunk;—by hitching the rope upwards with his hands, he mounted with great facility, and remained apparently quite at ease, until he had picked a handful or two of the ripest of the fruit. This mode of climbing would scarcely be applicable to a smooth trunk: for it was the knotty nature of the bark which prevented the rope from slipping. There is something pleasing to the eye in the sight of a date garden; more especially in the wilderness of sand that surrounds Alexandria. Indeed the only green thing that I have seen since my arrival, has been the leaves of the date tree. It is a sweet and pleasant fruit, but rather too luscious. On my way home I went into a large flat roofed building, which serves as a stable for camels, cows, and donkeys; a great number of the two latter were tethered in rows. Many of the wretched donkeys had their haunches absolutely raw, and were galled into madness by the flies. On asking my Arab boy how it happened that there were no camels? His answer was the soul of brevity,—“Day work—night sleep.” We afterwards met a funeral,—the corpse being carried on the shoulders of men, who were singing a re-

quiem for the dead : Three women followed (hired mourners probably) screaming and waving their handkerchiefs over their heads. The burying ground is by the side of Pompey's Pillar ; and I would have followed to see the body laid in the earth, had not the boy given me to understand that my presence would give offence. The hire of a donkey for a day is about one smiling. The weather is most lovely, and I could not desire a finer climate ; but the rains are expected to commence about the middle of this month, and I am desirous of setting out for Cairo as soon as possible.

Mr Muir called on me this evening.* My name had been mentioned to him in a letter from his brother. He seems a most kind and worthy Scotsman ; and has offered his good offices while I remain in Alexandria.

Nov. 4.—Dined on the 2d with Mr Muir, at the primitive hour of twelve o'clock, which suits me much better than a later one. It has blown a gale of wind all day, with thunder, lightning, and tremendous showers of rain. I wish much I were at Cairo, for the fine weather of the Delta appears to have broken up. I should have been off ere this, but all the boats have been taken up by the Pacha, to convey his establishment to Cairo. Besides

* This gentleman died shortly after the author's departure from Egypt.

which, it is now the season when the pilgrims for Mecca begin their journey, and hence a double difficulty in procuring a conveyance. Nothing can be more barren or desolate than the situation of Alexandria. As far as the eye can reach, (which, from the flatness of the country, is no great distance,) all is a sandy wilderness. Alexander must have been a far-sighted politician to conceive the idea of a great town ever flourishing in such a desert.

To-day I went to see the Needles of Cleopatra, which are two in number, but only one stands erect; the other lies prostrate, and half buried in sand. The standing pillar is an elegant column of a single block of granite, probably about seven feet square, and fifty in height, and is covered with hieroglyphics. I have had a great deal of conversation with old Shylock, who paid me a visit of two hours last night, and gave me the whole history of his captivity and sorrows. Being a Hanoverian, he claims British protection, and his case is now in the hands of the English Consul, who is endeavouring to obtain satisfaction from the Pacha for the injuries he has received, as well as indemnity for the loss of his property. Poor Jew! I wish him success. Well may he say with Shylock, "Suffering is the badge of all my tribe." His name is

Hillale, and he boasts of being descended from the seed of David.

I have been obliged to lay in a small store of kitchen and table necessities, and have engaged an Arab servant, who knows a few words of Italian, to act as cook and interpreter during my progress up the Nile. Travelling in Egypt is the same as in India—a man must have every thing with himself. Had it occurred to me in time, I should have brought a canteen from Europe. In this country, knives, forks, plates, &c. are not only dear, but difficult to be had. I have bought also a pair of pistols. The Jew tells me that there is danger in travelling on the Nile, and that no prudent man goes without arms. He carried not only pistols, but a double-barrelled gun and sword. To be prepared for war, is said to be the surest means of keeping peace; acting on this principle, I shall purchase a gun also.

A brig arrived from France to-day, during the height of the gale. She had failed to make the usual port, and from the thickness of the day, not having been able to get a pilot on board, ran into the harbour close under my windows. On looking out, I was equally surprised and alarmed to see a vessel anchored within a circle of rocks, over which tremendous waves were dashing their white crests.

The wind was howling furiously, and she began to drag her anchor ; I now thought her fate was sealed, and sat anxiously watching the awful moment when she was to strike upon the rock. After drifting about three hundred yards, and almost reaching a tremendous breaker, her progress to destruction seemed all at once to be arrested. The captain, I imagine, had dropped his kedge—at all events the vessel remained fixed. Several boats went out to her, but the only assistance that could be rendered in such circumstances was to furnish additional anchors and cables. I learnt at the post-office that it was the brig *Cæsar*, the same I had boarded at Marseilles, and which sailed the day after us ; great anxiety is still felt for her safety, as the gale continues with unabated fury. What a dreadful situation she is in at this moment, in a bad anchorage, surrounded by breakers. It is now ten P.M. ; should the cables part, or her anchors drag, nothing can save her from destruction.

I have a fellow feeling for her situation, knowing from experience what it is to strike upon a rock. Some years ago, I was sailing with my valued friend, Mr Edmonston, from the island of Santa Cruz to Jamaica, when, about three in the morning, I was awoke by a shock that nearly pitched me out of my cot ; a minute afterwards, Mr E. came to my cabin, telling me to rise instantly, that our vessel was

striking on a rock. During the short period occupied by my toilet the vessel struck twice, but without great violence. My first thought was of poor Mrs E. who, in addition to her delicate state of health, was far advanced in pregnancy ; so that I could not but dread the consequences of our situation to one in her critical state. Having dressed, I went into her cabin—never shall I forget that moment—she was seated on a low chair, with an expression of perfect composure—her little boy prattling on her knee, unconscious of danger. Her's was no mock or affected heroism, but the calm resignation of a true Christian to the will of Heaven. Ever and anon the vessel struck upon the rock. On hearing the order to lower the long-boat, she entreated me to save the most valuable of my property, but on that score I had little anxiety, for, except a slender purse of sovereigns, I had nothing to save. It was now dawn, and I went upon deck. The captain and crew were using every exertion to get the vessel off the reef, but without success. Three canoes were now observed approaching, but we were uncertain whether to receive them as friends, or attempt to repel them as foes. However, they were allowed to come alongside, and in an instant afterwards, their crews, numbering seventeen men, and the fiercest looking savages I ever beheld, sprang upon deck. Their first demonstrations were the re-

verse of friendly ; for they laid hold of several loose articles, seamen's jackets, hats, &c. and threw them into their canoes, vociferating for spirits in *patois* French. At this moment Mr E. hinted to me his fears that we were in the hands of the Philistines. I accosted their chief (a tall brawny Negro, with the air of a thorough corsair, and one born to command), in French, saying that we trusted to him for protection and assistance, and assuring him that if he would only call his men into subjection, and get us off the reef, we should amply reward his services. He kept repeating that it was impossible for us to escape, because that reef was fatal to every ship that had the misfortune to strike upon it. I replied, that we had better, at all events, make the attempt, and assured him that, whether successful or not, his exertions should be equally rewarded. Upon this he thundered forth his orders to his naked myrmidons, and seizing one of them by the throat, ordered him to restore the articles that had been thrown into the canoe. This was immediately done, and the whole party went to work to get us into deep water. After two or three hours of labour, this was effected, and with joyful hearts we saw both anchors dropt at the distance of a hundred yards from the reef. On sounding our vessel, she was found to have made little or no water, but the rudder was broken to pieces. I had now to

settle the amount of payment. A bag of dollars, and *carte blanche* in the disposal of them, were given to me by Mr E. *Capitaine* Pierre (for so he called himself), seemed perfectly satisfied with a present of five Spanish dollars to each of his men, and fifteen or twenty to himself, the whole amounting to about £18 or £19 Sterling; no great sum, and which Mr E. most cheerfully and thankfully paid. On receiving his dollars, each "Nigger" was ordered into his canoe, and it was no small relief to us to have our decks cleared of such savages. The chief, however, we took down to the cabin, and treated to a bottle of prime Madeira, which he discussed with infinite *gusto*. There was something very striking and even chivalrous in the bearing of Pierre; for, although a semi-nude-negro, he had a look and manner immeasurably exalting him above the miserable wretches who accompanied him. We had a great deal of conversation in French, and on parting, cordially shook hands, and swore eternal friendship. From him we learned our exact position. Our nearest port was Aux Cayes, sixteen miles off, and on the southwest coast of Hayti. Our captain went thither with Pierre, and returned the following morning, with two Americans, one of whom had lost his vessel (the "Eagle"), on a neighbouring reef, three weeks before. By rigging out two long oars as

rudder, we steered into port, to repair our damage. The appearance of the town was desolate in the extreme, the Barbadoes hurricane of August 1831 having swept over it, and levelled every house with the ground. Few of these had been rebuilt. The only white residents were the American Consul and Mr Roberts, a British merchant. My friends put up with the former, and I was hospitably entertained by my countryman. It was the first time in my life that I had trode the soil of a Republic, and it is the only Black Republic in the world. Seeing that we had sustained so little injury, the accident formed an interesting episode to me.

There is not a richer or more beautiful island in the Caribbean Sea than St Domingo. Its history, too, is equally interesting, having, within the period of half a century, passed from the condition of a French colony, to that of an independent monarchy, and finally a republic. This adventure was the first practical proof I had had of the advantage of a living language over a dead one. Had Greek been as familiar to me as to Dr Porson, it would have availed me but little on the "Lafolle" reef; whereas, my knowledge of French, imperfect though it was, was I believe, mainly instrumental in our deliverance. I could not help thinking with gratitude of my worthy friend and master Espinasse of Edinburgh, whose instructions had been of such

essential service to me. Three or four days sufficed to repair our damage. There was a Scotch medical man living in the house of Mr Roberts, who had ample practice, but little pay, among the Haytians. I accompanied him to a consultation on the cases of two of his patients ; the one a Frenchman, who had taken part with the natives against his countrymen, during the excesses of the French Revolution, and is now a General in the service of the Republic ; the other was a native planter. I paid my respects also to General Borghella, the Commandant of the *arrondissement* of Aux Cayes, who contested the office of President with Boyer. I found his Excellency sitting in a shop talking frankly to the mistress, with an Aide-de-camp by his side. He received me with much politeness, congratulating me on having escaped from the terrible "Lafolle." The next day there was a review of troops, to see which I took my stand on the balcony of one of my patients' houses. The General rode into the square, surrounded by a pretty numerous staff. There might have been 1000 men in all. Half of these were dragoons, and soldier-like enough in appearance : As for the infantry, they reminded me of Jack Falstaff's men ; for "never did I see such pitiful rascals." I observed one very tall fine looking officer, whose face I could not help fancying I had seen before : he was dressed in a cocked hat

and white feather,—blue coat and gold epaulettes, —white trowsers,—Wellington boots and spurs. On a closer survey, what was my surprise to recognise my friend, Monsieur le Capitaine Pierre ! The moment the review was over, I hastened to meet him, saluting him hat in hand, and congratulating him on the wonderful metamorphosis he had undergone since our first rencontre. He laughed heartily at my surprise, and seemed delighted at my having an opportunity of seeing him in his glory.

The commerce of Hayti has almost entirely disappeared under the Negro republic. The numerous rich sugar plantations that were so productive in the neighbourhood of Aux Cayes, during the possession of the French, are now a luxuriant wilderness. Logwood, cotton and coffee, are the chief articles of exportation. The population is said to be a million and a quarter ; but no accurate census has been taken. The government is something on the model of that of the United States. There is a congress, consisting of eighty members, elected by general suffrage : also a senate. I could only find one specimen of Haytian literature. It was written by a member of congress, and entitled “ Voyage round the North of the Island,”—a tumid and bombastic production,—but I have scribbled myself half asleep, and must conclude this long digression into which I have been insensibly led by the sight of the brig.

It is close on midnight,—the wind howls with unabated fury :—I long for to-morrow's sun : May it rise in smiles on Cæsar and his fortunes.

6th.—Cæsar lives ! Got up at day-light yesterday, and saw him riding safely. To-day I succeeded in getting a boat, or rather the cabin of a boat, which sails with merchandise to the Nile at five P. M., to-morrow. The den, which is to be my habitation, is in a horrible state of filth ; but I have ordered it to be washed out. Dr Laidlaw called this forenoon, and gave me an interesting account of the ravages of the plague during the spring of 1835. The maximum of deaths officially published, was 183 in one day, out of a population of from 10,000 to 25,000 ; but Dr L. has no doubt that the mortality often far exceeded that number. His treatment of Europeans was very successful, having only lost five or six out of twenty patients. He has no extreme views with regard to the great question of contagion, in which, although a believer, he made no scruple to handle his patients freely : Neither has he any faith in the vulgar notion, which so generally obtains respecting plague, that a man may enter with impunity a pestilent atmosphere, provided he carefully abstain from touching the person infected. He followed no routine treatment, nor hunted after specifics, but treated his cases on general principles,—the only orthodox manner of

practising the divine art. He told me of one very interesting case, where, to prevent a fatal hæmorrhage from a phagedenic bubo in the groin, he was under the necessity of tying the external iliac artery.* The gentleman who was the subject of this operation, is now in England, and in perfect health. Dr L. has invited me to dine with him to-morrow, promising to ride with me afterwards over the battle ground betwixt the English and French. I long to see the spot where the gallant Abercromby fought and fell.

8th.—On board the Arab boat-canal of the Nile. Dined with Dr L. yesterday, but had not time to visit the battle-field. I paid my bill at the Aquila d'oro with excessive bad humour, telling mine host that in all my travels I had never been so shamefully imposed upon. A camel carried my luggage to the boat, about a mile and quarter from the inn. The docile animal knelt at the door. All my effects, bed, *cuisine*, portmantéau, carpet-bags, and various *et cætera*, were put upon his back, and held together by a network of ropes. At length the signal being given by the driver, he uprose with his burden, and slowly moved onwards.

There is certainly no animal of God's creation so

* This operation was first performed by Mr Abernethy, and has since been successfully practised in twenty or thirty cases, by surgeons in different parts of the world.

ugly and awkward as the camel ; yet the absence of personal grace is more than compensated by mildness and gentleness of spirit. It is beautiful to witness his admirable sagacity and patient submission to man. No other beast of burden could fill his place in these countries. His patient endurance of hunger, and thirst, and fatigue, together with the formation of his foot, give him a superiority over every other animal in the sandy deserts of the east. Alexandria swarms with camels : they carry every sort of burden, planks of wood, stones for building, skins of water, every thing in short. It is very amusing to walk through a herd and study their features while lying in repose on the ground. I know no animal whose face exhibits so great a variety of expression. Unquestionably the prevailing one is that of harmless stupidity ; but such is by no means always seen. One often observes a certain waggishness of eye and lip, and occasionally, a resemblance to the human race strikes one. Sometimes they have a sorrowful and pensive cast, as if deploring their subjection to man ; but never could I trace an angry scowl, or frown even, on their placid countenances. The Arabs appear to treat them well ; indeed, I could not imagine it possible to maltreat so entirely submissive and unoffending an animal.

I found the boat crammed with passengers, all perched on the top of huge piles of luggage. It was with some difficulty that I crawled into my cabin, the door being nearly blocked up by bales of merchandise. I had a miserable and sleepless night, having been stung to madness by mosquitoes—nearly bitten to death by fleas—crawled over by ants and cockroaches—and in terror of being torn to pieces by rats: these last scampered through my den, pulling my things about with an effrontery unknown to their species in Europe. Daybreak was a glad sight, although my tormentors did not retreat before the cheering sunbeam. Unfortunately, it was a dead calm all night, and the men were too lazy to tow the boat; hence we have made almost no progress. The distance is but forty-eight miles: it is now eight P.M.; so that I have been already twenty-seven hours in durance, and must resign myself to pass one more night in this horrible prison. I write this squatted on my mat-trass, with my “lantern dimly burning” before me. A long, long day: went only once upon deck. There was no place on which to sit, or even to stand: men, women, and children, pigged together: some lying asleep half doubled up: Turks squatted, smoking long pipes: Arab women with their infants in their arms; and more than one couple doing the reciprocal office of picking the vermin from each

other,—not *picking* them indeed, but taking them as they came, as Paddy said. I counted sixty persons: the huge boat sails no better than Noah's Ark, though we had a tolerable breeze during the greater part of the forenoon: we moved at a snail's pace. There is nothing to be seen from the deck; the earth from the channel of the canal being piled up on both sides so as to form an impenetrable barrier to the eye. The breadth may be forty yards—colour of water dirty red; in which state, having no filtering machine, I am obliged to drink it. We stopped for an hour at a village of mud huts, where Sayd bought a fowl, of which he made some tolerable soup. I was surprised to see a chain of telegraphic towers along the canal. Signals were passing at the moment. This seems a vast stride in the way of reform for the Pacha. It is to be hoped he may next turn his attention to a steam-conveyance betwixt Alexandria and Cádiz. Would it were day!

10th November.—“Le Nil,” “Le Nil,” as the French soldiers exclaimed, rushing into its bed, accoutered as they were, to slake their parched throats, after a march across the desert. I hailed the noble stream with nearly equal joy. At eight A.M. yesterday, I escaped from the disgusting Arab boat, and immediately proceeded to the house of the British agent at Atfy, whom I found labouring under a severe attack of ophthalmia. Poor man!

both he and two of his children had been confined above a fortnight with the same disease, and without medical advice. His joy was great when I announced my profession, and proceeded to examine his eyes; they were in a very unsatisfactory state. Having nothing with me in the shape of medicine, I gave him prescriptions for appropriate remedies, which he immediately dispatched by an Arab messenger to Alexandria. His janisary procured a small boat (for six dollars) to carry me to Cairo. At twelve o'clock I was under weigh, and am now spanking along at a prodigious rate with a fresh breeze blowing right up river, and the "Meteor flag of England" floating aloft. It is the custom for travellers on the Nile to carry their national flag; this saves them from delays of petty custom-house officers, &c. It is quite a relief to be in a vessel of my own. I am now monarch on my own quarter-deck: there are four seamen in all, who manage the large sail with considerable dexterity. The cabin is smaller than even the hole in the Arab boat, not being long enough for my mattress to lie at full length. Wooden jalousies in a sad rickety condition, supply the place of windows: a heavy shower would inundate me. I passed a bad night from the excessive number of fleas: it was extremely cold too, until an hour after sunrise: through the day the temperature is delightful. Our

progress has been great ; although only thirty hours on board, I am more than half-way to Cairo: the wind fell in the night, and the crew went to sleep until morning. At six A.M. we started, with a fresh fair breeze; occasionally, from a bend in the course of the river, the wind is ahead, when the men jump ashore and tow the boat until the wind suits. The Nile is a most majestic river, with a current running about three miles the hour in the centre of the stream ; of course, we skirt the shores as much as possible. The water is of a reddish colour ; deliciously soft, but rather unpleasant to drink from the quantity of soil or sand suspended in it : the breadth may vary from a quarter to one mile ; probably half a mile may be a fair average at this season. The inundation is at its height towards the end of September ; from which time it begins to decline, and is now, of course, much diminished in volume. There is no grand scenery on the banks ; the shores, as far as the eye can reach, being nearly on a dead level. The deposit left by the inundation forms a rich loam. In some places the husbandman is busily engaged ploughing the recently exposed land close to its banks : a little farther off, the young grain may be seen shooting ; and, farther still, another crop yet more advanced : in fact, I can imagine him to be sowing on one part of his farm while reaping on the other. This variety of crops resembles the different

members of a numerous family ; that farthest from the river representing the full-grown man, while the nearest to its bed is “ the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.” Where the banks are steep, a bucket-wheel, turned by one or two bullocks, is in use to fill the irrigation ducts ; but more generally, the water is raised by means of long poles, having a weight round their lower extremity, and a pitcher suspended by a rope from the other end ; a man lowers the bucket into the river, and the weight at its other extremity raises the water to the level of the reservoir. Here and there are to be seen some magnificent umbrageous trees lining the shores, reminding one of the oaks in a nobleman’s park in England ; these, I believe, are a species of sycamore. A number of villages, consisting of mud houses, with their minarets proclaiming their position from afar, are perched on the eminences, to save them from the inundation. I passed a large flock of sheep having the same huge tails that belong to those of the Cape of Good Hope.

11th.—Eight P. M.—At eleven o’clock to-day, I had my first view of the Pyramids—those mysterious monuments of antiquity, that have so long haunted my imagination, and that have had no small share in determining my steps eastward. At

first I could see but their dim outline ; as we advanced they became more and more distinct, and towards evening I had a comparatively close view of their gigantic dimensions, as the last rays of the setting sun cast a yellow light over their time-hallowed summits. For an hour this forenoon we sailed through a tract of desert ; the banks on the right hand side being of pure sand, and yet they must have been under water a month ago. This can be accounted for only by the supposition that the alluvium had been buried by a partial whirlwind of sand from the desert. I was amused by seeing a large herd of buffaloes made to swim across the river : they were separated into three divisions, with about fifty in each. A naked man commanded each squadron ; he entered the water squatted on the back of a buffalo, and looking about in all directions, lest any of the number should stray from the herd. This happened frequently, when he immediately swam after the deserter, and seizing him by one of the horns, turned him in the proper direction, until he joined the others. It was strange enough to see nothing above the water but their black heads, and the head and shoulders of the three guides. The breadth of the stream was about half a mile, and they were about twenty minutes in reaching the opposite

shore. It is now a dead calm ; the wind appears always to fail an hour after sunset ; the crew are asleep, and I am only a few miles from Cairo.

GRAND CAIRO, *November 12.*—Arrived at Boulac at eleven o'clock this forenoon : Met Mr Hill, the landlord of the English Hotel, at the wharf, and rode with him to the town. There is nothing striking in the approach to Cairo, which indeed is hardly visible from the Nile, being a full mile and a half from the landing place. This is a clean and comfortable hotel. There are five or six travellers lodging in it at present, whose table I joined in the evening. We had an excellent dinner and much pleasant conversation. Some of the party have travelled much. One in particular, a Scotch lawyer of eccentric appearance, with grey moustaches and beard, and dressed *à la Turque*. He is bound for Thebes like myself, and proposes that I should join him in the same boat on the voyage upwards. It is possible I may do so ; but I must see a little more of him before deciding. There are two gentlemen waiting for the Bombay steamer ;—one a Bengal civilian, Mr Smith, returning from furlough,—the other, Mr Goff, an enlightened traveller, who has visited every country of Europe, besides Syria and Asia Minor. Colonel Vyse of the Life Guards,

and Mr Hannay, a Scotch gentleman of pleasing countenance and manners, are also of the party.

November 13.—A fatiguing day of sight-seeing. Set out after breakfast with Mr B. and Dr Walne. The latter gentleman is the only English Medical practitioner of Cairo. I had brought him a note of introduction from Dr Laidlaw, and found him most obliging and polite. He conducted us first to a mosque to which a lunatic asylum was attached, which had been endowed by a wealthy Turk. Our janisary brought some cakes to give the lunatics, who were confined in small stinking cells, each having a grating of iron which looked upon the court. The wretched patients were bound by an iron chain round the neck; the end of which was fastened to a ring outside the grating. I counted eighteen or twenty cells in all, each with an inmate, in general quite naked. The smell in the court was offensive in the extreme. One poor creature held out an empty pipe, and looked so imploringly for tobacco, that I sent my donkey boy to buy some. I remained till he came back, on purpose to see if any ray of intelligence or joy would light up his vacant countenance. He eagerly grasped the tobacco, which I handed through the grating; but on seeing me keep back a handful and give it to another idiot, he poured forth a

volley of what were doubtless imprecations. I felt much impressed by my visit to this madhouse; at the head of which I believe is a French Physician in the Pacha's service. If this be true, it does him no honour. Why are the poor wretches loaded with a heavy iron-chain? Would not confinement in their cells be sufficient? And why is so little care taken to give them the benefit of wholesome air? I declare to God, I would blush to have the charge of such an establishment. The division for females has only about a dozen cells, which are without grating. Their inmates were also chained, and except a rag round the waist, were in a state of absolute nudity. I had understood that idiots were treated with the utmost consideration, nay, even worshipped in Egypt. If it be so, they certainly take a strange mode of shewing their respect for them.

Our next visit was to the slave-market, which we had the good luck to see in full activity. To me it was not the harrowing scene, some travellers have described,—indeed, I felt it a relief to see so many grinning young negroes after the scene I had just quitted. The slaves were mostly females, and from the age of seven to beyond that of puberty. They were seated on the floor of the court, collected in groups, and in general naked down to the waist. I walked about studying the various figures; no care nor

sorrow seemed to be in their hearts; on the contrary, I saw nothing but smiles: dressing each other's hair was their chief occupation. I was amused by watching the time and pains they took to twist into ringlets their short woolly locks, an office which they mutually performed. Her toilet over, the little negress would look up and grin, courting the admiration of the bystanders. Around the court is a gallery, with a number of chambers containing slave girls from Abyssinia. These were not black, but had fair features, and graceful forms, and seemed to possess a sentiment of shame. One poor girl was seated on the ground with an expression of sadness on her brow as if deploring the accursed fate which tore her from the home of her childhood. Indeed, most of the Abyssinians had a melancholy air, which was by no means the case with the blacks, who were without exception merry, and apparently unconscious of their degradation. Their prices varied from £5 to £30. This last sum was demanded for a fine young Abyssinian girl. No Englishman dares buy a slave, although I believe such is occasionally done. However, it must be managed secretly, and even then the fear of Botany Bay is before his eyes. There were probably about a hundred slaves exposed. I spent an hour in the market, and came away experiencing but little of a moral shock. Humiliating as the barter of hu-

man flesh undoubtedly is, yet in a country like Egypt, where the entire population are the slaves of a tyrant's will, and where one-half of them are in a state of misery approaching to starvation, I had but little sentiment to bestow on the sleek and well-fed negroes in the market. A similar scene in a civilized nation would cause a very different sensation. I shall never forget the thrill of horror with which, for the first time, I read a slave advertisement in the West Indies. It was on the day of my landing in Barbadoes. The paper was the "Barbadoes Globe and Colonial Advocate." On taking it into my hand, the first thing that met my eye was the following : "Public Sale.—On Monday the 4th February, will be exposed for sale, the following slaves, taken up as runaways, not claimed by their owners, and sold to defray expenses of feeding"—(here came the list of names). Thanks to the enlightened government of Earl Grey, these disgraceful scenes are no longer enacted in the British dominions.

When I was in the West Indies, the planters one and all cried out against the proposed measure of emancipation, as certain to bring ruin on the colonies and all belonging to them. But the slaves *have* been emancipated—their owners handsomely indemnified—and neither bloodshed nor ruin has been the consequence. It is devoutly to be hoped

that America will soon follow the generous example of England.

Nothing in the streets of Cairo has struck me so forcibly as the prodigious numbers of persons labouring under ophthalmia and blindness. Judging from the experience of to-day, I should say that at least twenty per cent. of the entire population are either wholly or partly blind. From the slave-market we proceeded to the Citadel, which is strongly fortified, and stands on a considerable elevation, commanding one of the most striking views that I have yet seen of the town and surrounding country. In a square at the foot of the Citadel, an Arab story-teller was holding forth to a group of eager listeners, after the fashion of the Improvatori among the Lazzaroni of Naples.

15th.—Borrowed a Turkish dress from Mr Hill, and accompanied Mr B. and another traveller to some of the Mosques. This disguise is necessary; it not being permitted to “Christian dogs” to defile their sacred portals. I do not suppose I was taken for a Turk, in spite of an ample beard and moustaches. However, I entered several Mosques without molestation; the only formality being that of taking off my shoes at the door. Fortunately, I was not in the same predicament as Champollion, who, on being required to take off his boots, was obliged to walk in barefooted, as he had no

stockings beneath them ; as he himself informs us. The interior of the Mosques displays nothing remarkable. All their beauty is external, and some of them are certainly very striking, from the handsome and peculiar style of their minarets. I was mounted on one of the Pacha's horses, richly caparisoned in gold and velvet trappings. His Highness is now in the Delta, and as above a hundred horses stand idle in the stable opposite the inn door, the English traveller has only to apply to the Consul in order to be well mounted. The Egyptian horses are small, but generally handsome and spirited, though possessing little of the thorough-bred high caste of the genuine Arab.

Cairo is, without exception, the most complicated town I have ever visited. Even London appears plain sailing, when compared with its endless turnings, cul-de-sacs, and windings. Generally the streets are mere alleys, only a few feet in breadth. There is scarcely a cart to be seen. Camels and donkeys are the sole carriers. Indeed, except in a few of the principal streets and bazaars, there is no room for a cart ; it is often difficult enough to pass on horseback. In no town have I seen such crowds of persons in the streets. From morning till night, there is one continued stream of human beings, Turks, Arabs, Copts, Negroes, Abyssinians, Greeks, and Franks. I am daily

more and more struck with the multitudes of blind. Surely it is a disgrace to the Pacha that he takes no steps to remedy so appalling an evil. An ophthalmic hospital, under English superintendence, would throw floods of light and joy over the now bedarkened and unhappy citizens of Cairo; but from all I hear of his Highness, he cares little for his subjects, beyond making them the tools of his own aggrandisement and insatiable ambition.

After visiting three or four of the handsomest Mosques, we rode to the Tombs of the Caliphs, distant about a mile from the Citadel. They form a sort of city apart, and consist of mausoleums, each having its mosque and minaret. We entered only one. The effect of these tombs is much more striking when seen from a distance, than close at hand. We rode afterwards to the Citadel, to feast our eyes on the beautiful view from its summit. The vast city stretched on the plain beneath, with its countless mosques and minarets shooting into the blue sky—the gigantic pyramids of Saccara and Ghizeh, shrouded in a halo of mystic antiquity—the fruitful Nile, with its banks of bright verdure—the grim desert pushing his sterile sands to the very verge of the inundation—the glittering palaces of the Pacha, and the picturesque tombs of the Caliphs—all combine to form a panorama of surpassing beauty and interest. They say Constanti-

nople is finer. It may be so ; but I have seen no city like Cairo—no river like the Nile—and no sky like the sky of Egypt.

18th.—The weather continues most heavenly, without a drop of rain, or threatening of rain. A wet day is an era to be remembered here. I have not yet found a boat to please me ; indeed, it is difficult to meet with a good one at present, as all the best are pressed into the service of the Pacha. While about leaving Boulac this forenoon, I saw a fight between two Arab lads which ended somewhat tragically. The stronger of the two threw the other down a steep bank, and his head striking against a large rough stone, a very ugly wound was the consequence. I raised the boy, who was bleeding profusely. A triangular portion of the scalp, at least three inches in length, was detached from the bone, and hung down over the temple. The culprit got off skaitless, saving a thump on the head which I had time to reach him with my good stick “ Niagara.” A multitude of men and women soon collected round the boy. Every one talked, but there was no tender of assistance, although the youth was ready to drop from exhaustion. I sent my servant for a donkey, placed the boy upon it, and made him ride with me to the Military Hospital, the idea of entering which terrified him exceedingly ; nor could he have been induced to come at

all, but for the bribe of a piastre. On arriving at the gate I met a pupil of the establishment, to whom I explained in French that I wished the boy to be admitted. He very coolly replied, that as the youth did not belong to the Pacha, he could not receive him. I said, "No; but he is a human being," and desired the sulky lad to call the barber, and have the hair near the wound shaved off; adding, that on the arrival of the surgeon (who was every instant expected), I would bear all the responsibility. My orders were obeyed; and, before the barber had finished, the surgeon arrived. The gentleman, Mr Pruner, was most polite, and immediately gave directions for dressing the wound and preparing a bed. Pruner is a German: I had addressed him in French, but he replied in perfectly good English. It was now three P.M., and I accompanied him during his afternoon visit; after which he conducted me over the whole establishment. The hospital is clean and commodious—entirely devoted to soldiers—contains 1600 beds,—the wards are spacious and well ventilated, and the bedding of the men was perfectly clean. I was struck with the fairness of their complexions, but learned afterwards that they had all been recruited in Syria. Dysentery and ophthalmia are the most prevalent diseases, and I saw some terrible cases of the latter direful scourge of this fair land. There

were two in particular in which the whole eye had become a mere opaque pulp in the space of twenty-four hours, and without constitutional derangement on the part of the patients. Amongst the surgical cases, there was one of a man who had his thumb entirely bitten off by a camel, and the rest of his hand shockingly lacerated. This has made me change my good opinion of the camel; indeed, I find that they are not only very ready with their teeth, but are often in the habit of dealing out severe kicks with their ungainly legs. I see numbers muzzled in the streets—a proof they are not exactly the amiable race I had supposed them, and I now give them a wide berth as they pass. I was much gratified by my visit to the hospital, and not sorry for the accident that introduced me. Mr Pruner appears to be a man of much intelligence and great zeal in his profession. I understand he is also eminent as a linguist, which I can readily believe; for, although he had never been in England, he speaks our language with astonishing correctness, and with but little foreign accent. I have made several visits to Dr Walne: the library of the Egyptian Society is kept in his house, and he has been so polite as to give me daily admission to consult such authors on Egypt as I choose. The Society is yet in its infancy, but will, I make no doubt, rapidly increase in numbers and importance.

The traveller in these parts owes much to Dr W. with whom the idea of constituting the society originated, and who is fairly entitled to be considered as its founder. Its objects are to collect every information on the subject of Egypt—its antiquities, &c.—and also to provide a library comprehending especially all that has ever been written on this land, renowned as the cradle of the arts and sciences. No person is eligible as a member who has not resided two months in the country; but all respectable travellers passing to and from India are admitted to the benefits of the library during their stay at Cairo. This is an inestimable advantage in a place possessing no booksellers' shops, where works treating of Egypt can be procured. I hope to see my name enrolled among the number of Associate Members before sailing for England.

Have been busy writing letters for India, the British packet being expected on the 25th. I had hoped, on my arrival here, to find a regular monthly conveyance by steam from Suez to Bombay, but there is nothing of the sort. It appears that there is but one steamer, the "H. Lindsay,"* in that service, which makes but one or at most two

* Since these remarks were written, the Court of Directors has placed two additional steam-boats, the *Atalanta* and *Berenice*, between Bombay and Suez, so that the communication is now much more frequent and regular.

trips in the year. It is difficult to comprehend the backwardness of the East India Company in establishing a line of boats on the Red Sea in correspondence with those on the Mediterranean. These last are perfectly organised, and can be relied on almost to a day. Leaving Falmouth the 3d of every month, they reach Alexandria between the 24th and 26th. If a similar line were established between Suez and Bombay, passengers and letters might go from London to the latter place in sixty days with ease. Thus England and India would, in a measure, be brought within half their present distance from each other.* What a blessing would it be to Europeans in India to receive their letters, and to be enabled to rely upon their receipt, in less than one-half of the time that is at present required. It is true there is by way of a monthly mail from Alexandria to Bombay, but as it is sent by land to Mocha, it must take its chance of being forwarded from thence by the first ship. Until steam be established, there can neither be speed nor regularity in the transmission of the mail. Touching the supposed obstacle of the monsoon, Mr Waghorn, who is zealously embarked in the cause of inter-communication, declares it to be a mere illusion; for, according to him, the south-west monsoon blows neither with sufficient force nor constancy to form any weighty objection to the

establishment of a regular monthly packet throughout the year. For passengers going to and returning from India, the blessing would be incalculable. Instead of embarking in the Thames, to be shut up for four or five months in a vessel going round the Cape, seeing nothing all the while but "*coelum undique, undique pontus*," they would perform but two short sea voyages. During the first, Gibraltar and Malta would be interesting interruptions to the monotony; a voyage up the Nile to Cairo, a visit to the Pyramids, and a trip across the desert to Suez, would agreeably fill up the interval between the two seas; while the voyage to Bombay would yield opportunities of seeing and landing at several interesting ports in the Arabian Gulf. For myself, I can hardly imagine (supposing the communication as regular on the one sea as on the other), a man endowed with the "*mens sana in corpore sano*," to hesitate for a moment between the two modes of going out or returning home. Even in the case of invalids, the difficulties would be inconsiderable, more especially as, in all probability, the three weeks' voyage to Suez, previous to the fatigues of the desert, would have sufficiently restored them for a four days' journey on a dromedary or camel. The chief, indeed the only, serious obstacle is the plague, that awful scourge, which so frequently visits this (in many respects) favoured

land, and decimates its population; for, even supposing the traveller to have no personal fears of an attack, he would find many impediments in the way of enjoyment while in Egypt, and would be obliged to ride a tedious and expensive quarantine at Malta. But this latter objection applies only to such as are homeward bound ; and, after all, a confinement of three weeks in the delightful climate of the Mediterranean, is better than lying for weeks becalmed under the Line, or being tossed nearly as long on the stormy seas off the Cape of Good Hope. Touching the matter of expense, the fare from Falmouth to Alexandria is £41 ; £10 would suffice for getting across to Suez, but call it £20, this would make £60, and the passage by the " H. Lindsay," is £80, in all, say £150, to Bombay. When I left Calcutta, a comfortable cabin in a ship of any note could not be had for less. Whatever may be the objections of the Honourable Company to this route, I have no doubt that it will be established, and that within a very short time. Indeed, unless I be very much mistaken, Egypt will be the general half-way resting-place to India before five years have elapsed.

21st.—Rode with Mr Smith to pay a second visit to the madhouse and the slave-market. The stench in the former was worse than on the previous occasion. Mr S. was obliged to hold his

handkerchief to his nose to prevent his being sick. No menagerie was ever more offensive. In fact, the treatment of the miserable lunatics resembles more that of wild beasts than of human beings. We passed about an hour in the slave-market, which presented the same general features as on my first visit. I recognised several old faces, and a few new arrivals, and saw two or three bargains in the course of negotiation. One tall stout Negress was under the course of inspection by an intending purchaser ; we drew aside the screen before the door, and saw him examining her person. On perceiving us he seemed rather abashed, and the girl turned her back to us, as if ashamed that we should have been witnesses of her degradation. In the open court another purchaser was bargaining for a young Negress, who was standing in the centre of the group, and exhibiting herself according to the instructions of her owner. I was amused when the buyer, after a careful inspection of her various points, ended by desiring her to shew her tongue.

Our next visit was to the citadel, where a number of workmen are busy with the erection of a mausolcum destined to receive the body of his highness. The sole beauty of the building consists in the slabs of alabaster with which its interior is lined. An extensive quarry of this beautiful stone

has been discovered on the eastern shore of the Nile ; and the Pacha is robbing it of its treasures to ornament the intended receptacle of his vile carcass. It would do him more honour as a man, and credit as a ruler, were he to expend the money thus uselessly lavished, on the erection of an hospital for the treatment of his poor blind subjects. It is a fashion with persons in England and other parts of Europe, to laud Mahomed Ali to the skies as an enlightened ruler and successful conqueror. To the latter appellation I do not dispute his claim ; but as to his paternal anxieties for the good of his people, let the thousands of blind in the streets of Cairo bear mournful witness. For myself I feel nothing but abhorrence towards the man who squanders the lives and properties of his subjects in the conquest of remote countries, which he will probably soon be forced to relinquish ; while he neglects the easy and attainable means of conducing to their domestic happiness, by an endeavour to remedy an evil as sweeping in its extent, as afflicting in its effects. He has, indeed, formed a large and expensive military college ; but this is in keeping with his schemes of aggrandisement and conquest. But is there even *one* general hospital in Cairo open to all ? I have heard of none such ; and yet the population of the city is said to amount to 400,000 souls : So much for his paternal care of his subjects.

Yesterday I paid a visit to the boy under the care of Mr Pruner. The wound is healing rapidly, and in a day or two more, he will be well. I have had a daily visit from his mother since the time of the accident, imploring me with outstretched hands and swimming eyes, to render back her son. The poor woman is terrified lest he be detained as a soldier, although he cannot be more than twelve years of age. By means of an interpreter, I have daily given her the same promise, namely,—that her son shall be restored to her the moment he is well. Her anxiety on the score of his detention, is one proof among many of the abhorrence in which the Pacha's military service is held by the peasantry and the citizens of Cairo. Nothing is more common than for young men to disqualify themselves from being soldiers, by chopping off a fore-finger,—knocking out their cartridge-teeth, and even putting out one of their eyes. All military service is compulsory. I have frequently seen wretched recruits, just kidnapped, marched in chains, or with their hands stuck through wooden stocks, to the various barracks. Little fidelity can be expected from such an army. Nevertheless, it serves the purpose of the Pacha, and no more is cared for or required.

There is still great scarcity of boats; and, in the mean time, I have planned a trip to the Pyramids.

Mr Smith has agreed to accompany me, than whom I could not have a companion more to my mind. There is a sort of affinity that draws Indians together, and I always feel glad when I meet a Bengalee. Mr S., however, requires no other recommendation than his own excellent qualities to render him an agreeable companion. We propose starting to-morrow forenoon, and intend passing the night in one of the tombs.

November 24.—Started at 11 o'clock on the 22d for the pyramids—taking with me my servant, mattress, and a few kitchen utensils—crossed the Nile at Old Cairo, and then proceeded to traverse the valley lying between the river and the desert. As the water of the inundation had not sufficiently receded, we could not make a straight course to the Pyramids, and were therefore obliged to make a long detour, following the course of a mole that stretches in the form of a bow (the convexity looking south) from the Nile to the desert. It was provoking enough to find, after we had been two hours on our road, that we were absolutely farther from the pyramids than on starting. The great mass of the waters of the inundation has already disappeared, although in many parts of the valley there were not only large pools, but occasionally running streams. Here and there the artificial mound on which our road lay had arches of stone

to give passage to the current. It appeared strange to see at one place, not a single mile from the desert, and at least six or eight from the river, a number of fishing-nets in operation. On both sides of our path the grain was in various stages of advancement. Here and there patches of Indian corn were already nearly ripe. In other places the husbandman was turning up with the hoe the recently exposed soil, and in others again he was scattering the seed on ground which had undergone no previous labour. We were both struck with the small number of husbandmen, considering the extent of exposed soil. From the military mania of the Pacha there are not hands sufficient to cultivate the country. He has turned the ploughshare into the sword, and seizes upon the villagers as soldiers. Hence, the desert is already manifestly gaining on the fertile valley of the Nile, and grain is triple its former price." After four hours of a hot ride, we reached the edge of the desert, and were much struck by the contrast between its barren sands, and the rich black soil left by the inundation. There were several ploughed fields along its margin, the nearest furrow of which was black earth; had the plough made one turn more, it would have passed through a loose white sand! In short, wherever the waters of the beneficent Nile reach, *there* the desert is made "to blossom as the

rose ;" beyond, all is barren. We were one hour and twenty-five minutes in reaching the pyramids, after getting on the desert, although the distance *appeared* so trifling, that we had considered ourselves almost at their base. I was less struck with their magnitude on approaching them than I had expected. To be thoroughly impressed with their astonishing dimensions, one should either be close at their base, or at a distance of many miles. Five hours and twenty-five minutes from the time of our quitting Cairo, brought us to the base of the great pyramid. It had been my intention, on setting out, to mount immediately to its summit, and see the sun go down; but I felt too much tired and heated for any such exploit, and was more anxious for repose and food, than for excitement and adventure. Unfortunately for us, the large tomb was occupied by M. Caviglia, who was engaged in making excavations, so that we had to fix our quarters in one of very small dimensions. After lighting a fire, and partaking of some refreshment, we reposed on the soft sands until about seven o'clock, when we set out to wander among the pyramids. It was a bright moon, and never shall I forget the ramble of that night. We were without a guide, as, from the clearness of the moon, it was impossible to go astray. Having walked round the base of the great pyramid, and gazed in speechless wonder on

its huge proportions, we descended a deep bank of sand to visit the Sphinx. Every feature of the face of this striking and colossal figure is distinctly traceable, although the expression of the whole is a good deal marred by some ugly fissures on the cheeks and nose ; more especially the latter, a great part of which is broken off. From the general contour of the face, and low receding forehead, it more resembles the negro than any other of the human race. The lips only form an exception, for they are not thick and flat like those of Afric's sons. We lingered a long time near the Sphinx, viewing it from every direction, and admiring the lights and shadows cast upon its vast bulk by the pale moon-beams. It was fortunate that we happened to visit the pyramids at full moon, although such a consideration had not entered into our reflection. If the Coliseum be seen to greatest advantage by moonlight, the same may truly be said of the pyramids—her pale light harmonizing better with their grey walls, dimmed by the mist of ages, than the dazzling brilliance of the garish sun. Pity Childe Harold had not extended his pilgrimage to the pyramids ! Had Byron wandered among those gigantic and time-hallowed monuments on such a night, with the same clear moon illuming them even to their summits, and casting their shadows on the desert far beneath, what might not have been

expected from a genius like his ? For myself, I felt as in a sort of trance, and wandered about in a state of mind more allied to stupid wonder and vacancy of thought, than capable of indulging in any train of appropriate reflections.

We had prolonged our ramble to so late an hour, that the donkey boys imagined us lost, and set out accordingly, in search of us, with a blazing torch, shouting aloud, until we hailed them in return. On our way home, they conducted us to some beautiful sarcophagi deeply imbedded in the sand, and covered with hieroglyphic devices. On arrival at the mouth of the tomb, I had to crawl on my hands and knees into the place where the servant had spread my mattress. It was a narrow chamber, twelve feet long—six or seven high, with an arched roof: the walls entirely covered with hieroglyphics, and communicating at either extremity with another apartment nearly similar in size, but less lofty. Mr S. preferred risking the night air, by sleeping outside, to consigning himself to this uninviting sepulchre. About eleven I lay down, but it was long ere I could sleep. The flesh indeed was weary, but the spirit was awake and restless; and it was not until far in the vigils of the night that the moral excitement under which I laboured, subsided into a disturbed sleep. At seven next morning I awoke, but little refreshed. A strong south wind had

sprung up, and whistled through my narrow tomb, carrying along with it quantities of minute sand. The cold top, was extreme, and I felt chilled to the bone. On emerging at day-break, I found Mr S. had long before set out to wander among the adjacent monuments. I went towards the third pyramid, but the wind in my face was so keen and piercing, I was soon forced to return. Our breakfast was sufficiently uncomfortable, owing to the quantities of sand that deluged every mouthful. At ten o'clock we started to mount the great pyramid. The day was far from favourable. However, I was resolved on getting to the top. A number of Arabs collected round us, whose officious importunities it was no easy matter to repel; and I finally agreed to allow two men to be my guides and *aides* during the ascent. It was not without a certain feeling of nervousness that I approached the starting point; for I had heard of moral as well as physical difficulties to be encountered. Mr Smith left me, to penetrate into the interior, and I set out alone, *i. e.* accompanied only by my Arab guides. I found the ascent perfectly easy. There was nothing like a precipice to alarm the most timid. Tier after tier of huge broad stones succeeded each other regularly, forming a stair from which one could hardly fall, even if he wished. Some of the steps were three feet deep,—rather an inconvenient stride for a lady

or short man : beyond this there was no difficulty. The only annoyance I experienced, was from the clouds of sand that the wind blattered in my face. An Arab insisted on seizing each hand, and I was pulled up as if I had been a bale of goods. If I ever make the ascent again, it shall be alone. No assistance is required. At length, after twenty-five minutes climbing, I reached the top. It was with strong emotions that I found myself on a spot it had long been my ambition to tread. In that moment, I saw the realization of a dream that had haunted my imagination for many months. Having rested a few minutes to collect my scattered thoughts, I rose to survey the scene below. On the east, the valley of the Nile lay before me, with its picturesque and scattered villages, each surrounded by a clump of date trees ; beyond the river, I could faintly see the city of Cairo, obscured as it then was by a haze of vapour, with the barren mountain range of the Mokatam as a back ground. —But to me, by far the most interesting point of view, was the desert to the west :—there was something sternly, awfully, though monotonously grand in beholding nought, as far as the eye could reach, but a boundless waste of sterile sand. Here it formed a large plain,—there the whirlwind had raised it into round hillocks or cones. I do not regret that it blew so fresh, as I had the advantage of seeing

the remarkable appearance presented by vast clouds of sand raised by the wind, and swept across the desert like snow-drift in a Highland storm. It was sublime beyond description, to look down upon this hurricane of sand, more especially as, from my elevated position, I was far above its disagreeable influence. I stood for about half an hour surveying the cheerless scene. Nothing ever impressed me more forcibly : it was the very majesty of desolation, in truth a howling wilderness.

If I were required to place in juxtaposition the two extremes of the fairest loveliness and most hideous deformity, I should select the Lybian desert and the valley of the Nile, as both then appeared to me. I have seen nothing so striking in the way of contrast. It was as a vein of pure gold traversing a chaos of dross,—a beam of faith passing through the stony heart of unbelief. Before descending, I scribbled a letter to Callander in fulfilment of a prediction I had often made to him last summer, that before the close of the year, he would receive a letter from the top of the pyramid.

I accomplished the descent in exactly twelve minutes, with the most perfect ease, and with no other aid than that of my faithful “Niagara.” On arriving at the opening of the Pyramid, I found Mr Smith just emerging. He gave any thing but

an encouraging account of the facilities of entering, but I was bent on going as far as the great chamber. It contains nothing to repay the trouble and fatigue of crawling and scrambling through so many low and steep passages: the length is twelve paces, the breadth six, the roof about thirty feet high. It contains only a rude stone sarcophagus, half filled with rubbish. The air was close and suffocating, and I reached the entrance covered with dust, and drenched with perspiration; the first blast of the cold south wind almost froze me. It was now two o'clock, and we dined, half of our repast being sand. At last, this nuisance became so intolerable, that although it had been our intention to pass another night among the Pyramids, we resolved with one accord to push for Cairo. It was three o'clock when the order was given for departure, and the city gates being always closed at seven, we had only four hours to spare; by promising a "buckshish" to the donkey boys if they should bring us home before that hour, we happily succeeded in saving our distance.

Here I must pause, and bestow my tribute of praise on the donkeys of Egypt: they are as far superior to their kindred of Europe, as the Pyramids surpass all other human monuments. Mine of yesterday was a small black animal, that I could

almost have lifted in my arms; yet did this little creature carry me at a canter the whole way from the Pyramids, at a distance that cannot be under twenty miles, and apparently without fatigue. The charge per day for each donkey and boy, is five piastres, or one shilling English,—a small sum truly, considering the speed and comfort with which one travels. But for this invaluable animal, I should have seen little of Cairo, it being much too large a city to explore on foot.

25th.—To Boulac after breakfast. Hired a very nice comfortable boat, the best I have yet seen of its size, for 700 piastres (£7 Sterling) per month. I made the Rais ride along with me to the inn, and gave him the British flag to hoist. In the course of the day, the captain of the port being in search of boats for the service of the Pacha, seized upon the one I had already taken, and had the audacity to pull down the flag, and carry away the handle of the rudder. At four o'clock I was made aware of the outrage, and instantly called upon Mons. Piozin, the English Consul, who dispatched a Janisary to inquire into the affair. After a great deal of wrangling, the man succeeded in rehoisting the flag, but not in recovering the portion of the rudder. Here the matter rests for the present. If I do not recover the boat, and the cap-

tain of the port is not bastinadoed for his insolence, I shall have but small respect for my country's representative here.

The south wind continues, and the cold is rather troublesome. The temperature fell this morning as low as 48° Fahrenheit, as indicated by Mr Goff's register-thermometer. It is singular that the wind coming from the south should be so piercingly cold. This is said to result from its traversing the mountains of snow in Abyssinia; yet in summer this same wind is insufferably hot. Am busy with preparations for the voyage. Every thing in the shape of stores must be provided here,—milk and eggs only being procurable on the Nile.

27th.—Yesterday M. Piozin waited on Habeb-Effendi, Governor of Cairo, to demand the liberation of my boat, and the punishment of the captain of the port; both these conditions were liberally promised, and Mons. P. called to assure me that the boat was mine. However, on going down to have it sunk, I was told that the rudder would not be restored without the written order of Habeb-Effendi. I had expected as much. The fact is, he is humbugging Piozin. The promise of a Turk is worth nothing, and the very circumstance of his not having at once given an order in writing, was proof of his insincerity.

There is a radical error in the consular system

here. M. Piozin is a merchant, and as such necessarily much at the mercy of the authorities, in a country where the Pacha is not only Prince, but dealer in every species of merchandise, from bales of cotton down to bottles of brandy; hence, he cannot assume the same high tone in his demands on the Government, as a man who has no private favours to solicit at its hands. I do not blame *him*, but the system that admits of such incompatible pluralities. The representative of a foreign power, more especially at such a Court as the Pacha's, should hold no other capacity than his official one, if he hope to have his complaints listened to, and redress granted. Besides, Piozin is not an Englishman, and this is another reason why his appeals are unsuccessful. It seems singular that Colonel Campbell, who has the patronage of the appointment, should have chosen any other than an Englishman to fill the office of British Consul.

Find myself in another perplexity, owing to Sayd having given in his resignation. On inquiring his reasons, he very coolly replied, that he could get higher wages elsewhere. Although a stupid slow fellow, his leaving me at this time is rather an inconvenience, as I do not hear of any servants out of place. "

December 1.—Yesterday the indefatigable Mr Waghorn arrived with the English mail from Alex-

andria. I have engaged another boat. Habeb Effendi, when pressed for the order by Piozin, excused himself on the plea that the question was one of so delicate a nature, that he thought it necessary to submit it to the decision of the Pacha ! This ridiculous farce is enough to make every Englishman blush for his country. What ! is the " Meteor flag of England,"

" That for a thousand years
Has braved the battle and the breeze,"

to be insulted by a miserable Turk ? So far as it concerns me individually, I am perhaps a gainer, for my present boat is nearly as good, and fifty piastres a month cheaper than the one in question ; but I view the matter in a national light, for surely the British flag ought to be as sacred from insult floating from a Canjy on the Nile, as from the mizen peak of a line-of-battle ship ; and an insult to the flag, is an insult offered to the nation at large.

Went to Boulac yesterday forenoon, to have my boat sunk. This is always a necessary preliminary before starting, in order to get rid of rats, mice, and other vermin. It was a tedious and rather difficult operation. The crew having first filled the hold with water, mounted afterwards on the top of the poop, thus causing the whole of the vessel to

disappear. Now was the hour of deluge for the rats, five or six of which only reached the shore, where they exchanged a watery grave for a death by violence. For every rat that landed, there were at least twenty urchins thirsting for his blood. Two days are sufficient for the boat to dry, so that I hope to get away to-morrow afternoon.

Yesterday I was so fortunate as to stumble on an excellent servant, Mahmoud by name, who produced a large bundle of the most flattering certificates. Indeed, the appearance of the man bespeaks his intelligence and respectability. He talks Italian well, and understands French. Although his wages are high, (ten dollars a month,) I consider myself fortunate in having secured his services.

3d.—I should have been off yesterday, but that I had neglected to apply for a firman. Have written an official account of my boat affair to Colonel Campbell, explaining the matter from the beginning, and ending by saying, that as no results had flowed from the interference of M. Piozin, I had addressed myself to him in the hope that, as the representative of H. B. Majesty, and the guardian of our national honour in this country, he would prove to the authorities of Cairo that they were not at liberty to insult the British flag with impunity. I read this letter to M. Piozin before sealing it—not choosing to take any under-

hand steps for redress. Whether Colonel Campbell, who is daily expected at Cairo, will exert himself in the matter, I cannot tell. If he do not, the honour of England is committed to very unworthy hands; but I will not wrong him by any such supposition.

The Pacha arrived two days ago from the Delta. I saw him drive past the hotel in a carriage more like a London jarvie, than a vehicle of State. It was drawn by six white horses, and preceded by a dozen outriders. He is a venerable-looking old man, with a long white beard.

Dined yesterday with Mr Waghorn, to meet Lord and Lady Brudenell. His Lordship is on his way to Cosseir *via* Thebes, where he hopes to embark on the "H. Lindsay" steam-boat early next month for Bombay. After dinner, we had a long and animated discussion on steam communication with India. Mr Waghorn is a very singular character, and were his zeal and enthusiasm only tempered by a little more judgment and discretion, is precisely the man to be the successful apostle of a new system. Of iron frame and ceaseless activity of mind, (the latter ever at *high pressure*,) he spares neither time, labour, nor expense—hurrying night and day through sun, and sand, and bog—to forward and expedite his despatches. Although having no official situation under the Crown or the

Company, he derives a handsome revenue from letters addressed to his especial care. Great Britain and British India are both much indebted to Waghorn, for it cannot be denied that his zealous advocacy of the Red Sea route to Bombay, has been mainly instrumental in rousing the attention of the Indian and Home authorities to the subject. To the Company's officers travelling to and from Bombay, he is ever ready with his assistance and advice. Indeed, every English traveller in Egypt finds a willing counsellor in Waghorn. I speak from experience.

On board my bark "Findhorn," Monday 5.— Once more on the bosom of the fruitful Nile. I left Cairo at three P.M. on Saturday. It was blowing a gale of wind from the south, and of course right a-head. On arrival at Boulac, I found two women comfortably squatted in the bow of the boat, intending to accompany the expedition. This was more than I had bargained for, and I was ungallant enough to order them ashore. Mahmoud interpreted my orders, to the no small consternation of the ladies, who were *said* to be the wife and daughter of my Raïs. The former immediately quitted the boat without remonstrance, but the girl set up a sad lamentation; however, I was not to be subdued by tears, as she would have been a constant source of fighting and squabbling about among

the crew. The dust blew in clouds from the shore, and there being some offensive odours proceeding from two adjoining boats, I ordered the Raïs to start, in spite of the strong head-wind, my object being merely to pull up half a mile, and moor on the opposite shore. Mahmoud communicated my orders, but the Raïs positively refused to obey, alleging the impossibility of stemming both wind and current. This was not to be endured. It was downright mutiny, and that before the commencement of the voyage. I am no friend to the system of thrashing, so general as a persuasive among the Arabs, but here was too flagrant a case to be passed over. Mahmoud, by my order, repeated the command to start, but the Raïs again flatly refusing, "I seized by the throat the *circumcised dog*" with my left hand, and with my right laid my trusty Niagara across his shoulders with so much effect, that he soon bellowed his willingness to start, if I would only desist. This was all I wanted, and accordingly he mustered the crew to tug the rope.

There is very little magnanimity in thrashing these poor devils, an instance of their retaliating in kind being extremely rare. Had it been a case of fair field, and no favour on both sides, the tall sinewy Raïs would soon have put me "*hors de combat*." The whole of my crew (nine in number) except one man and the Raïs, were yoked to the tow-

rope, but their united strength could scarce cause the boat to advance against the wind and stream, and we had not gained thirty yards when the rope broke—the boat wheeled round, and down we went with the current at least half a mile before reaching the opposite side. This was proof positive of the soundness of the skipper's objections; but though wrong in one sense, I was right in another; for had I not enforced my *first* order, I should have lost all claim to obedience during the remainder of the voyage.

I suffered excessively from cold the first night; the jalousies having swelled after the sinking process, would not close, hence the wind entered on all sides. All the warm clothing in my possession was put in requisition, but in vain. Yesterday I stopt at Old Cairo, and sent Mahmoud to purchase an Arab blanket—also a set of mats to serve as a curtain outside the windows, while I lined the interior with coarse canvass. These precautions having been effectual in excluding the wind, last night I was comparatively snug. The wind continues dead foul, and my progress, although the men tug from sunrise till evening, is only about ten miles a-day.

After breakfast I went ashore with my gun, and walked for a couple of hours without finding any thing to shoot. I passed through several very extensive herds of camels, browsing on the stunted

thorny shrub that grows in the desert. No other animal could eat so prickly and tough an herb; but the maw of the camel is furnished with a provision for resisting and breaking down his hard fare. There were a number of females with their young; some of them with a rope-basket fastened over their udders. One rarely or never sees a female camel in Cairo, the males being chiefly used as beasts of burden. There were a number of young of all ages, some apparently but a few months old, gambolling and frisking like so many foals.

With the exception of the elephant, there is probably no animal so sagacious as the camel. I recollect once crossing the Hoogly at Kishnagur, with a detachment of His Majesty's 49th Regiment. A number of elephants and camels had been supplied by the Commissariat to carry the tents and baggage of the men. The former were made to swim across the river, each having a *mahout* or driver seated on the neck. The camels were ferried over in boats, and it was most amusing to witness their reluctance to step from the shore, which no persuasion on the part of the drivers could make them do, until they had first pressed repeatedly with the fore-foot against the boat, with the view of ascertaining that it was strong enough to support their weight! Could human sagacity have gone beyond this? •

I was some time in search of an appropriate name for my boat, and at length resolved on christening it "Findhorn,"* no other name being linked to my memory with nearer or dearer associations. It is a small craft, with two masts, one large sail belonging to each. The cabin is eight feet by seven, but only four feet high. This last is an inconvenience, as I cannot sit erect even on a low stool, and am obliged to squat, Turk fashion, on my mattress, which is only elevated three inches above the floor. During the day, however, I sit outside, under the shade of a tent made of mats, and it is only after sunset that the cold compels me to enter my cabin. The boat that the villainous captain of the port took from me was near six feet high, but

"Let me not burden my remembrance
With a heaviness that's gone."

My crew consists of eight men besides the Raïs, and I pay per month, including every thing, 650 piastres (£6, 10s. Sterling).

Wednesday 7th.—Wind was dead foul all yesterday: to-day it has been a calm. I have made very little progress; being now only forty miles from

* A romantic river in Morayshire, on whose banks the author passed his infancy and boyhood.

Cairo—tedious and tiresome travelling, and very fatiguing for the boatmen. To-day we floundered on some sand banks for many hours; the men wading up to their necks, and swimming occasionally: poor fellows! it is no sinecure for them. I gave them a *buckshish* of nine piastres (2s. English) this evening as a reward for their perseverance; it was thankfully received, the more especially as being unasked and unlooked for. I begin to tire of fowls: and no animal food is to be had—" *toujours perdrix.*" Mahmoud is an excellent cook, only a little too lavish of my stores: he has served so many great people, Lords Prudhoe, Clare, Sir John Malcolm, &c., &c., that he is unused to an economical *cuisine*.

After my breakfast to-day, I observed him preparing his own,—an omelet, into which he tossed seven or eight eggs at least: I envied him his appetite more than I grudged the eggs. He is as fond of spices as his master, and my stock of cayenne and curry powder is rapidly diminishing; but he is an excellent servant, and so long as my provisions last, is welcome to his share. Butter, eggs, milk, and bread, are generally procurable at the villages. The Arab bread is palatable enough, consisting of thin flat round cakes, that remind me of the barley-meal *scones* of Scotland. I dine always on one dish; this is partly choice and partly necessity. Mahmoud deplures that my *cuisine* is destitute of all the

requisites for puddings and tarts. My usual beverage is the water of the Nile, which is the most delicious in the world. On the whole I am extremely comfortable, and wish for nothing except a northerly breeze. Last night I passed two boats filled with pilgrims going to Mecca; they had travelled all the way from Algiers. Strange infatuation, that should lead thousands and tens of thousands of men and women to undertake so long and perilous a journey to worship at the shrine of an impostor! however, I cannot but respect their zeal. They scruple not to sacrifice time and money, and to forsake their peaceful homes, in order to perform an act of devotion which they *believe* necessary to their salvation. A man must be sincere in his faith when it prompts him to acts of self-denial—to dangers and toils from whence no worldly advantages can accrue;—the pity is that his faith should rest on such a foundation; nevertheless, far be from me the belief that the gates of heaven are shut against the really sincere and devout pilgrim.

Saturday, 10th.—A fine fresh and fair breeze for the last three days. I have made great progress, although the “Findhorn” is a sad tub in the sailing way. Benisoëf is the only large town I have yet passed. Stopt for half an hour to let the crew purchase bread. A large handsome boat came up with me about a mile from the town, having a great num-

ber of passengers (a hundred at least) on board, bound for Sioot. We entered the port together, and no sooner had the boat moored against the bank, than the captain of the port stepped on board, and without uttering a single word, walked very coolly up to the rudder, unshipped the handle, and, laying it across his shoulder, carried it off! I was a close spectator of this affair: it made my blood boil to see so diabolical an outrage. The poor Raïs looked aghast, but said nothing; and the crowd of passengers, most of them females, stept ashore in gloomy silence to find their way to Sioot, 150 miles off, as they best could. So much for the tender mercies of the Pacha. The boat was seized to convey grain to Alexandria to feed the troops. The British flag saved me from a similar fate on this occasion.

Since the wind shifted to the northward, the temperature has become much milder, and I enjoy the days exceedingly,—my crew are obedient and orderly, and the Raïs acquits himself to my entire satisfaction. He boasts of the honoured title of *Haji*, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca a few years ago. This gives him an additional claim to the respect of his men; and even Mahmoud never addresses him without prefixing the title of *Haji* to his name. He is the only one of the men who performs his devotions regularly. I was amused yesterday by watching him at prayers. He called

one of the crew from the bow to 'take the helm, while he went through the prescribed ceremonial. Leaning against the rigging, I observed with the corner of my eye what was passing: he had an expression of great fervour, kept muttering to himself, and elevating his hands in a supplicating attitude: then bending his body repeatedly, and sometimes kneeling down and pressing the deck with his forehead. I could not but admire the fervour of the man who could thus abstract himself from the concerns of the world, in the midst of the noise and mirth of the crew. At length, however, my admiration was put to flight by seeing him burst out into a hearty laugh at a joke, which, judging from the universal mirth it produced, must certainly have been irresistible. In a moment he resumed his gravity, and concluded his devotions with becoming earnestness.

To-day the feast of the Ramazan commenced. It lasts for one month, during which, no true believer can eat or drink, or even smoke, until sunset. I had been in hopes that the Ramazan would have been a great saving to me in the matter of eggs; but it would appear Mah'moud is not one of the right sort, as the omelet vanished to-day, as usual, under his "ponderous jaws." I observed, however, that none of the crew ate anything until sunset. While sitting at my dinner about four o'clock,

I gave an ear of roasted Indian corn to the man who was squatted beside me holding the main-brace. Being taken entirely by surprise, he tasted of the savoury morsel, but no sooner had he done so, than the whole crew set up such a shout, that the poor fellow was glad to spit it all out. Indeed, he appeared shocked with himself, at having thus unwittingly transgressed the law of the prophet. The moment the sun disappeared, they all squatted themselves around a large shallow wooden basin, containing a mess of black bread softened into a paste by boiling water, and having no other seasoning than a few lentils (a species of pea) that were boiled in the water. With their fingers and thumbs they gathered up their homely fare, and with so much expedition, that after the lapse of five minutes, not a particle remained. How few are man's real wants, if he would only believe so !

To-day the rocky ridge on either bank approaches nearer to the Nile. There is but little cultivation between the river and its base ; here and there a narrow green slip only intervening ; and oftener still a row, or succession of rows, of palm tress. After breakfast, I passed a monastery perched on the summit of a rock overhanging the river, inhabited by Italian monks, Capuchins I believe ; but the wind being fair, I did not stop to visit the holy men. •Vast flocks of •wild geese passed overhead

to-day. There must have been thousands at least in one flight. The very sun was obscured for a time, and the air resounded with their peculiar cry.

Monday, 12th.—After breakfast yesterday, Lord Brudenell came up with me. Being a calm, and both boats under tow, I went and called on his Lordship, who has a magnificent pinnace, fitted up both with elegance and comfort. He had left Cairo on Wednesday, four days after me, but as the wind changed to the northward on that day, it has been in his favour all the way. I accompanied him and Lady B. to visit the caves of Bēnihassan, on the left bank of the river. We entered a number of large handsome grottos hewn out of the rock, the largest having its roof supported by pillars of the Doric order, or something very nearly allied to that style of architecture. As these tombs are of a date long antecedent to the reign of the Ptolemies, the Greeks must have borrowed the Doric column from the Egyptians. The walls of the larger tombs are covered with paintings in red fresco, most of them in good preservation, and illustrative of the customs, games, and sacrifices of this ancient people. I promised to dine with his Lordship, provided the calm continued, but before our visit to the tombs was over, a fresh breeze sprung up, and we each set sail, hoping to meet again at Thebes. His boat

left the Findhorn wofully in the lurch, and before sunset, was entirely out of sight.

Yesterday I passed through a tract of country planted with the sugar-cane, and inhabited chiefly by Copts. To-day the breeze did not spring up till eleven o'clock. The ridge of rock on the left bank now approaches close to the river. For many miles we sailed along a bold precipice of 300 or 400 feet in height, descending abruptly into the water, and leaving no room for vegetation. Here and there, on a small patch of earth accumulated in the nook of the rock, a graceful palm-tree might be seen waving his green leaves in solitary state, the undisturbed possessor of his little domain. At sunset we passed the village of Bräās, if two miserable mud huts may be termed a village. The huts have barely room to stand between the rock and the river, and would scarce excite the observation of the passer by, but for three or four fine trees, that cast their green shade over them. The breeze almost invariably dies away an hour after sunset. It is now a dead calm, and the still silence of the night is interrupted only by the barking of an host of Pariah dogs belonging to some distant village. From the conducting power of water, one hears sounds on the banks with the utmost distinctness, at a distance of many miles. In spite of the incessant yelping of these wretched curs, a deep

slumber has descended on my crew, whose heavy and sonorous breathing proclaims that it is time for me also to “steep my senses in forgetfulness.”

Wednesday 14th.—A fair but light wind. Saw two crocodiles for the first time, both of great size, basking in the sun on a ledge of sand, close to the water's edge:—clapped my hands to scare them;—one crept into the water, the other remained. Stopt for ten minutes at the village of Souhadj. Bought fifty-two eggs for threepence, and five fowls for a shilling!

Thursday 15th.—Fair breeze since noon. Valley of the Nile becomes narrow here, both the rocky ridges being now visible. I should estimate the breadth at about eight or nine miles. At sunset I passed the town of Girgeh; it is now ten P.M., and, the wind continuing, I am still under sail. The cold of the nights is excessive, and I have great difficulty in retaining the animal heat; I would give a good round sum for a pair of English blankets.

Saturday 17th.—Two days of dead calm. My men grumble sadly at being roused at daylight. I have now had full time to study them. They are but sorry fellows. I should not like to “march through Coventry” with them. There is not a sound man in the lot. Of the eight, two have but one eye—one is nearly blind of both, from ulcers and opacities of the cornea—four have the canine

tooth, and the two neighbouring incisors of the upper jaw on the right side knocked out ; one has the index finger of the right hand, *alias* the trigger finger, chopped off : the Rais alone and Mahmoud, are sound men.

Have walked on shore a great deal by way of killing time, and visited many of the villages. I am an object of great curiosity to the inhabitants. The men flock around me, while the women hide their faces all but the corner of one eye, out of which they steal a sly peep at the stranger. I stood for a long time watching the process of irrigation on a large scale. It is effective enough, although a small expense in machinery would save the labour of a vast number of men. Of all the peasants at work to-day, I did not see a single sound man under forty years of age. The blemish most in vogue against the conscription, is knocking out the cartridge teeth ; and so effectually is this done, that three teeth from either jaw are generally wanting, leaving a most unseemly gap in the mouth. I wonder the Pacha does not hang a few of those who resort to this mode of exemption, or that he does not bring out dentists from Europe to restore numbers of defenders to the State ! Since leaving Cairo, I have not seen a single man in the prime of life without a blemish ; and I am now convinced that many of the blind and one-eyed to be seen in

Egypt, have been made so by themselves : for in making a voluntary sacrifice of one eye, a man is apt to forget, or does not know that he is not sure of saving the other. During the long war with France, it was a common trick among British soldiers to introduce irritating matters into their eyes by way of purchasing their discharge. Indeed, I have met with more than one instance of this cowardly practice in the King's regiments in India, even in times of peace. With us this practice is severely punished as a military crime ; but *before* a man is actually enlisted, he may be allowed " to do what he likes with his own." In England he certainly could not be punished, but in this country where the Pacha is all in all powerful, I wonder that such pitiful tricks are allowed to be played with impunity. Besides, why should a man not bite the end of the cartridge with the left side of his jaws ? The knowledge that many of the blind are self victims, does not one whit increase my respect for the Pacha. On the contrary, instead of being as I had imagined, the passive looker-on at so great an evil, he is now I find, in some measure, the actual cause ; but there are sufficient reasons, without calling into account this *intentional* one, for the numbers of diseased eyes to be met with in Egypt, and more especially in Grand Cairo, a city, from its peculiar construction, more liable to partial currents of air than

any other. The transitions too of temperature from midday to midnight, are for a great part of the year extreme. There is also an impalpable dust that never ceases to float through the crowded streets of Cairo. One does not in general perceive this, without the aid of a direct sunbeam, for it is not sand raised by the wind that I speak of, but an infinity of motes resulting from the crowd of passengers along the narrow thoroughfares. This last cause is much favoured by the almost total absence of rain. I am convinced, that if Egypt were a moister climate, there would be much less ophthalmia than prevails at present. According to some opinions, saline matters suspended in the air traversing the desert, and natron lakes, &c. are the exciting causes of this cruel malady. I am not disposed to attach much weight to this theory; but whatever may be the causes, it is certain that no country on the face of the earth, at least none that I have visited, is so afflicted with the scourge of ophthalmia.

One of my men is laid up with a smart attack of dysentery: poor devils! I wonder they are not more frequently attacked, seeing that their food is little better than that of the beasts of the field. They never come on board after a day's tugging, without levying a contribution on such fields as they pass, consisting generally of onions, which they

eat raw—root, crop, and all;—occasionally they bring a supply of a vegetable, not unlike clover : any thing, in short, serves as a seasoning to their mess of moistened dhourra bread. Their wages are but one piastre ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d.) per day. A man may range the world over, and not find a more miserable peasantry than that of Egypt ; and this, too, in the midst of a land flowing with milk and honey, or in less metaphorical phrase, teeming with the richest fertility. No Irish beggar would raise from the gutter the rags that the Arabs wear as clothing : fortunately the nature of their climate is such as to dispense with the necessity of much apparel ; but the little that they do use, is pitiful to behold.

KENEH, 20th.—Arrived here to-night, after three more days of tugging. The distance betwixt Girgeh and Keneh, is fifty miles, in accomplishing which I have been five entire days ! This is wearisome enough. My men are beginning to be troublesome, and to rebel against the everlasting tug-rope. I had thieves, or at all events a thief, on board last-night, for this morning a number of articles that had been washed and were suspended under my tent to dry, were found to have disappeared. This is the first practical proof I have had of the pilfering dexterity of the Arabs : I mount a guard of two men every night, who certainly had not

slept at their post, for their incessant jabbering kept me awake until sunrise: Nevertheless, a thief was found expert and bold enough to make a clean sweep of every article of clothing in my tent. On investigating the matter this morning, the guard acknowledged that they had both heard and seen a man brush like a vision across the boat, and like a vision too he certainly "left not a wreck (there can be no doubt as to the reading in this instance) behind," but they asserted that they never imagined him to be a thief!! Whether there were connivance on their part, or whether they themselves were the culprits, I know not; but it was a disgraceful neglect of duty, and one I determined to punish. As the Rais is the person responsible to me, I desired Mahmoud to tell him, that unless he paid down forty piastres as the value of the stolen property, I would hand him and all the crew over to the tender mercies of the Governor of Keneh. Rather than submit to the bastinado, the demand was complied with. I shall of course restore the money some time hence, having exacted it merely in order to inspire them with more vigilance for the future. Sent Mahmoud to the person invested with the authority of British Consul here,—viz. an Arab merchant, who glories in that title—to make inquiries regarding the H. Lindsay steamer, but he

returned without any tidings of her. Lord B. had passed on for Thebes three days ago.

I saw a great number of crocodiles to-day, crouched on a small flat island of sand in the middle of the river. There might have been sixteen or eighteen in all. One was of huge dimensions, certainly not under twenty feet in length. I discharged my gun merely to rouse them from their slumbers, on which they all crept slowly into the water, and swam to the opposite shore, showing occasionally their black snouts, as they raised them for the purpose of breathing.

Wednesday 21st.—A day of storm and passion with me. I called after breakfast on the Consul, to give him a packet of letters for Lord Brudenell, who had kindly offered to carry them to Bombay, intending immediately after to start for Thebes. Mahmoud accompanied me as interpreter. I found the Consul seated on his divan; pipes and coffee were duly produced. On learning that I was a Hakeēm, he told me his eldest son was dangerously ill, and begged me to visit him. I found my patient groaning in bed, and have seldom seen a finer-looking man, although I saw him through the shadows of sickness. His malady is simple fever, but he is more alarmed than the urgency of the symptoms warrants. My prescriptions were of a

negative rather than positive character, having interdicted the use of strong ale, which a British traveller had left with him, and in which he was freely indulging: but the recipe that will do him most good, is the assurance that he would be perfectly well in a few days, if he followed my instructions. This was balm to his spirit, and no fallacious hope, for, after all, he had only a smart feverish cold. I presented the father with a bottle of port wine and some tea: these were not spontaneous gifts, for he had applied for them, through Mahmoud, yesterday evening. I was unwilling to refuse, although my stock consisted only of three bottles. It is a pitiful system among dignitaries of the East, that of expecting presents for the most trivial services. Lord W. Bentinck never did a wiser thing than when he abolished the custom throughout British India. Having concluded my visit, and deposited a packet for Lord B., with proper instructions, I returned to my boat, dispatching Mahmoud to the bazaar to purchase some butcher-meat. On reaching the "Findhorn," what was my surprise to find that every soul of my crew had decamped, except the sick man, who had not strength, and the blind man, who could not see, to run away. Nothing could be more provoking. At one o'clock Mahmoud returned, informing me that he had found the Rais battling with the men in the

bazaar, and trying in vain to bring them along with him. It appears that three or four of the number had refused to proceed farther, and as the Raïs had paid them one month in advance before leaving Cairo, and they would not return the difference, he had seized on some of their rags in the shape of clothing, which he was trying to dispose of by way of indemnification to himself. It was now long past mid-day, and a fair fresh breeze blowing. At length the Raïs returned with only one man, the tall good-for-nothing Cyclops who had often incurred my displeasure for laziness and riotous conduct: would that I had got my clutches on him! But the Raïs coming first within my reach, I attacked him with "Niagara," and inflicted a most severe chastisement, for I was boiling with rage. The other miscreant wisely took to his heels. It was against my better reason that I punished the Raïs, but had my accumulated wrath not found a safety-valve of escape, I verily believe I should have burst. What was to be done? The Raïs said if I would only give him one hour, he would return to the bazaar and hire four new men, who would suffice until we reached Thebes. Accordingly, he went, but it was four o'clock before he returned, and without the olive branch of peace along with him. He came alone, having failed in engaging a single boatman, although he had offered

thirty-five instead of thirty piastres per month ; the reason being, that the tall Cyclops had gone before, and published the affair of the theft, and likewise the mauling that he had seen me inflict on the Raïs ; in short, so successfully had he poisoned the " whole ear of Denmark," by calumnious accusations against me, that not a soul would enlist under my banner. I now bethought me of the Pacha's firman, but to do business with a Turkish dignitary, is a work of presents, and coffee, and pipes, and hours at least of lost time. I therefore dispatched Mahmoud to a crowd collected about a quarter of a mile down the river. He returned in about an hour, saying there were three Nubian boatmen out of employ, whom he had tried to engage ; but, as my evil star would have it, one of them had been passing when I was in the act of belabouring the Raïs, and had conceived such an impression of my ferocity, that he declared to Mahmoud he would not sail with me for double wages. I could not help laughing (although out of the wrong side of my mouth), at this novel character given me by the denizens of Kench ; but it was now five o'clock. The breeze had died away, and a sunset of unrivalled beauty and softness shed a calm over my troubled spirit. The Raïs suggested that he should repair to a village two miles up the river, where it was to be hoped the terror of my

name had not yet reached. Accordingly he went, and returned with four lads, innocent unsuspecting youths, who little knew the vampire they were coming to serve! It is now far on towards midnight.—Pale Cynthia is shedding her silver beams over the broad bosom of the placid Nile, and my spirit, that erst was furious and swollen, now partakes of nature's calm. But I have not yet entirely recovered from the agitation of the day. There is still a moral heaving in my breast, that may be compared to the ground-swell of ocean, which continues long after the fury of the tempest has passed away. In the whole course of my life, I do not recollect ever having given such unbridled license to my passion. True, I had "most savage cause," but the effect was out of all reasonable proportion. Philosophers assert that an occasional tornado is necessary to preserve the purity of the atmosphere: in like manner, perhaps, a moral tempest may sometimes be useful in maintaining the equilibrium of the human mind. Be this as it may, the return of reason is sure to be succeeded by reflection, and if reflection be good for any thing, it must be followed by resolutions of amendment. Let me hope, then, that the memory of this day will enable me to "possess my soul in patience," under similar vexations, in all time coming.

Thursday, Dec. 22.—A profound calm all day—

nevertheless, I have made considerable progress. My new crew, although stripling lads, have tugged most manfully. The Raïs, too, quitted the helm, (which was taken by the sick man,) to place himself at their head. All the four have the usual gap in their mouths, from the loss of six teeth. One is a Nubian, black as jet, but with fine handsome features, not in the least resembling those of the negro properly so called. I know not if such be the general character of the Nubians. While strolling on the banks in advance of my boat, I was accosted by a respectable looking Copt, who offered his pipe, and beckoned me to sit down beside him. I declined smoking, but squatted on the ground by his side. Our conversation was necessarily confined to pantomime; but from his signs, I could discover that he wished me to accompany him to his house, and eat. Had Mahmoud been with me to act as interpreter, I should have gone with pleasure; and I tried, by pointing down the river to my boat, to make him understand me. He went away for a short time, and returned bringing with him another Copt, who I afterwards found was his brother. On my telling him I was a Hakēēm, he pointed to his eyes, which I examined, and signified I could cure. On the arrival of my boat, Mahmoud came ashore to interpret. By this time, a tray was brought from the village, borne by the Copt's son, display-

ing a repast of bread, Arab cheese, and fried eggs. I had no inclination for an attack, but was obliged, out of compliment, to eat a few mouthfuls. I then asked the two men to my boat, and ordered coffee, but Mahmoud suggested that brandy would be more acceptable; indeed, they told him so. I dropped a solution of sulphate of zinc into the eyes of both father and son, and gave them the remainder to take home, with directions for its daily use. The two brothers, after quaffing a flowing bumper of brandy, soon became marvellously at ease. They told me they were the lawyers, or rather the accountants, of the village. That none but themselves could either read or write; and that all returns for the government, &c. were made by them. The Copts, (who are Christians, and supposed to be the descendants of the aboriginal Egyptians,) appear to be the only literati in the country. There is a large population of them in Cairo, mostly all employed as clerks in public offices, &c. They are easily distinguished by their physiognomy, having nothing in common with the Arab, Turk, or Abyssinian. Their faces are generally flabby and tumid, and their colour is a sort of bilious yellow. In a short time, my friends began to signify that a second bumper would be acceptable, but having no wish to send them back to the village reeling drunk, I declined taking the hint. They then begged to

take the bottle home with them, but it was too precious to be given away. By this time, the boat had made considerable progress, and they rose to go ashore, loading me with benedictions, and pressing my hand to their foreheads. One of them had nearly tumbled into the river, in stepping from the boat to the bank, and probably lost his centre of gravity altogether before reaching home. Just as they were departing, a peasant from a watering sluice stepped on board, and presented his right finger, or rather what remained of it, for in performing the amputation, he had splintered the bone, which interfered with the healing of the stump. I told him he must trust to time for a cure.

I am now within twenty-four hours sail of Thebes, and hope to see to-morrow's sun go down upon its ancient ruins. Gave my crew a nine piastre piece as *buckshish*. The temperature is much warmer than it has been for the last few days; precisely the weather I like.

THEBES, Dec. 31. 1836.—Recovering from a severe attack of acute dysentery. I was taken ill on the 23d, in consequence, I believe, of eating a small portion of water-melon; two hours afterwards the attack commenced. I reached Thebes at one o'clock on the 24th, but was too weak to leave my boat. All night I suffered dreadfully from the usual symptoms

of that most horrible disease. On Christmas morning, I felt rather easier. Mr Andrews, an artist, residing at Thebes, came to my boat, and kindly offered his services. He brought a message from a French gentleman, also an artist, to say that if I chose to leave my boat, he would give me a room in the house. Feeling anxious to get on, I declined his civility. On the 25th, I passed a quiet night, and sailed at one o'clock next morning, dreadfully weak, but the disease, as I thought, subdued. On the 27th, the symptoms returned with increased violence; my state was far from satisfactory, and I felt so ill, that it seemed more than probable my hour was fast approaching. Accordingly, while I had yet strength, I wrote a few testamentary instructions to a gentleman at Cairo, charging him with the care of my effects. I next addressed a few lines to my mother, under the full conviction they were the last I should ever pen, assuring her merely that I died in the faith of my Redeemer, and in the hope of salvation. The effort had well nigh exhausted me, but having accomplished it, I felt a weight removed from my mind; and committing my spirit to Him who gave it, resigned myself with calmness to my fate. My excellent servant Mahmoud was far more cast down than his master. On seeing me begin to write in such a condition, he thought all was over, and gave

vent to his sorrow in a flood of tears and loud lamentations. I gave him the letter I had written to Mr H——, telling him he was not forgotten in it. The Rais, too, whom I had beaten so unmercifully a few days before, came to my cabin, and holding up his hands to heaven, prayed earnestly to Allah for my recovery. I confess my heart smote me at his thus returning good for evil. It was heaping coals of fire upon my head.

Thirty hours after quitting Thebes my boat had arrived at Esne, where I had hoped to find a military surgeon in the service of the Paçha, who might have supplied me with medicines or useful advice; but there was none. Mahmoud then begged leave to call in an Arab doctor, but, having no faith in the virtues of a few scraps from the Koran which he would have tied round my neck, I declined. By this time the symptoms were more and more urgent—my head ached severely, and I felt my mind begin to wander. To have proceeded on my voyage, or to have remained at Esne, would have been alike profitless, and I ordered the boat to put about, and drop down to Thebes, where I did not expect to arrive in life, but I was anxious that a countryman should be present at my funeral, and seal up my effects. At eight o'clock I left Esne, getting worse and worse. As a forlorn hope I ordered some hot water, and caused Mahmoud to

sponge my body and foment the abdomen—(I had no medicines of any kind). This he did repeatedly, and I fancied myself relieved. About midnight he desisted, my strength having completely failed. I now drank some wine and water, which, to my surprise, remained on the stomach. A drowsiness came over me, and I slept for an hour. On awaking I felt a partial moisture in my mouth, and skin less hot and burning; these were the harbingers of recovery—the crisis was past—and I comforted Mahmoud by the assurance that I was *not* to die. I slept at intervals, and by daylight felt infinitely better. On arriving at Thebes, Mr A. and Monsieur Prisse instantly repaired to my boat, but my weakness was such, that I could not speak to them. On the morning of the 29th, I was sufficiently recovered to be moved on a donkey to the French house, in which I occupy a large empty chamber, barren of all furniture except what my boat has supplied. From the ruinous state of the door and shutters such a place would not be habitable in Europe, although it is perfectly adapted to this delicious climate. My convalescence goes on more rapidly than I could have expected: extreme weakness is now my sole complaint. Mr A. and the French artist are most assiduous in their attentions. Colonel Vyse, too, who arrived yesterday, came immediately to see me; and, on returning to his boat, had the kind-

ness to send me some veal, and a couple bottles of sherry. This is the last day of the year 1836 : five days ago I had not hoped to see its close ; but a watchful Providence has brought me safe out of this new danger. If He hath not always strewed my path with flowers, He has at least sent me friends in all my exigencies. May I prove myself worthy of so many unmerited mercies !

1st January 1837.—Strength returning rapidly. I enjoy my large roomy chamber exceedingly after the confinement of my little cabin. This house was built by the French during their occupation of Egypt. It stands on part of the ruins of the great Temple of Luxor. I am now seated on a platform outside my chamber, from which I command a view of exceeding beauty. The climate is most heavenly. In what part of Europe could I find a new-year's-day like the present ! Even in boasted Italy there are probably at this moment frost and snow, or fogs and rain ; while here I am respiring the balmiest air that ever gladdened the lungs of man. I delight in sitting out here, gazing on the varied picture exposed to the eye. Beneath the walls is the noble Nile flowing his onward course in unruffled majesty. A small green isle divides the river into two branches nearly equal in size, the lower extremity terminating exactly opposite to where I sit, and here the parted stream reunites its

tranquil waters. A number of camels are reposing upon a ledge of sand left dry by the receding inundation, most of them lying on the ground in admired disorder. Some are standing among the herd on three legs, the fourth being shackled by a strap that binds up the knee. Several grave sedate looking donkeys stand round the outskirts of the flock.

There is but one trading vessel in the once famous port of Thebes. It has recently arrived, and is laden with grain. A number of women are busy unloading it. I count seven walking in a row with baskets on their heads. These being filled, they depart with slow and stately step to the granary in the village, returning immediately for a fresh supply. A quantity of grain in a heap is displayed on the shore, around which a number of persons are assembled, apparently making purchases. It is a cheerful and an active scene, and in the midst of the bustle I observe two elderly Arabs intent on their devotions, after the Mussulman fashion, of praying in the synagogue and corners of the streets. The captain of the port, a sullen phlegmatic Turk, is promenading up and down, watching with sinister eye the proceedings of the busy group. A few minutes ago a herd of goats, some hundreds in number, were driven to the Nile to drink;—not *driven*, indeed, for so eager did they appear to quench

their thirst in the welcome stream; that they galloped in line, forming a range of two hundred yards, until they reached the water's edge. A little lower down a large herd of buffaloes are now floundering up to their noses in the water. How they seem to luxuriate! At this moment their tiny tormentors the flies have no terrors for them. Perhaps the most interesting feature in the scene, is the number of women repairing to the river with water-jars on their heads. On raising my eyes, I see three at this moment standing up to the knees in the Nile, in the act of filling their vessels. These are now retiring with a supply, and others are repairing for a similar end. There is certainly a remarkable grace in the figures of the Arab women, as they move along with their loose blue robe flowing negligently over their stately and erect forms, with the large and classic water-jars upon their heads. I must not omit the ferry-boat, which plies its weary way, every half-hour, to the opposite village; landing first on the extremity of the little green isle, in order that by obtaining a fresh starting-place, it may not lose too much ground by the current. The ridge of rock bounding the valley on the opposite side is the boldest I have seen on the Nile; more especially directly across, where its height cannot be under 400 feet. At the foot of this steep crag are faintly to be seen the venerable

ruins of Medinet Haboo, and, a little lower down, the dim outline of two huge *Colossi*, being, according to the learned, the statues of Amenoph III. These must be colossal indeed, when so prominent at a distance of above two miles. Between the river and rocky mountain ridge, the valley is of the richest fertility, and studded with a plentiful sprinkling of date trees. These are all the distant features of the picture; while overhead, is the falcon "tow'ring in his pride of lace"—the swallow "twittering from its straw-built shed"—and the flight of the timid doves, as they wing their swift way to their respective homes in the village hard by. Taken as a whole, I have seen nothing more beautiful than the view now before me. Add to the realities, the associations that are inseparable from the departed glories of ancient Thebes, and the scene becomes one of enchantment. I have as yet seen none of the majestic ruins that so forcibly contrast the present with the past, but hope in a day or two to be strong enough for a visit to the adjacent Temple and the Ruins of Karnak. Meantime, I am grateful for the rapidity of my convalescence, and for the comforts which surround me. The sun is about to go down, and I must bid adieu for the present to a scene that the eye never wearies of beholding.

January 2.—Got a donkey this evening, and visited the Ruins of Luxor. All that remains of them is within a hundred yards of this house. At either side of the entrance to the Temple there is a colossal statue of Sesostris, in a sitting posture, with his hands resting on his knees. Both are sadly mutilated, and half buried in the sand. Close to the gate, there is also an obelisk of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics in as perfect preservation as if they had been made yesterday. The duplicate of this obelisk was removed by the French Government, two years ago, and now adorns the Place Louis XV. of Paris. A few yards within the gate, are two rows of enormous columns, fourteen in all. Their circumference must be thirty feet, as it took me five times to embrace one of their shafts. The capitals represent the full-blown Lotus, and had originally been painted, but the colours are now either altogether effaced, or much faded. There is something very imposing in the sight of these vast pillars. In spite of their great size, they do not give the idea of heaviness, but are, on the contrary, extremely elegant. The enormous architraves do not rest on the capitals, but on an interposed abacus, which raises them up, and does away with the cumbrous effect that would otherwise be produced by such huge masses in actual contact with each other. Not one of the capitals is per-

fect, although 'it is easy to form an exact idea of their original dimensions and form. The pillars of the Temple are of a different shape, the shafts being fluted, and the capitals representing the bud of the Lotus.

I entered the sanctuary over which this house stands. It has several chambers; the walls of which are covered with hieroglyphics. Two days ago, Mr Prisse shot a large wild oat that had taken up her abode in one of the dark recesses. The French converted this sanctuary into a coffee-room, and the words "Café La Fayette" may still be read engraven over the door. Alas, for the mutations of earthly greatness! I sat all forenoon on the platform. The view is enchanting,—the climate perfection,—and my strength returns rapidly. It is time now to be thinking of a move: A long voyage is yet before me. During my illness, I had almost vowed that, in the event of recovery, I should remain at Thebes until my convalescence was complete; and then descend to the haunts of the white man; but "ease has already recanted vows made in pain," and my wandering genius impels me onwards. Ouadi Halfah, at the second cataract, was the intended ultimatum of my voyage on leaving Cairo. It is about 160 miles in the interior of Nubia, and a degree and half of latitude within the Tropic of Cancer. Beyond it, boats cannot pass. I

confess I feel rather startled at the idea of penetrating so far into barren Nubia after the illness from which I am now recovering, but I am the sport of a vagabond humour, that urges me "once more unto the breach." Were I to descend to Cairo without seeing the cataracts, I should never cease to reproach myself.—Then, ho ! for Nubia !—and before the close of the present month, I hope to have found a fit mate for "Niagara" in a stick cut at the second cataract of the Nile. Should my malady not return, the voyage will be one of much enjoyment ; for I delight in the wandering solitary life that one necessarily leads on the Nile.

There is yet one more errant desire in my breast, and that is, to visit Jerusalem. Ever since my landing on the shores of Egypt, this wish has been uppermost in my thoughts. Having made a pilgrimage to the Holy City, I shall return to my fatherland, to wander no more. The difficulty is how to get there. I had contemplated crossing the desert from Cairo, but my late illness has made me entirely abandon this project. The bad water of the wells would be certain to cause a relapse of my complaint ; besides which, I feel too much shaken to stand the fatiguing motion of the camel. My hopes, then, are upon the sea. If I can find a vessel at Damietta to Gaza or Jaffa about the middle of March, all will be well. From either of these

places I am only two days' journey from Jerusalem. Such is my present plan. What obstacles may interpose in the shape of plague or quarantine, I cannot predict; but I should most deeply regret to quit the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean without having first bowed the knee on Mount Calvary.

January 3.—Rode this evening to see the famous ruins of the Temple of Karnak, distant about a mile and a half from Luxor. An Arab lad who knows a few words of Italian, accompanied me as guide. My object was merely to cast my eye over the ruins, and enjoy the freshness of a first impression; for I had heard much of Karnak, and was anxious to gratify my curiosity before prosecuting my voyage upwards. A ride of half an hour brought me to the great gate, which stands at the further extremity of an avenue of sadly mutilated Sphinxes. I passed rapidly through the various chambers, in some of which, by aid of a torch kindled by an Arab, I could see a number of bas-reliefs on the wall. At length I arrived at the great columnar hall—that astonishing sanctuary—which I defy even the most unthinking of men to enter, without experiencing emotions of a character and intensity altogether new to him. On me the sight of such a vast congregation of magnificent pillars had an overwhelming effect. They constitute literally a forest of masonry; many

of them quite entire in their conservation, others cleft by the “rents of ruin;” two or three lie prostrate on the ground; and not a few incline from the perpendicular, and lean for support against their fellows. I did not count them, but they must be above a hundred in number. All the ruins that I have heretofore seen, dwindle into insignificance when compared with Karnak. It would seem as if the gods had been the architects, and not insignificant man. I wandered about for half an hour amongst these giant columns, and quitted them just as the setting sun was gilding their hoary summits, and darting his soft rays through the “loops of time” that opened in various places to receive them. On my way home, I tried to analyze my sensations. They were certainly more of wonder than admiration; for the effect of so many columns crowded together, is cumbrous and heavy. As a picturesque and beautiful ruin, I prefer the Coliseum: yet the antiquity of the one, is as yesterday compared with the other. Three thousand years have elapsed since the building of Karnak. What was *then* the civilization of Europe? Barbarians all! What *now* is the civilization of Egypt? I might make the same reply! Thus it is decreed by Providence,—Kingdoms rise up and grow to the highest pitch of power and splendour—then pass away like a shadow. Egypt, and Greece, and Italy,

and Carthage, have each had their day of greatness. England is now in the zenith of her power ; but what may be her hereafter, time alone can solve ;—if she is destined to a fate similar to that of Egypt, she will undoubtedly leave, for the contemplation of future ages, no monument like the Temple of Karnak. The ancient Egyptians entertained the belief that at the expiration of 3000 years, they were to return to life again : hence the custom of embalming their bodies, and the origin of their stupendous architecture. According to this belief, the present is about the time that their spirits should return to take possession of their bodies. What would be the astonishment of the haughty Pharaohs to find their mortal tenements scattered over all the Museums of Europe ; and their once gorgeous, and, as they thought, indestructible temples, now converted into desolate ruins,—the undisputed domains of the bat, the owl, and the hyæna !

My bark "Findhorn," Thursday, January 5.
Bade adieu to my friends at Thebes yesterday forenoon, and started with a fresh fair wind, which has continued without intermission. I have made great progress, and expect to reach Assouan (the southern boundary of Egypt) to-morrow. The distance from Thebes is 150 miles, which I shall accomplish in two days and a half, if the wind continue. It

is delightful to travel on the Nile in this manner ; and as exhilarating to the spirit as the tedious tugging of the cord is depressing. The valley of the Nile has almost entirely disappeared, the rocky ridge on either side now hugging the bed of the river, and leaving only a narrow strip of alluvium for cultivation. My recovery is now almost complete, and the rapidity of my convalescence, leads me to contrast my late attack with a precisely similar one which I had at Cawnpore, in the autumn of 1829. On that occasion, I was largely bled at the arm,—had fifty leeches applied to the abdomen, and during the first four days of the disease, in addition to extensive mercurial frictions,—I swallowed 216 grains of calomel ! True, I recovered, or rather, I did not die ; whether in consequence of, or *in spite* of the above heroic treatment, I will not venture to say. My face was swelled to an enormous size, every tooth was loose in my jaws, and for six or eight weeks, I could eat no solid food. My constitution, received a shock, from which it never fairly recovered ; and I was finally obliged to come to Europe on furlough. On the the present occasion, fortunately for me, the "*vis medicatrix naturæ*" was my sole physician, and I am now almost as well as before the attack commenced. British medical practice, in my humble opinion, deals too much in heroics. We laugh at

the French for the expectancy of their treatment ; but if they do too little, we assuredly do too much. On first visiting the hospitals of Paris, I was astonished at the want of energy in the practice of the physicians ; but experience and observation soon taught me, that the sick *could* recover without the ocean of drugs that is wont to be administered in England. Although no disciple of Broussais, I think his country is much indebted to him for having in a great measure put down the drugging system in medicine. A pharmacien of Paris once remarked to me, that Broussais had ruined the apothecary business ; so it would appear, for I verily believe there are fewer druggists' shops in the whole city of Paris, than in the town of Bath.

Friday, 6th.—I reached Assouan at three o'clock this afternoon, (having been only fifty-three hours from Thebes,) and immediately dispatched a messenger to Philæ, three miles up the river, ordering the captain of the cataract to have men in readiness to drag my boat up the rapids to-morrow. Assouan is a remarkable place, and totally different from any of the towns lower down. Here the series of granite rock commences ; huge blocks are seen in all directions, forming a number of small islands in the river, and likewise a wall around the Isle of Elephantiné opposite the town. An Arab cicerone conducted me about a mile into the desert

to see an extensive quarry of granite, from which the obelisks at Luxor had been taken, and where one unfinished now lies half buried in the sand. Although so near the Nile, and the town of Assouan, I might have imagined myself a hundred miles in the desert. The eye saw nothing but a series of small black sandy knolls, without a particle of verdure or vegetation. On my way home, I came upon a green patch, forming a circular area of about a quarter of an acre, reposing in a hollow surrounded by the desert. It was in fact a miniature Oasis most refreshing for the eye to behold. In the centre of this green spot was a well of about forty feet deep. A bucket wheel turned by a bullock, supplied the source of its fertility. The wheel being in operation, I tasted the water, which, although beautifully limpid, was extremely brackish. In some of the irrigation ducts which were dry, there was a pretty thick layer of salt left by evaporation. This saline impregnation appears to exert a very favourable influence on the principle of vegetation, for I never saw a crop of brighter verdure.

NUBIA, *January 7. 1837.*—I am now in Nubia, after a day of anxiety and fatigue. The captain of the cataract did not make his appearance until nine this morning. Instead of 130 piastres, which is

the usual charge for dragging up a small boat like mine, he made a demand of 200, which I, of course, resisted. After a great deal of wrangling between him and Mahmoud, he came down to 150, but I would not agree, and told him that I should refer the matter to the governor of the province, who was to be at Assouan at twelve o'clock from his residence in the country. Upon this the fellow disappeared, telling me to mount the cataract alone. Although the wind was fresh and fair, I was resolved not to yield, and quitted my boat to take a stroll through the town. Under a group of palm trees, I stumbled upon a batch of slaves, who had arrived the preceding night from Kordofan, after a journey of twenty-one days on foot, eight of which were occupied in traversing the desert. I counted about sixty; almost all girls from the age of twelve to twenty. They were seated against a wall, and naked as the day they were born, except a girdle of shreds that circled the loins. The owner of the lot was in the act of greasing them with lumps of half-melted tallow, with which he rubbed their whole bodies from the face downwards. After the operation, their black skins, dripping with fat, and glittering in the sun, presented a most extraordinary appearance. Several of the older girls were tall and well made; their woolly locks were twisted into short grisly ringlets plastered

with tallow, and many of them wore bead necklaces; perhaps the very baubles that had beguiled them from their native homes!—but force, and not persuasion, is the means used to kidnap them. The hell-hounds engaged in this infernal traffic surround a peaceful village in the night, and carry off all the young of both sexes. I never beheld a more disgusting and humiliating sight. It was impossible to look upon it without asking myself if the objects before me were human beings, or merely a connecting link between man and the brute,—a grade above the monkey in the scale of creation. I remained about a quarter of an hour contemplating a scene that was enough to have evoked the spirit of Wilberforce. What would Mr Fowell Buxton have said at witnessing it? On returning to my boat, I found that the captain of the cataract, rather than appear before the governor, had agreed to my terms, and at half-past ten I set sail with him, a pilot, and several additional men. Two miles of very intricate navigation through narrow streams, and little islands of granite, brought me to the first of the series of rapids, where we landed eight men to assist in towing the boat up the stream. These, with the aid of the foresail, were judged to be sufficient by the pilot. The breeze continued fresh and fair as it could blow; but we had not advanced half-way up the rapid,

when the current became too strong both for wind and men. They let go the rope—the boat wheeled round with the rapidity of lightning—heeling over so as to have her gunwale under water—and rolling my table and chair through the wall of my tent into the river. I have seldom been in a more unpleasant predicament, for I expected to see the boat strike against a rock and be dashed to pieces. That we escaped appears to me a miracle. It was certainly not owing to good seamanship, for the pilot looked aghast, and not a word was uttered by the crew.

“The boldest held his breath for a time.”

It was evident that a few seconds must decide our fate. To me they were moments of intense anxiety, although, being a good swimmer, I feared less for my life than property. At length, after about twenty seconds of suspense, we were forced by the wind out of the strength of the current, into a sort of eddy or backwater, and finally made the shore. My first impulse was to thrash the idiot of a pilot; but my servant earnestly entreated me not to do so, lest he should decamp, and leave us in so awkward a position. In half an hour all was in readiness for a renewal of the attempt. I took the precaution to put all the men to the rope, excepting the Rais and his son, who remained on board to manage the foresail, and, by heading the tugging

party, and cheering the fellows to exert themselves, we succeeded in dragging up the boat with the most perfect ease. But my troubles did not end here. On re-embarking, we sailed for about two hundred yards smoothly enough, till we reached another stream less rapid than the former. Here I had to trust entirely to the sail, as, from the rocky nature of the river, it was impossible for the men to tow. For ten minutes at least the boat hung in the very centre of the stream without advancing one jot, so equally balanced were the antagonist forces of wind and current. Had the breeze lulled in the smallest degree, the same thing would have occurred as before. Our situation was intolerable. There was the noise of Pandemonium on board, every one roaring out his advice, but none disposed to obey. I ordered the Rais, brandishing "Niagara" over his head, to set the main-sail, but he declared to Mahmoud, that it would be certain destruction to expose such a sheet of canvass in so critical a situation. Poor devil! he was wringing his hands in the most dreadful agitation, and, although not convinced that he was in the right, I insisted no farther. At length one of the men jumped into the stream with a hawser round his neck, which (after making a considerable detour, and crossing some narrow straits,) he fastened round a large stone. By hauling upon the

rope we soon overcame our difficulty, but not without first striking our bows with some violence against a rock. This dilemma over, we reached a third stream, which was easily passed with the assistance of a few extra men. Lastly came the grand Rapid, where we found a vast number of persons assembled under the command of an old man, who appeared to be the sheik of the village. Here was a scene of riot and confusion beyond all description. A stout palm-cable, about 200 yards long, was ready for fastening round the root of our main-mast, but although all gave directions, none seemed disposed to act. In the midst of the uproar, a battle royal took place between four of the men, which I was obliged to end by dealing out some heavy blows with my stick indiscriminately on the belligerents. While the rope was being adjusted, a fine active Nubian lad, about thirteen years old, accosted me, and pointing to the rapid, and using the word *buckshish*, gave me to understand that he was ready, for a consideration, to swim down the torrent. I nodded assent, and he immediately entered the water, seated on a log of wood, about a hundred yards above the rapid; on approaching which, he lay flat upon the log, his head and shoulders merely being visible. It was astonishing to see the ease with which he guided his little bark in the midst of this tremen-

dous torrent. Immediately in his wake followed another lad, who shot the cataract with equal ease. I was much amused by this feat of dexterity, and gave each of the youths a piastre as *buckshish*. The whole scene, from the moment of its proposal to its execution, was the work of less than a minute. At Madras, the boldness and dexterity of the Catamarran men surprised me not a little, but I should imagine a much greater degree of courage and dexterity to be required for descending the Cataract of the Nile, than for braving that celebrated surf. By the way, the word Cataract is entirely a misnomer. It is merely a very strong and rapid current rushing down a considerable declivity, but without any thing approaching to a perpendicular fall. The breadth is but trifling; with a salmon-rod I could throw a line across its throat: the length may be eighty or ninety yards at most. The rope having now been made fast, and the men all at their posts (including boys, I counted above eighty), we began the tug, and (after "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether"), succeeded with great ease in mounting the stream. It was no small satisfaction to find my boat above these troublesome rapids. From the time of quitting Assouan, I had been exactly four hours in ascending; but had it not been for the delay occasioned by our first accident, we should have effected it in

three hours. So much for mounting the first cataract. If it should ever be my lot to repeat the operation, I should most unquestionably transport my effects on camels from Assouan to Philæ; for my experience of this day has taught me that, under the wretched management of the Nubian pilots, the ascent is not without danger. A few years ago, a boat belonging to Ibrahim Pacha was lost by an accident similar to that which happened to me, and not only did all the property go to the bottom, but the Raïs and several of the crew were drowned. As the boatmen on the Nile are almost amphibious, they must have perished from injuries received on the rocks, which disabled them from swimming. The situation of the cataract is exceedingly picturesque, the river being divided into narrow channels by rocks and islands of granite. The sandy hills too, on either side, add much to the interest of the scene, although the rapids, viewed merely as such, are insignificant enough, and, in spite of being dignified by the name of cataract, are far inferior to the “Long Saut” of the St Lawrence. Half an hour’s sail brought me to the island of Philæ, where I remained for two hours, to have the water baled out, and to procure a pilot for Ouadi Halfah. Here again more than the usual fare was demanded;—thirty piastres is the regular charge, but the man would not take

less than forty. There are some beautiful ruins on the little island of Philæ, which I shall visit on my return. Started at five o'clock this evening, with a fresh fair breeze. After a sail of two hours, the wind increased to a gale, and I am now moored to the bank till sunrise.

Sunday, 8th.—Strong and fair wind, but the leaky state of my boat has much retarded my progress. The men were kept baling all day; on stopping to try and discover the leak, a hole the size of a man's fist was found in the bow, which, after a delay of several hours, was plugged, and we resumed our voyage. At half-past two o'clock to-day, having ascended a long rapid called the Cataract of Kalabshé, I entered the Tropic of Cancer. Although now in the tropic, I suffer much discomfort from the cold; during the day the temperature is delightful, but in the evening I am obliged to sit wrapped in my greatcoat and cloak. The thermometer in the cabin is at 56° , but from the broken state of my blinds, the wind has free ingress.

The fast of the Ramazan ends to-day, which I was made aware of by seeing Mahmoud prepare his breakfast; for, except on the two first days of the festival, he has tasted nothing until sunset: on asking if he felt no inconvenience from so strict an adherence to the orders of the Prophet, he an-

swered—No, but he was very glad the Ramazan was over.

Tuesday, 10th.—A fresh fair wind all yesterday. To-day the breeze has been light, with occasional short calms; nevertheless, I am now at Korosko, half-way between Assouan and Ouadi Halfah. The country I have passed through during the two last days, is barren in the extreme; the grim desert extends on both sides to the very edge of the Nile, and no green thing is to be seen except a narrow strip of cultivation, a few yards in breadth, occupying the steep bank left dry by the inundation. Here and there small piers of stone project a little way into the river, to divert the strength of the current, and to prevent it from washing away the scanty soil. A few miserable mud huts occur at intervals, inhabited by the proprietors of the little farms. Indeed, they can hardly be called proprietors; for Mahnicid told me this morning, that the Pacha, in his accursed thirst for money, had lately sent a surveyor to measure these tiny farms, in order that he might wring a tax from the wretched occupants; and that many of the villagers, rather than submit to this oppression, had left their homes to wander in the desert, or to take up their abodes elsewhere. In a village where he had landed this morning to pur-

chase milk, he found but one house tenanted. The above was the reason assigned for the desertion of the others. The ridge of desert on the right bank presents a remarkable appearance, reminding me in some degree of Switzerland on a miniature scale ; for the black stony hills have sloping banks of beautiful light-coloured sand, reaching half-way up to their summits, and looking not unlike the smooth untrodden snows of the Alps. Here and there the scanty tillage has been buried by an avalanche of sand. Indeed, it is a matter of wonder that this does not occur more frequently, seeing that for miles and miles the narrow line of cultivation is overlooked by sandy hills. A number of gazelles inhabit this part of Nubia. They hide in the desert during the day, and come down in the evening to browse on the skirts of the Nile, and to drink of its waters. Mahmoud saw one last evening, within shot of the boat. We have passed a great number of ruins, more or less picturesque, but I never stop to go ashore. All these will be visited on dropping down with the current, and will form agreeable interruptions to the monotony of the voyage. Meantime, I am far from tired of the Nile, nor do I repent of my entrance into Nubia ; but, from having no occupation, and being without books, I feel my mind running to waste. To make a voyage of this sort profitable as well as agreeable,

a man should have a friend or a good library along with him; left totally to himself he is apt, like a neglected garden, to run to weeds. Had I the *matériel* within myself, now would be the time to work it into some profitable shape, for certainly there is no lack of leisure and opportunity. I often wish Callander were here to rouse me with the fierce arguments we were wont to have. Nothing is so hurtful to a man as mental stagnation, and having everything his own way without contradiction. An unconquerable indolence of mind is growing upon me, which no effort of reason is able to ward off. I stood the live-long day yesterday outside the rigging of my boat, "glow'rin' frae me like the last of the Lairds frae his ain loupin'-on stane," looking first on the one side of the river, and then on the other, but with a mind all the while as barren as the desert I gazed upon, and yet the day passed quickly and even agreeably; but it was a mere passive enjoyment, more allied to the satisfaction of a ruminating animal, than worthy of an intelligent being. I passed this forenoon in examining and meditating ~~over~~ my stock of salmon flies. They are three dozen in number, and most of them have tasted blood during my last fishing campaign in the summer of 1835. Some in the Findhorn—some in the Ness—the Ewe—the Tweed—and, "though last, not least in love," in Laggan's waters. I killed in

all forty-three noble salmon ; and having then contemplated entering on the active duties of my profession, I bade a long adieu to the pleasures of the "gentle art." But in order to keep alive the memory of one of the happiest periods of my life, I resolved to preserve the instruments of my success, that the occasional sight of them might shed a greater brightness o'er the retrospect of departed joys. To-day I made a separate and minute inspection of each particular fly—examining them in various lights, and drawing their wings through my lips, to see how they looked when wet. The whole forenoon passed like a delightful dream. It was not merely the salmon I had caught, but the persons and scenes connected with them, that "fond memory brought to light."

There is no amusement on earth at all to be compared with salmon-fishing ; it is sport for the gods, aye, and for goddesses too ! 'There are moments in the life of an angler known to no other sportsman—"glimpses" (in the words of a devoted brother of the rod) "snatched from heaven."* The true angler is always an ardent admirer of nature : When sport fails him, he has *her* beauties to contemplate. Seated on the rugged rock, he luxuriates in the most delightful reveries, and elevates his thoughts from "nature up to nature's God." The world and

* Thomas Stoddart, Esq. author of "The Scottish Angler."

its cares are forgotten—and its vices too. Politics and party find no place in his breast. He is at peace with himself and with all mankind. His enjoyment depends less on the number of fish he may kill, than on the calm and tranquil spirit that breathes within him. I have often fished the Findhorn a whole day without catching any thing, and returned home far from disappointed. 'Tis true, *that* river has charms for me possessed by no other,—each tree, and rock, and pool being associated in my memory with “the smiles, the tears, of boyhood years.” Hence, *there*, it is not the sport alone, neither the exquisite beauty of the scenery, but the halo that association sheds around both. *He* is no true angler (in the enlarged acceptation of that term) who goes to a river merely to fish, and who quits it with disgust, unless his hopes have been realized. No ! give me the rapid mountain stream, gliding its swift career in foaming haste to its ocean bed, and far from the haunts of man, and I care little for the number of my fish. But in order to be supremely happy, I must be alone. One of the chief charms of angling is in the solitude—the deep and romantic solitude around. I never like to fish with a companion, no matter how kindred his feelings with my own. The sight even of an occasional passer by, or of a farm with its smiling fields and lowing herds, takes from my happiness, and tends

to dissipate the charm of seclusion. These are objects fair and pastoral, and comely to behold, but they are not in unison with the particular train of thoughts I love on such occasions exclusively to cherish. I would bury myself in the deep recesses of the rocky Findhorn, wishing to see no object that reminded me of humanity, and alternating the eagerness of sport with the indulgence in sweet and sober contemplation—"the world forgetting, and by the world forgot."

There is no sport that requires a greater degree of patience and discernment than that of angling; for the salmon is the most capricious of the finny tribe, and often rises at a fly without the smallest intention of taking it. I have frequently raised a fish five times, allowing a short interval to elapse, and changing the fly between each rise. At length, the fifth time, I have hooked him, thus luring him on to his destruction. In this consists what may be called the *genius* of angling, for when the fish are ravenous, any bungler may kill. The perfection of the art is to make them take in spite of their better reason. This is only to be done by a dexterous display of tempting flies, in the same manner as the refinements of cookery make a man eat of viands for which he has no real appetite. The experienced fisherman knows quite well when a salmon intends, or does not intend to take, and he prepares him-

self accordingly. I always prefer hooking him after he has risen two or three times. The grand moments of enjoyment are not when playing the fish, but in the delicious excitement from the time of his first rise, up to the period of hooking him. When once fairly fast, the charm is in a great degree broken. It is easy to play the fish. The perfection of the art is in making him take the hook. I never pin my faith to one particular fly or species of fly, for this is as great quackery in fishing, as the use of one particular remedy in medicine. In fishing, as in physic, the art is in the timing of your flies and drugs. Let this be judiciously done, and the fisherman need carry with him but a moderate assortment of flies, and the doctor may discard nine-tenths of the pharmacopœia. Indeed, I have generally found the amount of an angler's success inversely to the quantity of his tackle. While reading the play of Antony and Cleopatra, a day or two ago, I was amused to find that Shakspeare has made an angler of the voluptuous Queen. To console herself in the absence of Antony, she says to Mardian—

“ Give me mine angle—we'll to the river—there,
 My music playing far off—I will betray
 Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
 Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
 I'll think them every one an Antony,
 And say, Ah ha ! you're caught.”

The river, of course, was the Nile ; but it is evident from the expression, "as I draw them up," that Egypt's proud queen was a bait-fisher. Now of all cruel poaching, and dirty occupations, that of fishing with bait is the chief. I never yet resorted to such an unsportsmanlike method of killing a salmon. It is like a stab in the dark, or vote by ballot. Byron, in a note to a stanza of *Don Juan*, calls angling "the coldest, the cruelest, and stupidest of pretended sports," and he adds, that "no angler can be a good man." Never was there a fouler libel on the "gentle art" and its professors. Touching its coldness, this depends on the season of the year : as to its cruelty, I believe it is as little, or indeed, less so, than any other sport : for owing to the cartilaginous structure of the mouth of the salmon, it is probable that while on the hook, he does not suffer much pain, and that the violent efforts and leaps which he makes, proceed less from pain than from the natural desire to recover his liberty ; all then that he suffers, is from extreme fatigue. No sooner is he sufficiently spent to be drawn towards the shore, than he is seized with the clip, and instantly dispatched. If by any accident the hold of the hook give way, even when he is apparently dying (what not unfrequently occurs), he is sure to make his escape and speedily to recover : hence the instant previous

to being clipped, he is merely exhausted, and has suffered no more than man himself, or any other animal who may have been subjected to over-exertion and fatigue. If the presence of the hook in his mouth were really the cause of great agony, would the salmon not rather allow himself to be quietly drawn ashore, than make such prodigious exertions to escape? Try a similar experiment with man, and a child will lead him in any direction.

Touching the stupidity of the sport, this is entirely a matter of opinion. To a man of Byron's frame of mind, it would have been supremely stupid. „The “*poeta nascitur*” applies in all its force to him, but a similar motto belongs to the *piscator*; for it is as difficult to make a fisherman as a poet, viewing the two in the light of excellence, since all men can scribble poetry, and dabble with a fishing-rod. As to the assertion that “no angler can be a good man,” it is unworthy of refutation. For myself, I boldly assert that no radically bad man can be a devoted angler. My own experience among the craft convinces me of this, for I have never known a vicious character belong to the fraternity. On the contrary, they are, generally speaking, men, according to Isaac Walton—“of a mild, sweet, and peaceful spirit.” But it is time for me to stop: my crew have been fast asleep these three hours. On mounting my fishing hobby, I am apt

to ride it to death. Go now to bed : most probably to dream of salmon ; for

" Sleeping we image what awake we wish :

Dogs dream of bones, and fishermen of fish."

DEIR—*Wednesday, 11th January.*—Made little progress to-day. Between Korosko and Deir the Nile flows in a direction opposite to its usual course ; hence the prevailing wind is a-head one. The distance is only six or seven miles, yet I did not arrive here until after sunset. On our left was a fertile island, rich in crops of oats and barley shooting into ear, and covered with a quantity of finer palms than any I have seen in Egypt. The dates are said to be of much superior quality to those of the Lower Nile. A number of acacias and other trees line the banks. There is one remarkable thorny shrub, on whose long winding twigs a great many turtle-doves were perched. Cameleons, too, are numerous here ; but, not having gone ashore, I did not see any. I bought a sheep from a peasant while the boat crept slowly along, as a reward to my crew for their zeal and perseverance. The price was fourteen piastres, or about 2s. 10d. English. The office of butcher was performed by the Raïs in a most professional style, having previously presented a basin of water to his victim. I was amused by the gravity with which he per-

formed this ceremony; and, on asking Mahmoud the meaning of it, he told me it was so ordered in the Koran. The poor animal, as if apprehending treachery or poison in the cup, did not drink; but the injunctions of the prophet were fulfilled, and its throat was cut. A huge cauldron of soup, consisting of liver, lights, and other morsels (to which I contributed a measure of rice), was soon prepared. At seven o'clock the decks were cleared for action. Although not present, I had ample proof of the satisfaction of my crew, in the mirth and laughter that presided over their repast. When Mahmoud brought me tea, he told me that they had feasted like aldermen, and were calling down blessings on my head. Poor fellows! a dinner of animal food is a feast indeed to them, after their ordinary fare of green vegetables and hard *dhourra* bread. I had intended treating them to a bottle of brandy, as a crowning mercy, but, on reflection, was restrained by the fear that so potent a spirit to men accustomed to no stronger drink than the soft waters of the Nile, might have led to brawls and fighting.

I am very glad to have passed this awkward bend, as to-morrow the wind will be fair. During the first hour after leaving Korosko, the river was so shallow, that my boat was aground every five minutes, and the bottom consisting of large stones, the Rais was in mortal fear for the safety of his

vessel. On inspection, however, no leak has resulted. The Nile is a great deal narrower and shallower here than in Egypt; and yet there ought to be as large a body of water as at Cairo, or larger even; for the river receives no tributary in its progress; neither can it be supplied from springs. The innumerable drafts made from it for the purposes of irrigation, and the loss it must sustain through evaporation, ought to diminish its fulness. Were the current of much greater rapidity, the explanation would be natural and easy; but to me there does not appear any thing like a sufficient increase of its velocity, to account for the remarkable difference of its waters in its upper and lower portions.

Thus far my voyage from Thebes has been most propitious: thanks to a continuance of fair wind, I have travelled in seven days what it would have taken me full three weeks to accomplish by towing. I have been fortunate also, in escaping a relapse of my malady. Indeed, I am now almost free from the apprehension of a return. My living is of the most frugal order: a fowl boiled in rice and water being my daily dinner, and my drink, a draught from "Nilus' flood." This is not luxurious living, but I never rise discontented from my simple meal, and contentment is better than a "stalled ox without." • There is no bread to be had in Nubia. By

Mahmoud's recommendation, I laid in a sack of flour at Thebes, which he bakes into very nice thin cakes. The flour is made into a liquid paste with cold water and a little salt,—a round plate made of black shining earth, about half an inch thick, serving as oven. This is placed upon the fire, its surface rubbed over with a little butter, and then some of the paste poured upon it, and spread out with the hand. In a few seconds it is turned over, and in less than a couple of minutes, the bread is baked. I like it much, only it requires to be eaten fresh, as it becomes tough and damp when kept even for a few hours. Fuel is easily procured on the Nile, the men never failing to find sufficient for daily use; although there is comparatively little wood in Egypt, there are always withered shrubs or palm leaves to be found.

Thursday, 12th.—Delightful breeze all day. Passed the ruined fortress of Ibrim at eleven A. M. It was built by the Mamelukes, and stands on a fine rock,—its base washed by the Nile. I am now moored for the night within a few hours' sail of Ipsamboul.

Friday, 13th.—Fortune continues her favours. I passed Ipsamboul at ten o'clock, and saw the union jack floating from a boat containing two or three English travellers, whom I saluted in passing. This is the only boat I have encountered on the

voyage, except that of Lord Brudenell. I saw his Lordship for the last time on his way to Keneh from Thebes, when he and Lady B. did me the honour to pass half an hour in my humble bark, while waiting for their own, which they had quitted to visit Karnak.

Second Cataract of the Nile,—Nubia, January 15.
 —Light airs and calms all yesterday. I did not reach Ouadi Halfah until seven P. M. This morning I was towed to the foot of the cataract, and set out after breakfast accompanied by Mahmoud and the pilot, to gain a high rock (about four miles from my bark) which overlooks the cataract, and commands an extensive view of the rapids. We were on the Lybian shore, and our road lay along the skirt of the desert. It is surprising what a variety of feature the desert presents. The prevailing characteristics are certainly nakedness and sand; but the eye is not wearied by the monotony of a long stretch of ocean. Here is a hill of black and crumbly stones,—there a valley of loose sand,—in other places a plain as flat as a bowling green. We traversed large masses of white sandy rock rising out of the desert. On our right was the tomb of a Saint in the shape of a "cairn" of stones standing on a little knoll; on passing which my companions made a profound abaisance. The only living thing we saw, was a

superb eagle, who fled on our approach from a feast of carrion, on which he was regaling; all around were scattered large bones bleached by the sun to the whiteness of snow: from their size they must have been those of the camel. A rough ride of an hour and ten minutes, brought me to the rock, which I hastened to ascend to enjoy the prospect from its summit. The view from this position is one of great interest, and of a character altogether unique. The river is divided and broken into innumerable streams and eddies, by an infinity of islands of a black, smooth, and shining rock. These are of every size and shape. Some forming mere specks rising out of the stream,—others small, circular, or rugged islets, either altogether barren, or having merely a solitary thorny shrub deriving its support from a handful of soil deposited in a cavity of the rock. There are others pretty thickly covered with a kind of stunted tree, and two or three towards the bottom of the series, with groves of palms and cultivation. These last are inhabited.—Looking upwards as far as the eye can reach, a similar appearance presents itself: indeed, so thickly clustered are the little isles, that the view of the river at a distance, is almost intercepted; excepting here and there where its muddy waters may be seen stealing smoothly along, or broken into foam by opposing rocks. There is nothing to convey the idea, or to

merit the appellation of a cataract : indeed the rapids make but an inconspicuous appearance. The river Findhorn in a flood, has hundreds far more swift and terrible. Looking across the Nile, eastward, the horizon is bounded by a tedious and uninteresting view of the desert. All distant views of the desert are monotonous. It is only when traversing its bleak domain that it presents a variety. Bearing in a direction of south south-east from the rock, and at a great distance, are to be seen two blue mountains near each other. These must be in the country of Dongola, and are remarkable merely as the only conspicuous objects in the horizon. I stood for a long while looking on a scene most lovely to behold ; and yet if I were asked to name the details that compose it, I should feel somewhat at a loss. Each petty islet taken by itself would produce but little effect ; yet their combination certainly forms a beautiful and harmonious picture. To me, perhaps, the knowledge that I was above a thousand miles from the shores of the Mediterranean, and on a spot but rarely frequented by travellers, was not its least charm. It pleased me to reflect that I was the only European (so far as I knew) thus high on the course of the Nile ; and although no friend of monopolies in general, I was not sorry to have the whole of the beautiful land-

scape to myself. The presence of a stranger would have been no small bar to my enjoyment.

Having remained for an hour on the top of the rock, I descended to the river in the hope of cutting a stick from one of the trees near the edge of the cataract. Mahmoud had proceeded on a similar errand to a group of palms, about half a mile higher up; it was not long before I descried a portly staff in the midst of a thorny brake, which after some toil and many scratches, I succeeded in cutting and disengaging, as a mate for "Niagara." This done, I descended to the edge of the rapid, and plunging it into the torrent, duly christened it *Nilus*; bathing at the same time the weather-beaten trunk of Niagara; and thus, in a manner, wedding the St Lawrence to the Nile! My labours over, I seated myself on the rock, and drank a glass of brandy and water to the health of many a distant friend, not in Europe only, but in Asia, and the New World also; for all these continents contain persons who have held out the right hand of fellowship to me. I now washed out the remains of the brandy, and stretching the bottle as far into the rapid as my arm could reach, filled it with the rushing waters of the fruitful Nile. Although the breeze was fresh and cool, the sun felt powerful and hot. By aid of a small lens, I contrived to light a

cigar, and stretching myself at full length on the black and glossy rock—the smoke ascending in fantastic wreaths from my mouth, I mused on Scotland and on dear langsyne. Yes, “Caledonia, stern and wild,” from the perpetual sunshine and balmy breezes of Nubia, I turned with fond reverted eye to the clouds and fogs,—the frosts and snows of thy inhospitable clime; but because thy skies are cloudy and thy blasts are keen, do thy sons love thee less? No!

“Where’er they roam, whatever realms to see,
Their hearts untravell’d, fondly turn to thee.”

It was delightful in that lone and sequestered spot to waft myself on the wings of imagination to the haunts of my childhood—to live over again the scenes that memory has carefully treasured in my breast—to cast for a time the mantle of oblivion over all that was bitter in my cup of existence—to indulge once more in the rainbow hopes of youth, and to hold sweet communion with the friends of my early years. To me there is no purer pleasure than in such a retrospect, and happily neither the buffets of fortune, nor the persecutions of man, can interfere with its full enjoyment. The body may be stricken with sickness, or chained in gloom, but the mind is still free to roam o’er the pathless desert, and the trackless sea, until it find a congenial resting place—there to revisit all the “bright spots

in memory's waste," and to indulge in the recollection of bygone joys, that enable it to "smile on the drawn dagger of adversity, and defy its point." Without this exalted privilege, what were man! Divest him of it, or even of the desire to exercise it, and he descends to the level of the brute—

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will,
But the fragrance of roses will hang round it still."

I was aroused from my waking dream by the arrival of Mahmoud, bearing a bundle of sticks on his shoulder. By the aid of his hatchet, I broke off some specimens of the rock which constitutes the series of little isles. It was extremely hard and difficult to fracture; in texture is much more dense and compact than the rock of the first cataract, and appearing to consist of a hard ferruginous sandstone, rather than of granite. In some of the islands, it is not unlike, in appearance, the basaltic steps of Staffa, except that here the steps are less regular. The ridge of rock overlooking the cataract, and extending for some distance both upwards and downwards, is manifestly of sandstone of a soft and porous structure. I could not help fancying that the thousands of small islands in the bed of the river might have been the result of a shower of meteoric stones, for verily they have something of

the appearance. On quitting the bed of the river, I returned to the high rock overlooking the rapids. It is here that the pilgrims to the cataract are wont to engrave their names. There were fewer than I should have expected—not above twenty; and those mostly of British travellers. On one portion of the rock were a number of classic names connected with Egypt. At the top, that of the modest and much-injured Belzoni; beneath, the name of Earl Belmore, in good preservation; and lower down, those of Wilkinson, Hamilton, and Dr Richardson. This was the “poet’s corner,” and I cut my name under that of Dr R. The stone is soft, and not difficult to carve; nevertheless, I made but a sorry job of it; however, it will long remain after the hand that engraved it is cold.

It was now far on in the day, and the lengthening shadows warned me to depart. I felt loath to quit so fair a scene; that rock had been the “*meta optata*” of my pilgrimage. In order to reach it, I had performed a long and solitary voyage, not without some anxieties and danger; but these were forgotten in the successful accomplishment of my object. Were a visit to the second cataract to occupy but five or six days, and could it be accomplished in a huge steamer, crowded with European travellers, it would most unquestionably lose half its charms; but fortunately for those who *do* reach it,

this is not the case. At present, the traveller may indulge his meditations without fear of an irruption from the Land of Cocaigne. Having mounted the rock to take a last and lingering look, I got upon my donkey, laden with sticks and stones, and my bottle of water. This last is already duly sealed and labelled, and shall not be opened until the occurrence of some memorable epoch in my life. On the way to my boat, I passed two of the largest eagles I have ever seen. They were standing in drowsy abstraction on a little knoll near the path, and heedless of my approach. It was not until I had walked up to within twenty yards of where they stood, that they were at the trouble to take wing, and when they did so, it was only to alight a few paces farther off. Woe betide the weary pilgrim overtaken by fatigue and sickness in the desert, with such a pair in his vicinity! A little before sunset I reached my bark, which was so metamorphosed by the preparations for the downward voyage, that I had difficulty in recognising it. Both masts were struck, and were, with the sails, laid fore and aft upon two short props about four feet high, in the centre of the boat. I have now bade adieu to sails, for, as the north wind always prevails, I must trust to oars and the current. To-morrow begins my downward voyage; meantime, I am more than satisfied with my visit

to the cataract. This day has been one of moral sunshine to me. Both the eye and the imagination were equally gratified and pleased—the one with the present—the other with the past. I was careful to exclude the future from my thoughts, leaving the "morrow to provide for itself." I now go to bed, grateful to a watchful Providence for having thus conducted me in safety to the extremity of my voyage, and under the influence of feelings which I would not exchange "for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry."

January 16.—Left Ouadi Halfah before sunrise this morning, with the wind blowing strong from the north. I lose by the wind almost as much as I gain by the current, for the breeze so ardently desired two days ago, is now my greatest enemy. Such is man—the sport of circumstances, and always longing after something new. The force of the wind acting against the stream, raises a considerable swell, and my bark has been coggling about all day. The men only row during an interval of lull; indeed, it were useless to make them expend their strength when the wind is so strong. I have but six oars, and my crew being mostly striplings, they make but little impression. The downward voyage will be more tedious than the ascent. A calm is all I can hope for; as a fair wind is not to be expected at this season. I like the song of the boat-

men as they ply the oar. One man leads, the others follow in chorus. There is something very plaintive in the air of the Arab tunes, which are more in the style of a funeral dirge, than that of a merry glee. Nevertheless, the music has a wonderful effect on the energies of the crew. No sooner does the song begin than the crew redouble their zeal. The fables of Orpheus and Amphion rest upon a basis of truth. The seamen of all nations have various songs for their different tasks ; but it is not the seamen only, Shakspeare says, " that music has charms to melt the savageness out of a bear ;" so does its soft influence sweeten the hardest toil, and take from the weight of the heaviest burden. Where music is, care cannot be ; and a light heart makes a light load. The song of the seaman rises amid the tempest—the soldier on the battle's eve loves to sing of " England, home, and beauty"—the milkmaid, while she drains the warm tide into her pail, relieves the gentle monotony of her task by a song. Even to the chained galley-slave soft are the strains of music, and the bitterness of exile is sweetened by song.

" Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound :

All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things."

But I am wandering from my subject. Indeed,

I hardly know what my subject is. The day has passed without incident of any sort, and slow progress always causes a certain dulness of spirit. I sit down to write merely that I may not go to bed without having done something. It is wonderful how apt one is to run into digressions, when his subject is not clear before him. Digressions in writing, are like alteratives in physic: the author digresses when he has nothing to say to the point; and the doctor prescribes alteratives when he does not know very well what to prescribe. I had intended drawing a sort of parallel between my present voyage, and one of a similar length made on the Ganges seven years ago. It was from Cawnpore to Calcutta, in the months of January and February 1830. I paid for the whole voyage, including eighteen men and a Manghy, 150 rupees (equal to £15). The Ganges is truly a noble river, and the country that it waters as fertile as any in the world. Often is it matter of regret that I had kept no diary of that voyage, for the neglect of this has allowed many a fair scene to pass from my memory, or to remain but faintly traced there. It is a thousand pities that so few men go to India merely as travellers, for no country possesses a higher degree of interest than the British dominions in the East. The politician may there see the most remarkable phenomenon in the science of

government, viz., the subjection of one hundred millions of persons to a handful of strangers; and he will see too, lenity and justice on the part of the governors, and contentment and plenty on that of the governed. The man who is curious after Eastern manners and heathen mythology, can nowhere have a richer field. The naturalist has exhaustless stores spread before him: and the mere traveller, who wanders from his home in quest of new scenes and new pleasures, will find abundance of both in the East. Of one thing, too, I can insure him, and that is, the warmest of welcomes. A traveller, properly so called, is such a *rara avis* in India, that he is sure to find an open door wherever his path may lie. Every facility would be cordially afforded him for the gratification of his pursuits, and he would carry away with him a rich store of agreeable impressions and recollections. Not so with him who goes out in the Company's service. He lands in India, a sort of involuntary exile, with the conviction that there he must remain for at least twenty years of his life. With this feeling ever uppermost in his mind, he does not look upon the things that are new to him with the interest and curiosity of the traveller. From the freshness of first impressions he turns with coldness and indifference, and seldom thinks of noting down his remarks, from the feeling that

he is a prisoner in the land. The Company's servant is, moreover, necessarily under the orders of his masters. He has duties to perform which attach him to particular places, and prevent him, even if he wished, from visiting all that is remarkable or interesting in the country. So much do the feelings above described tend to blunt his curiosity, and even to warp his judgment, that I would rather trust to the sketches of a traveller who had been only twelve months in India, for a description of the customs, peculiarities, and scenery, of the country, than to the account of him who had passed twenty years of his life in the Company's service. I speak from my own recollections; and believe also, that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the Company's servants share the same feeling. India is the only country from which I have not carried away some souvenir, and why? Because I quitted it in wretched health, doubtful of ever recovering, and certain that if I did, my steps would be turned to it again. Circumstances, however, have forbidden this, and now that I am to visit it no more, I deeply regret the apathy that possessed me: but although having no tangible tokens along with me, my thoughts often wander to a land endeared to me by the ties of blood and of friendship. The brothers of my affections are there,--there, too, are some of my earliest and

best friends. It is true, that the first shock my constitution sustained was in India, and that all my subsequent sufferings from sickness have owed their origin to my sojourn there. Nevertheless, I am far from turning from it with dislike. On the contrary, I love to transport myself to *Gunga's* shores,—to wander in imagination along her fertile banks, and to glide once more down her silver stream,—to march in the rear of my detachment, equipped in military garb,—to pitch my tent in the mango grove,—to cross the arid plain, stretched in the languid repose of my palanquin,—to mount the houdah of the portly elephant, and ply my way through the lofty jungle,—and lastly, to recal the memory of domestic joys, that made me forget the distance separating me from home.

January 17.—Moored alongside of the small temple of Ipsamboul at eleven A. M. My expectations have been fully realized. Ipsamboul is the Karnak of Nubia, and certainly a most astonishing monument of the grand conceptions of the ancient Egyptians. Both these temples are dug out of the solid rock. The front of the smaller is adorned with six colossal figures cut in the rock, representing Rameses II. and his Queen. They are in tolerably good preservation, and, according to Champollion, thirty-five feet high. The large chamber is about thirteen paces square; beyond it

is a small sanctuary, and some dark chambers, where the bat has established its abode. The roof is supported by six pillars, each having a hideous face cut on one of the sides. The walls are covered with bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics. Some of the figures are rather handsome, but generally, there is a ridiculous disproportion between the breadth of shoulder and smallness of waist. To one ignorant of hieroglyphics, half the interest of such a place is lost. There were human figures with heads of hawks, rams, &c. doubtless representing deities. What interested me most, was the painting of the sculpture, and its good effect. It was the first I had seen, and certainly the beauty of the figures was much indebted to the colouring. Some of the faces were of great beauty, the cheeks being painted yellow, and the eyes and eyebrows traversed with black lines. Red, yellow, and black, are the colours employed. The great temple is about eighty yards distant from the smaller one. Arrived at its entrance, I was lost in amazement at the huge colossi that adorn its front. They are four in number, all figures of the same person—Sesostris; and although in a sitting posture, no less than sixty-one feet high. Champollion talks in raptures of their perfections: for myself, after steadily examining them for half an hour, I came to the conclusion that they were unsightly carica-

tures of humanity. To be seen properly, they should be placed on an elevation of some hundred feet; examined too closely, their vast proportions confound the imagination, but do not please the eye. The figure farthest from the river is buried in sand to the neck, the next to the middle, the third to the knees, the last only being entirely exposed. A few years ago, Mr Hay, an English gentleman, was at the trouble and expense of clearing away the sand from the entrance and interior of this temple. He might have saved himself the trouble, as far as the hopes of a permanent clearance went; for to-day the sands have blocked up the entrance, all except an opening of six feet which still remains. Mahmoud tells me that last year there was three times as much space to enter by; and it is probable that the traveller of next year may have to crawl in, or be denied admittance altogether. The great hall is supported by eight pillars, from each of which stands out another colossus of Sesostri³. Some of these are sadly mutilated; but the faces of many are perfect, and evidently portraits of the same person. Even these enormous colossi are painted, and certainly with good effect. The walls of the great chamber are covered with reliefs representing Sesostri³ in triumphal processions—his enemies kneeling before him, &c. There are a great number of smaller

apartments also dug out of the rock, and having the walls covered with reliefs. I went through most of them, preceded by my men carrying wax candles. After two hours of moving about and examining the sculptures, I sent to my boat for a chair, and seated myself between the two last statues of Sesostris in the great hall. My crew lay down to sleep on the mound of sand at the entrance, and I remained for an hour and a half in a sort of brown study in the most remarkable place in which it has ever been my lot to muse. There was something awful in the solemn stillness around, and in the contemplation of the shattered statues and sombre walls of a temple, that has resisted for thousands of years the decay of time and the shocks of man. Byron should have been here also; for ordinary imaginations are subdued with awe rather than raised to sublimity in such a situation. I hardly know what were the reflections that passed through my mind; but certain it is they were not worth recording. It is difficult for a man to transfer to paper the vague and undefined feelings that possess his soul in such a spot; but there was one consideration that pressed forcibly upon me—namely, the knowledge that the very men, who had conceived and executed such an astonishing monument of genius, were wont to worship cats and bulls and crocodiles, and “other creeping things.”

Here is proof irresistible that the loftiest intellect may be allied to the grossest superstition.

At three o'clock I rose to depart. To regain the entrance, a bank of sand must be ascended; so rapidly has this accumulated, that the statues of Sesostris next to the door, are buried up to the middle. The two last only are entirely seen. It is probable that in a few years more the whole of the great hall will be filled, and the entrance to it concealed even from view, unless some succeeding Mr Hay shall be at the trouble and expense of clearing out the sand, an operation almost as fruitless as that of rolling the stone of Sisyphus. I regained my boat entirely satisfied with my visit to Ipsamboul. Three or four hours are quite sufficient to acquire a general idea of the temple, and to exhaust one's stock of wonder. To the artist or Egyptian antiquary its stores would be endless.

January 18.—At 11 A. M. reached Ibrim, and was much gratified by the view from the top of the rock on which the ruined fortress stands. The ruin itself is without interest, being of modern date; and consisting merely of a few paltry walls; but it commands a fine view of the desert. An extensive plain of sand is bounded by a number of black crumbly hills. Two men were traversing the desert on the opposite side of the river; there was also a herd of cattle which “shewed scarce so gross

as beetles." On a mud island in the centre of the Nile a wary crocodile was basking him in the sun. About half a mile below the rock on the opposite side, are some beautiful green patches jutting out into the desert, with a few palms and mud huts. I have little doubt the whole plain has once been as rich as these green spots. The water of the Nile alone is wanting, and a little labour would soon supply this want. I stopt this evening at a village standing on a small alluvial island in the midst of the Nile, to purchase provisions. For the last six days I have been rather badly off, having been unable to procure either eggs, or butter, or milk, and my supply of fowls being exhausted, I have been obliged in consequence to dine upon dates and potatoes: the former is a delicious fruit, and alike nutritious to the system and agreeable to the palate. Here they are of far superior quality to the dates of Lower Egypt. I accompanied Mahmoud on his foraging expedition. All the males of the village flocked around me, and scanned my dress and person with curious eyes; but the women fled as if they had seen an Ogre that was to devour them. Two or three who were on their way to draw water from the river, stopt short, and retreated to the village on my dread approach. It was only by coming on some groups by surprise, on turning the corner of a street, that I could get

a glance at their faces. All those worth concealing were immediately veiled: the old and the ugly alone being left exposed. In other countries female vanity would reverse this order of things. The girls I had a glimpse of were far from pretty, and most of them had a large ring depending from the right nostril after the fashion of the Gentoos. Their hair was dressed in cropy ringlets glittering with tar, and decked with beads and other baubles. The men are darker than the Arabs of Egypt, and have features more allied to those of the Negro. It was provoking, to see such an abundance of fowls and sheep and goats, and yet to be able to purchase nothing. Mahmoud went about coaxing and threatening in turns, but in vain. It appears that last week they had all paid their tribute to the Pacha, one of whose collectors had just completed his annual tour for that purpose; and having for the present no immediate need of money, they would part with nothing. This was indeed to starve in the midst of plenty. The village is beautifully situate, and its houses are shaded by most luxuriant palms.

I stood for a few minutes looking at an old man who was busy weaving a sort of coarse cloth. His loom was of the most primitive description, and, together with himself, would have made an admirable subject for a sketch; but even had I been

draughtsman enough, I would not have been permitted. Mr Andrews told me, that no bribe would induce even the poorest of the Nubians to stand for their likeness, from their having the impression that a species of witchcraft would be practised upon them. After scouring the whole village, and looking wistfully at the cackling fowls and tender goats, I returned to my boat, traversing a ledge of recently exposed alluvium. The deposit had split into a great number of quadrangular portions from a foot to three feet area: the cracks were about an inch wide, and descended to a depth of about fifteen or twenty inches. I carried away some specimens taken from the lower end of one of the pieces; and a little nearer the river, from a spot not yet left dry by the receding waters, I filled a cigar-box. Great was the surprise of my train of followers whilst thus occupied. They stood with open mouth, marvelling, I suppose, within themselves if I possessed the power of transmuting into gold the mud I was collecting.

January 19.—Early this morning I moored alongside of Deir, the capital, of Nubia. After breakfast I walked to visit the temple, around whose entrance there were several graves strewn with white pebbles, a work no doubt springing from the filial or conjugal piety of surviving relatives. Had flowers been procurable, it is probable they would

have been preferred; but, in their absence, pebbles formed the most natural substitute. It is a beautiful and poetical custom, that of strewing the graves of departed friends with these simple offerings, and one which prevails more or less in all countries. I put one of the stones in my pocket, and, on quitting the spot, thought on the touching and beautiful article entitled "Rural Funerals" in the Sketch Book of W. Irvine.

The Temple of Deir, like almost all those of Nubia, is dug out of the rock, and its front is ornamented with pillars, many of which are either entirely destroyed, or sadly mutilated. It belongs to the time of the famous Sesostris.

Deir is a large and straggling town, occupying a long stretch of alluvial land, lying upon the east bank of the river. On quitting my boat, I had dispatched the pilot to the house of the Chief, to announce my intention of waiting upon him. His Excellency sent back a message that he would be glad to see me. Accordingly, I proceeded to his house, or *palace* indeed it might be called, compared with the huts around. It consists of two storeys, and has a pretty little mosque attached. Mahmoud and the pilot accompanied me into the presence-chamber. The chief was squatted on a mat smoking his pipe, with several of his staff around him. He rose to receive me, and shaking

me cordially by the hand, desired that I should sit down beside him. The audience hall is a long narrow chamber, with no other furniture than an old bedstead, and a few rusty arms suspended from the walls. A fire of charcoal was burning close by our divan, in the middle of the floor. The Chief, who is a tall, stout, and even majestic-looking man, was dressed in a white turban, and long blue shirt which descended to his ankles. The usual salutations having passed, he began to talk politics; and opened the conversation by saying, he had heard that "England and America had been fighting, and he wished to know which gained the battle." (I translate Mahmoud's words literally,—the questions related to the war of the revolution I suppose.) I replied that America had been successful: he next asked which of the two nations had most soldiers; my answer was, that America had very few soldiers, but that England had a great many. Upon which he immediately rejoined, How is it then that England lost the battle? I confess here he had me in an "unhandsome fix," as the Yankees say. I endeavoured to get out of the scrape by saying, that while the war lasted, all the Americans had turned soldiers of their own accord; but now that they had gained the battle, and set up for themselves, they contrived to "get along" without the necessity of an armed force. He did

not seem at all satisfied with this explanation, and shook his head, as much as to say, why did not England return to the attack the moment America discharged her soldiers. He next asked, "If I was married, and what was my vocation?" I replied that I was an unwedded Hakēēm, travelling in search of health. This tickled him a good deal, and he cracked a joke with Mahmoud at my expense. He now consulted me for a rheumatic affection of the knee; but having, unfortunately, no medicine with me, I could only prescribe friction, morning and evening, as the "sovereign'st thing on earth" for his complaint. I presented him with a pound of English gunpowder—not altogether as a gift of love, for I had fully counted upon a "*quid pro quo*," in the shape of a fat sheep for myself and crew; but alas for the vanity of human hopes and expectations! The present was thankfully accepted, but although I lingered long before pushing into the stream, with my anxious eye turned towards the town, no sheep made its appearance. This was rather shabby in his Chiefship, for the powder was worth more than the fattest of his flock. However, it was perhaps not more shabby than it was in me to build upon a return. On rising to depart, his chief secretary, a venerable old man with white beard, begged of me to examine his eyes, and give him some medicine. I found a

cataract in both, and one in a most tempting state for extracting. Of course, I could do nothing but make Mahmoud explain that his case was beyond the reach of physic. I have daily more and more occasion to regret my being so totally unprovided with medicines. Any thing coming from a Frank, has a virtue in the eyes of these people ; but I have not even a dose of salts in my possession.

There is no profession so much esteemed, and consequently so well adapted for travelling in the east, as that of the medical man ; but then he must go provided with the symbols of his art, else his knowledge is useless. I do not know a more profitable and agreeable manner in which a young surgeon (more especially if he intended to devote himself to the study of the eye) could dispose of his time, than by passing a winter on the Nile. With a good set of eye instruments, and an appropriate supply of medicines, he might not only do infinite service to himself, but also incalculable benefit to the poor natives. On reaching a village and dispatching his servant to the Sheik to announce his calling and purpose, the halt, and lame, and blind, would immediately flock to him. He would have many opportunities of operating for cataract, and other diseases ; and he would also have better means of knowing and studying the

people than any other traveller. Had it occurred to me in time, I certainly should not have quitted Europe without being armed at all points.

My friend, Hassan Cachif, was born to a regal inheritance, his father having been absolute sovereign of Nubia until dethroned by the Pacha some thirty years ago. Instead of putting the Ex-King to death, the wily Viceroy had the good policy to make him Governor of the kingdom over which he had once reigned. The present man on the death of his father, stepped into his shoes, and is now armed with an extensive authority as vassal of the Pacha.

An hour's rowing brought me to the temple of Amada. It stands in the desert about 200 yards from the river, on the Lybian bank. Champollion says this temple was founded by King Moeris, and that it belongs to the best era of Egyptian art; but it is now almost engulfed in the sand, its pillars, which resemble the Greek Doric of modern times, being buried up to their capitals.

January 20.—While preparing to go to bed last night, I was hailed in English from a boat moored to the shore. On going to visit the stranger, I found three officers just arrived from Bombay. They had crossed the desert from Cosseir to Keneh, and had procured a boat to ascend to the second cataract. It was a great pleasure to me to

meet with these gentlemen ; more especially as I learnt from one of them that he had seen my brother John in perfect health, the day before he sailed from Bombay. Travellers certainly fall in with strange coincidences. How should I have expected, in the lone deserts of Nubia, and far on towards midnight, to have got intelligence not a month old, of my brother in India. Dr M'Lellan was my informant. After conversing for a short time, I asked him if he knew any of the officers of the European regiments, he replied—" Yes," and second name he mentioned was Cumming. It was past midnight before I quitted my new friends, after a long and most agreeable interview.

At ten o'clock this morning, I stopped to view the ruins of Seboua. An avenue of Sphinxes (of which five now only remain) conducts to the temple. The propylon is sadly decayed, being rent in various places, and the continuity of its reliefs thereby broken. The remainder of the temple is buried in the sand. On returning to my boat, two sick men applied for advice and medicine. Here again I was at fault. The poor fellows would not believe Mahmoud, when he told them I had no medicines, and went away grumbling and expressing a belief that I would not be at the trouble to relieve them. I feel quite ashamed every time a patient presents himself. At seven P. M., I visited the temple of

Maharakah by the light of a brilliant moon. It has fourteen pillars in tolerable preservation. The capitals are not all alike, but bear a general resemblance to the Corinthian order. One of the walls inclines greatly from the perpendicular. I ascended to the top, and enjoyed much the view of the Nile and the desert, as both were faintly illumed by the pale moonbeams.

January 23.—I have visited a number of ruins during the last two days. On the morning of the 21st I stopped at the Temple of Dakkeh, a fine ruin, with propylon and four chambers. It was begun by an Ethiopian prince according to Champollion, and carried on by the Ptolemies. There are several Greek inscriptions on the propylon. The roof of the pronaos is entire, and formed of nine huge blocks of stone nine feet long and three broad, laid close to each other. The walls of all the chambers are covered with well executed bas-reliefs. A host of boys and girls surrounded me offering pebbles and ancient coins for sale. I bought a few of both, and also a Nubian sabre and dirk. At two o'clock the same day I landed at the Monolithic Temple of Guerfeh Hassan. The portico is almost destroyed, but, from the fragments of some of its pilasters, stand out the remains of colossi made of masonry. The pronaos has a most remarkable appearance, the roof being supported

by six enormous square pillars, each having a colossal figure attached. These are the most grotesque and shapeless imitations of humanity I have ever seen, and yet they belong to the time of the famous Sesostris. Only two of the portraits remain perfect, and, from the features of these, they are evidently Ethiopian. The prince whom they represent must have been afflicted with a universal anasarca, for the body and limbs have precisely the appearance of a man in the last stage of dropsy. The bas-reliefs are almost entirely destroyed. From the cella some dark chambers go off on either side. On entering these the candles were nearly extinguished by a number of bats disturbed by the light. Beyond the cella is a sanctuary with four mutilated statues. I staid about an hour: broke off a specimen of the rock, which is sandstone, and embarked. At seven the same evening, I visited the Temple of Dandour by moonlight; a small unfinished ruin of the age of Augustus; but I forgot to try the echo, which, according to Champollion, is superb, repeating distinctly eleven syllables.

I arrived yesterday morning at the village of Kalabsché, where I found a boat belonging to the lieutenant-governor of Assouan. While at breakfast I received a message from his Excellency to say he would be happy to pay me a visit; and, half an

hour afterwards, he came to my boat preceded by his pipe-bearer. I received him with all due hospitality, and made him squat down on my bed, which served as divan. He was dressed in an elegant suit of red clothes braided with silk—wore a sabre by his side, and pistols in his belt. Mahmoud acted as interpreter, and a hard task he had of it. Of all the twaddlers in this twaddling world, the lieutenant-governor of Assouan is the greatest. He had three or four Arabic tracts in his hand printed in London; some treating on religion—others on geography and astronomy. His great delight was to go over the names of the various kingdoms of Europe, and ask me their capitals. He then asked a hundred of the silliest questions in the world—calling every five minutes for a fresh pipe, and turning my cabin into a mess of litter with ashes and tobacco. Both Mahmoud and myself did all we could by yawns and other manifestations of ennui to get quit of him; but he seemed immovable, and kept turning over his tracts, and reading portions of them aloud. By this time he had been two hours with me. I was anxious to go and see the ruins; and, as the only decent pretext for getting quit of him, I presented him with a pound of powder and some shot; determined, however, on this occasion, to look for no return. Accordingly he took the present and the *hint*, and rose up, saying

he would accompany me to the Temple. As he stepped ashore I heard Mahmoud muttering curses against him in Italian for having said nothing of giving us a sheep; for myself I thought the powder well bestowed to get rid of such a bore.

Kalabsché is a magnificent ruin, and evidently owes its decay to violence, and not to time. The propylon is in good preservation, but the portico is entirely destroyed. There are four chambers, all nearly roofless, excepting a portion of the adytum, where the enormous stones still remain *in situ*, although two of them are cracked in the middle, and appear ready to fall. The Turk sat down on one of the huge fragments of the portico, whilst I went through the other chambers. His figure, seated on the ruins, was very picturesque at a distance, and but for the absolute want of soul in his wan phlegmatic looks, he might have passed for Marius on the ruins of Carthage. In a short time Mahmoud came up to us puffing and blowing quite out of breath. The Turk asked him somewhat pettishly what had detained him! he replied, that he had scoured the whole village in search of a sheep, but that he could find none to buy! This was a *truse* to shame the governor into a present, and it had the effect. As they conversed in Arabic, I knew nothing of all this until we had parted—Mahmoud having merely told me that the governor had sent a sheep, for

which I thanked him, in utter ignorance of the not very creditable means by which it had been obtained. The bas-reliefs of the cella are painted of a violet colour, and are in an excellent state of preservation; but the faces are quite different from those of the more ancient temples, and are of very inferior beauty. On one of the walls of the pronaos was a child at the mother's breast. Both figures are well executed, although that of the child is unnaturally stiff. Indeed all the Egyptian sculptures, colossi, reliefs, and intaglios, have a "starched and formal cut." Kalabsché was the work of the Ptolemies; but probably they have only rebuilt or repaired it; for I observed on one of the stones, forming part of the communication between two of the chambers, a set of hieroglyphics on the side of a stone buried in the walls,—a proof that the materials of another temple were used in the construction of this building.

A quarter of a mile from Kalabsché is the Speos of Bet Oualli, consisting of two small chambers dug in the rock; the walls are covered with a series of hieroglyphics and reliefs representing the campaign of Sesostris against the Ethiopians. I saw the figure of the giraffe here for the first time. Regained my boat at one o'clock, and dropped down to Tafseh, distant about seven miles from Kalabsché. Here the Nile is hemmed in by a range of rocks on

both sides, and has in its channel a number of black islands similar to those forming the second cataract. On approaching Taffeh there are rocks of sandstone on both banks resting on a base of granite, the line of separation being distinctly visible. Here and there small spots of cultivation occur, with a few straggling palms, in the bosom of the rocks. It is a romantic though barren situation, and one wonders how the poor villagers contrive to subsist in the midst of so much sterility. Every morsel of soil is eagerly made use of. I observed one patch no larger than a whist-table sown with grain. At three o'clock I landed at Taffeh, where there are some scattered ruins of no interest. All the men of the village surrounded me; wild, fierce-looking fellows, armed to the very teeth. Even lads of thirteen and fourteen carried shields made of the hide of the hippopotamus, lances, sabres, and short dirks. The two villages, Kalabsché and Taffeh, are the most lawless in Nubia. The inhabitants subsist chiefly by the chase, and are constantly at war with each other. Mahmoud tells me that even the Pacha stands in awe of these wild men, and does not venture to beat for recruits amongst them. According to him, also, battles are very common between the crews of travellers' boats and the villagers, who, on the smallest provocation, take the law into their own

hands. About a month or six weeks ago, an English traveller, on his way to Senaar, got into a scrape at Kalabsché. While he was visiting the ruins, his crew put out a sheep to feed at the water's edge. This being viewed as a trespass, the animal was seized, and on a refusal to give it up, the gentleman, armed with a pair of pistols, advanced at the head of his men to enforce the surrender; but the men of Kalabsché were not to be bullied. One of them advanced to the traveller, and holding out a rusty old blunderbuss, told him to fire if he dared: upon this, the gentleman, thinking with Falstaff, that "the better part of valour was discretion," retreated peaceably to his boat, when the sheep was immediately returned. Such is Mahmoud's account of the affair, as told ~~him~~ by the pilot; for myself, having given no provocation, I met with no outrage. There was the prettiest damsel in the village of Taffeh, I have ever seen in Africa. She was about twenty, and black as jet, except her teeth, which shone like pearls; her skin was soft and beautiful, and her features were of the most perfect symmetry. Had her head been shorn of its tarry ringlets, she would really have been a Nubian Venus. Her object in accosting me, was to dispose of an old coin, which I immediately bought, when she modestly withdrew.

The whole village accompanied me to my boat.

I had some difficulty in preventing the men from coming on board ; but we parted on excellent terms, as I had previously won their hearts by distributing to each a small quantity of English gunpowder. At seven P. M. I reached the ruins of Kardashi, and visited them by moonlight. There are two ruins, about a mile apart, with very extensive quarries intervening. These last interested me more than the insignificant remains of the temples.

This morning I stopped to see the Temple of Debode, situate on the west bank also. It has three propyla, and several chambers with reliefs and hieroglyphics. Here I observed a husbandman carrying quantities of sand from the desert, and scattering it over a field of young wheat, about three inches high. On asking Mahmoud for an explanation of this curious operation, he replied, that it was with the view of impoverishing the soil, and preventing the crop from becoming too rank and luxuriant. Had the sand been mixed with the soil *previous* to the scattering of the seed, I could understand the drift of the husbandman ; but it is not easy to see on what principle he was now acting. The sand could not reach the roots ; it might, however, absorb part of the moisture destined for their nourishment, and thus, perhaps, diminish the rankness of the straw—a lame explanation.

About three o'clock to-day, the stately columns

of the beautiful island of Philæ hove in sight. I am now moored alongside of the great temple, and intend devoting all to-morrow to an examination of its extensive ruins. While in the act of arriving, I saw two young persons paddling across the Nile, on separate logs of wood. They landed close to my boat; the first a fine handsome boy of eleven, the second a stout pretty little girl, his sister, about a year younger. She had a basket on her head, from which, on reaching the shore, she took a little girdle of leathern shreds, and tied it round her middle, then shouldering her bark, she disappeared for a short time. I was standing on the deck on her return, and saw both her and her brother embark on their little voyage. The basket was now full of a green vegetable; having poised it ~~on her~~ head, and taken off her only garment, she plunged into the river close to my boat, and lying at full length on the log, pushed for the opposite shore, propelling and guiding her tiny bark with a swimming motion of the arms. The boy had a large bundle of long grass, which he laid across the log, and reposed on with his breast. The girl took the lead: I watched their progress to the land, and was much interested to see the little creatures so perfectly at home in the water. The breadth of the Nile here may be about 200 yards, a distance which they accomplished in twelve minutes. I

have no doubt that this adventurous young maiden would not hesitate to descend the cataracts.

After dinner I took a stroll among the vast ruins, and mounting to the top of the great propylon, witnessed a lovely sun go down over a landscape lovelier still. It is now near midnight—my crew are fast asleep, snoring profoundly, after a rich feast on Mahmoud's sheep.

PHILÆ, *January 25*.—I had intended to devote only one day to the ruins of Philæ, but the beauties of the little isle are so numerous and diversified, that I find it impossible to tear myself away. Wandering among its extensive and picturesque ruins, time flies with unobserved rapidity. I passed all yesterday and to-day entering every hole and corner, and climbing wherever it was possible to climb. The circumference of the island is not above half a mile, or three-quarters at most, and the greatest part of the area is covered with ruins more or less picturesque. These are of various antiquity. According to Champollion, one portion was built by the last of the Egyptian Kings, dethroned by the second invasion of the Persians; but this forms a very insignificant part of the whole. The covered galleries are of the time of the Romans; and the propylon and chambers of the great temple are the work of the Ptolemies. The whole of the exterior

walls are covered with bas-reliefs—some of the figures are of enormous size, but most of them have been sedulously defaced by the hammer, and bedaubed with mud. The long gallery, extending from the south extremity of the island to the great temple, is supported by about three dozen pillars, all differing in the minute details of the capitals, although bearing a general resemblance. In the pronaos of the temple are some fine columns with painted capitals; two of these are nearly perfect, and the blue and green colours as fresh as if they had been laid on yesterday. Nothing strikes me so forcibly as the beautiful effect that the painting gives to these capitals: one would naturally suppose that, so far from adding to their richness, it would mar the massive proportions by its gaudy showiness, but the contrary is manifest, on comparing those whose colours are perfect, with others from which they have faded. Between the two propyla is a double range of chambers, their fronts adorned with rows of columns, and the walls covered with reliefs. The sculptures that have escaped the ravages of man, are much inferior to those of Ipsamboul; nevertheless, the effect at a distance is quite as good as if they were of superior order; and it is in this way that I view them. I do not pry into details like the hieroglyphist or the architect. The former hunts after inscriptions which are dead letters to

me, and the eye of the latter is often shocked by a departure from the rules of his art. I have thus perhaps more enjoyment in wandering among the ruins than either of them. The artist examines a ruin as the critic reads a book; his very knowledge obliges him to find fault. It is part of his vocation in short, while to me defects or anomalies are either not apparent, or, if observed, they are lost sight of in the general harmony. The pleasure I derive does not consist in a minute inspection of details, but in casting my eye from a favourable position over the various parts that compose the whole. Viewing the sacred Island of Philæ in this manner, I think no man can fail to be charmed. On the right side of the great propylon is engraven an inscription by the French, commemorative of their achievements in Egypt.

L'an 6 de la Republique
 le 13 Messidor,
 Une armée Française commandée
 Par Bonaparte est descendue
 à Alexandrie.
 L'armée ayant mis vingt jours
 Après les Mamelookes en fuite
 Aux Pyramides,
 Dessaix commandant la
 Première Division les a
 Poursuivies au delà des
 Cataractes, où il est arrivé
 Le 13 Ventose de l'an 7.

After this follow the names of the Generals of Division. Surely the sacred Temple of Isis is not the proper place for publishing the prowess of their victorious arms. I felt strongly tempted to append a note detailing the fate of the said army, and its forced evacuation from a land on which it descended without just or reasonable cause ; but gravings on stone is not my forte. Did I possess the same talent for engraving as some travellers who have preceded me, I should certainly have done so. There is the name of one gentleman that meets my eye wherever I turn. There is not a single temple nor ruin from the second cataract downwards, that I do not see it dug out in huge letters, and enclosed in a bracket. It would seem as if the owner had left home with chisel and mallet on purpose to immortalize himself in this manner. Not content with inscribing his name on one place, it is to be seen everywhere, on the legs of statues, heads of sphinxes, &c. Is it not a fair inference that he who laboured so diligently with his hands, could not have done a great deal with his head, for a like activity of brain would have exhausted him entirely ? This is a species of notoriety I do not covet. I have engraved my humble name on the rock at the second cataract only, as the extreme limit of my voyage. „Had there been space, I would have done so also on the top of the pyramid, but the large stones were already

crowded. One of my guides seeing me looking for a spare corner, began to efface the name of a previous traveller, but I immediately checked him. This practice is, however, frequently resorted to; for myself, I think it a very unworthy one, and would not scruple to believe that he who would erase another's name to inscribe his own, would be as little scrupulous, in the more important concerns of life, in extinguishing the reputation of his neighbour, if by so doing he could exalt himself. It is amusing to see the places selected by travellers for inscribing their names. One man appears to court the most prominent—another the most secluded spot—while a third aspires after the most break-neck position. As an instance of the latter, there is the name of “John Robertson, Scotland, 1830,” written in large black letters above the architrave of the western entrance of the square Temple, on the north-east side of the island. I have frequently, on seeing this name, marvelled to myself how the said John reached such a spot, and having reached it, how he had brains to remain on it. The problem remains unsolved; however, for the honour of the north, I was glad to find that it was an adventurous Scot who had soared so high above all the other aspirants for fame. On one of the pillars of the said Temple, some wag has written in prominent letters the name of the celebrated Lon-

don Quack, "Doctor Eadie." This is a very fair satire on the name-scribbling propensities of travellers.

I have been much amused by watching the number of persons that paddle their way across to the island on their little barks. Yesterday and to-day, a young damsel of nine years of age ferried over her mother upon a raft made of five short logs of wood, lashed together by a palm rope. They were half an hour in reaching Philæ, and landed close to my boat, carrying with them a stock of eggs and fowls for sale. The little girl was seated in front of her mother, and paddled the raft with a rude oar, which she held perpendicularly, making a stroke alternately on either side. I made Mahmoud purchase their provisions, and presented them with a *buckshish* besides. Although only nine years of age, this young damsel has been betrothed for four years to a boy about her own years, according to the Nubian fashion of arranging marriages. She is, unfortunately, an ugly little thing; and in spite of her character, of *fiancée*, I cannot look upon her with an eye of romance. Her hair was completely covered with baubles, two large brass rings depended from her ears, and her whole chest glittered with strings of beads and shells—the offerings of her future husband. The love of finery, especially of trinkets, that obtains among the Nubians, is surprising. Indeed, the passion appears to dwell

most in the two extremes of civilization. It is common to a certain extent to all the sex, but is the strongest, I believe, in the Princess of Europe and the Negress of Africa.

Having occasion for some palm leaves to repair the tent of my boat, I begged of the mother to procure me a few, upon which she ordered the *fiancée* to climb a lofty tree close to the edge of the water. The little girl ran up with the agility of a cat, without the aid of a rope, and with a rusty old knife hacked like a saw, cut the necessary quantity.

In my rambles among the ruins, I am always followed by a host of little naked urchins, importuning me for *buckshish*. It is quite impossible to keep them off, and the never-ceasing cry of "buckshish Howaja—Howaja buckshish," is dinned in my ears from morning to night. It is partly my own fault, for I had begun by giving a piastre to the first two or three who accompanied me, little reflecting on the swarm of locusts that my generosity would entail on me. Sometimes I amuse myself by holding up a piastre, and pointing to the river, when they all dash in at once, and after swimming about like so many rats, the prize is shared amongst them. After dinner, I went to gaze on the setting sun from the top of the great propylon, and remained till the "gloamin'" had passed away. The view from this position is of

enchancing beauty—nature and art vie with each other in their efforts to embellish it. Looking down on the isle, the eye wanders with delight over its extensive ruins: columns and colonnades, crumbling walls, mutilated fragments, and groups of *bas-reliefs*, meet the view in every direction; while round the skirts are five or six groves of palms, whose fresh and green leaves contrast strangely with the hoary decay which they encircle. Above, beneath, and around, the placid Nile wends his tortuous way—now spreading into a broad channel—now opening his arms to embrace the sacred isle—and lastly, hemmed in by precipitous rocks before he disappears to form the cataract. On every side the hills of the desert rear their rugged crests; and far beyond, to the north, might be seen the yellow sands tinged with the departing light. Directly opposite was the village of Philæ, with a few barks moored within its port; and higher up the river, on the shoulder of the ridge, two large Mosques with their minarets, stood out with imposing effect. A number of green patches smiled at the base of the rocks, as if in mockery of their barrenness, and two or three irrigation wheels filled the air with the plaintive tone of their creaking axles, as they dispersed their grateful treasures to the thirsting earth. Not the least poetical feature in the view was the passage

of the Naiads of the Nile, on their simple barques. I have never passed an hour on the top of the ruins without seeing two or three of these water-nymphs on their voyage to or from the mainland. Their appearance, stretched at full length, on the log, with only the head and neck above water, and propelling themselves onward with their hands, has a most remarkable effect. To-day I saw no less than three at one time in different parts of the river, crossing from a village on a large granite island near to Philæ, for there is no tenanted abode on Philæ itself. But it is a vain attempt to transfer so beautiful and varied a scene to paper. The most eloquent pen would fall far short of the reality. I stood in silent rapture, gazing on the glorious picture, and fancying that the sun himself lingered with "fond, reluctant, amorous delay," as if loath to withdraw his beams from so fair a scene. At six o'clock it was nearly dark, and I descended to regain my boat, more pleased with this, the third sunset I have seen from the same spot, than with the first. Indeed, it is one of those views of which the eye cannot weary, nor "custom stave the infinite variety." I intend remaining here all day, to-morrow also; and were it not that my thoughts point to Jerusalem, I could pass a fortnight in this fairy isle.

January 26.—I rowed over after breakfast to

the rocky island on the west side of Philæ. The channel which separates the two isles, may be about sixty yards wide. My object was to enjoy the view from the top of a high rock, formed by a great number of blocks of granite, piled one above the other. I was assailed the moment of landing by a host of young beggars, and the everlasting cry of "buckshish Howaja—Howaja buckshish," was again dinned in my ears. They followed close at my heels, and in spite of sundry threats from "Niagara," (which made them scamper off for a few yards to return again more closely), accompanied me to the top of the rock. The blocks of granite here are of great size, but generally of a soft and crumbly texture; very friable, and quite unfit for the purposes of architecture. Amongst them, however, occur frequent masses of a much more compact and hard nature; and many of these are adorned with hieroglyphics. The view from the summit of this rock is very fine. The eye embraces every part of the enchanting Philæ, besides two or three rugged rocky valleys towards the west. When on the top of this rock I had the good fortune to encounter a thunder-storm. Before quitting my boat it looked so cloudy, that I predicted a shower, but Mahmoud smiled at the notion of rain in Nubia. Nevertheless, I took the precaution of carrying an umbrella. On leaving my bark, I could hear the

distant thunder muttering in the black cloud to the northward. Gradually the cloud approached, and the sun for once bade adieu to the firmament before his usual period of repose. By the time I reached the top, the lightning flashed—the thunder pealed—and the rain began to fall. I took shelter under a large mass of granite, which protected my back, and spread the umbrella in front. Half a dozen naked brats of both sexes coiled themselves round my legs, and though shivering with cold, screamed with delight at the novel shelter afforded them. It was but an April shower during the short time I remained on the rock; but, on returning to my boat, it rained in good earnest, and even hailed. I was amused by Mahmoud's opening my cabin door, and calling out—"Signor, il tombe du sel." I went upon deck, which was covered with a sprinkling of hailstones about the size of a pea; so that I can now say I have seen both rain and hail between the cataracts—a phenomenon rarely witnessed by travellers. It continued to rain about an hour, but not with tropical violence: the sky, however, remained cloudy throughout the day, and I was disappointed of a farewell sunset over the ruins of Philæ. At five o'clock I crossed to the mainland in order to ramble among the huge masses of granite to the west of the village. One of these rocks is of very peculiar shape, resembling two

blunt cones of nearly equal height, joined together by a third of much smaller dimensions. It is covered with hieroglyphics, and forms a fine and prominent feature from the propylon of Philæ. Behind it, is an enormous round block of granite, weighing not less, I should think, than 1000 tons. The scenery of this part of the river is very remarkable. I spent two hours scrambling among the large stones, vying with my beggarly suite of attendants in climbing to their tops. On my return I learned from Mahmoud that the boat of Lord Lindsay and Mr Ramsay,* which had passed down the river without stopping at Philæ, had been dashed against a rock in the cataract, and had filled with water: fortunately neither lives nor property have been lost, and, in all likelihood, the accident may be exaggerated: however, there appears no doubt, from the circumstantial details of my informant, and the non-return of the Raïs of the cataract, that the rope did give way, and that the boat, emptied of all its effects, and forsaken by its owners, is now stranded against a rock. The Bombay officers had been nearly lost also. This is really intolerable; a signal example ought to be made of these wretched pilots; from all their experience they learn nothing. In the name of good-

* On reaching Munich the author was shocked to learn that this talented and enterprising traveller had fallen a victim to the cholera at Damascus.

ness, are there not palm trees in Upper Egypt to make a stout enough cable? Nothing would please me more than to see the bastinado inflicted on this blundering captain of the cataract. This morning I engaged camels to transport myself and luggage to Assouan; but, had I intended to proceed in my boat, the report of this accident would have deterred me. It may be a true saying in England, that "the safest coach to travel by is that which broke down yesterday;" but I should be sorry to trust to any such chance here, where, instead of profiting by experience, the Nubian pilots appear to be growing daily more careless.

ASSOUAN, *27th January*.—Arrived here at eleven A. M. this morning, having left Philæ at half-past eight—myself mounted on a dromedary—my effects on a camel—and Mahmoud on a donkey. I saw the "Findhorn" quit her moorings before starting, and then turned my back for the last time on the lovely island of Philæ. It was my first ride on a dromedary, and I had been prepared for a sad jolting; but, to my agreeable surprise, the motion was far from unpleasant. Mahmoud had arranged the saddle so comfortably, that I sat as in an easy chair. It is only during a trot that the shaking is disagreeable, and even then it is less so than I had expected. I have been more fatigued by a march

of equal length on an elephant, than by my ride of to-day. The distance from Philæ to Assouan is probably eight miles, which I was one hour and three-quarters in accomplishing, exclusive of a stoppage of nearly an hour to walk to the top of a hill in order to view the rapids. It has been a lovely day, with a fresh cool breeze from the north.

A more extensive view of the Nile here presents itself than at the Second Cataract, and the islands are larger, but not so numerous. Viewing the two as landscapes, that of Assouan certainly combines the greatest number of fine objects. Opposite the town lies the fertile island of Elephantiné, and farther down the river are immense groves of palms. On the west, the desert forms a bold ridge of yellow sand, with here and there, perched upon its top, the small round tomb of a saint. Behind the spectator is an extensive Saracenic burying-ground, containing hundreds of small slabs standing perpendicularly over the graves, and covered with inscriptions in the Cufic character. There are also many picturesque round tombs scattered over the cemetery, which give it a peculiar aspect. On one side it is bounded by some old granite quarries, and on another by the ruins of the ancient town of Syene. I had hoped to get a sight of my bark while threading its perilous way among the rapids, but an intervening hill ob-

structed the view. On reaching Assouan, I found that Lord Lindsay and Mr R. were lodged at the house of the Governor, whither I repaired to visit them, and learned all the particulars of the accident, which did not differ materially from the account given me at Philæ. All their effects have been saved, and they hope to have the damage repaired, and be able to continue their voyage, in a few days. Had the boat not struck on the rock on which it grounded, it is very probable all on board would have perished. I crossed over in a small boat to Elephantiné, chiefly to examine the Nilometer. There are no ruins of any interest on this island, a granite gateway and mutilated statue being all I could discover. The large blocks of granite on the side opposite Assouan, are covered with numerous hieroglyphics; but I was sadly disappointed with the Nilometer. Whatever it may once have been, it is now but a narrow chamber of masonry at the water's edge, almost filled with mud, and without graduated sides, or other means of measuring the rise of the Nile. On my return to the mainland, I took a long stroll through the town, which can boast of nothing to interest the traveller. While passing the house of Saïd Bey, the Governor, I saw his Excellency magnificently attired, seated on a chair surrounded by his attendants. He is a good specimen of a Turkish

Bashaw—as fat as a whale, and with a lifeless impassibility of expression. His state at once proclaimed his rank, and in passing I made him a low salāām, but he stared at me without moving a feature, or taking the smallest notice of my salute. A Jack-in-office in this country appreciates a stranger in proportion to his dress and attendants, and as my apparel was not of the most *recherché* order, and being entirely unattended, I was not surprised at his thus giving me the “cut direct.” However, I returned in a few minutes, by the same way, on purpose to reciprocate his look of cold contempt. Shakespeare says, “Apparel oft proclaims the man,” and certain it is that Eastern nations are of this opinion. An ill-dressed man is never respected, and the more flesh, fat, and finery, he carries with him, in so much the more estimation is he held. In India, the aristocracy drink cups of ghee to blow out their persons; and judging of Saïd Bey by his swollen skin, I should imagine he does so likewise. To-morrow morning I start for Thebes. My Nubian voyage occupied me twenty days, which have passed with pleasing rapidity. I have not had a single “row” with my crew, nor once occasion to use the *argumentum baculinum*. I shall always retain a warm remembrance of Nubia; for although perhaps the most barren of inhabited countries, it is not without its interest. Indeed, I

have enjoyed my voyage through its lifeless desert, more than that through the smiling valley of Egypt. The eye soon wearies of a succession of plains, however richly they may be cultivated; whereas, between the cataracts, although the general character of the scenery be that of a broad river flowing between two ridges of naked rock and sand, bordered merely by a stripe of green, and lined with palm trees, yet it is wonderful what a constant variety is presented. Departing from the banks of the Nile, there is on either side nothing but desert,—on the west the boundless and unexplored (because unexplorable) sands of Lybia,—to the east the desert extends to the Red Sea, where it ceases only to recommence on the opposite shore.

The latitude of the second cataract, is $22^{\circ} 40'$; and hence it is more than a degree and a half within the Northern Tropic. The limit of the Tropical rains to the northward, is calculated at the 18th degree; and the tract of country between that latitude and Thebes, or even lower still, is said to be the driest upon earth. It is probably also the hottest, although, from my own experience, I found the cold more inconvenient than the heat; but for nine months of the year, the power of the sun is very great.

January 30. 1837.—Left Assouan on the 28th. Before breakfast on the 29th, reached the Temple

of Kom Ombos, of which the portico is the only part that the sand has spared. Thirteen very fine columns, twenty feet in circumference, are still standing, although a third of their length, at least, is buried, by the all destroying sand ; but for this, which gives them a dwarfish and disproportioned air—making the capitals appear too high for the shafts, and the circumference too great for the height,—I think they would form one of the handsomest porticos in Egypt. Kom Ombos is the work of the Ptolemies, (Philometer, I believe), but it is supposed by the learned, that they had but rebuilt a temple formerly existing on the same place, and destroyed by the Persians. The crocodile was the god worshipped here.

A large plain of cultivated land stretches to the westward of the temple, beyond which is a wide stretch of desert, whose bleak monotony is relieved by two or three superb sycamores that stand out in fine and bold relief. Five hours from Kom Ombos, brought me to the quarries of Hadji Silsili, on the eastern bank of the Nile. I stopped to visit them, and was much struck with the prodigious excavations. They are of sandstone, and will afford convincing evidence, when all other proofs shall have passed away, of the stupendous works of the ancient Egyptians. The river here is narrower than in any part of the valley of Egypt. After breakfast to-day,

I arrived at *Edfou*,—(Appolinopolis Magna). The temple is about a mile from the river, and although by no means in a ruinous state, its beauties are sadly defaced and hidden by the quantity of rubbish, and mud huts which have been allowed to collect around and even above it. The propylon is superb. On passing through its lofty and capacious doorway, you enter an oblong court,—the three sides lined with a gallery supported by a number of columns, and the fourth bounded by a very fine portico consisting of three rows of beautiful pillars—six in each row. Unfortunately their fine effect is sadly injured by the rubbish, that reaches nearly to the middle of some of the capitals. These are of the Lotus chiefly. I measured in a rough way with my stick the greatest circumference of one of them, and made it to be $36\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The entrance from the portico to the chambers behind, is entirely shut up by rubbish. The court and galleries were occupied by scribes, weavers, and other craftsmen. From the court, on the outside, I ascended to the top of the propylon. Looking down on the temple, the eye is shocked to see a number of mud huts built on the roof of the chambers behind the portico! It is much to be regretted that the Pacha does not take some effective measures to preserve the chief objects of interest and attraction to a stranger in his country. The temple of Edfou, if cleared of its

rubbish and the huts that insult its majesty, would be a magnificent building, and with proper care, might last for ages ; whereas, by allowing things to run their present course, it will soon be buried in dirt. I wonder that the vanity of the Pacha, and his love of *éclat* in Europe, do not prompt him to adopt measures for preserving the fast decaying monuments of this ancient land. But alas, "Ichabod, Ichabod," the glory of Egypt is departed !

On my way to the river, I visited a plantation of Palma Christi (castor-oil), and cut a stout cane of that most appropriate of all sticks for the doctor. Four hours' rowing brought me to the grottos of El Rab or Elithyas : they are cut out of the rock on the east bank of the river. To reach them, I crossed a large square space surrounded by a high brick wall—its surface full of small pits, as if graves had been turned up in search of mummies or treasure. One of the grottos is of great interest, from the perfect preservation of its figures, and from the customs and occupations they represent. The scenes relate chiefly to agricultural concerns.

THEBES, *February 1. 1837.*—Reached Esné early yesterday morning, and found at the wharf the boat of Mons. Prisse (who had come from Thebes on a visit to the Governor). We breakfasted together, and afterwards walked down to the Temple, the

portico of which is all now remaining, and unfortunately, so shut in is it by a brick wall, (which has converted this once noble structure into a cotton warehouse,) that the beauty of the columns is but indistinctly seen. There is something, nevertheless, very striking and grand in the appearance of these majestic pillars. They are twenty-four in number—the shafts are covered with reliefs and hieroglyphics, and the capitals are of the most perfect elegance, although, as usual, they all differ in the details of their ornaments. Were it not for the disadvantages under which it is seen, I think the Temple of Esné would be the most imposing architectural ruin in Egypt.

I embarked at two o'clock for Thebes. Mons. P. ordered his boatmen to pull in company with mine, and he dined and passed the evening with me. This morning we stopped to visit the ruins of Hermonthis (now Erment), about two miles from the river on the east bank. Some very graceful columns of Grecian architecture are still standing; but what was chiefly interesting is a very curious scene representing the accouchement of Cleopatra of her son Cæsarion, who was, (according to Champollion, “le fruit de sa benevolence envers Jules Cæsar”). The whole scene is perfectly distinct. Cleopatra is in a sitting posture, (the same chosen by the Arabs of Egypt to this day, on similar occasions,) and supported

by an attendant, who holds her hands. The child is just born, and the nurse is stretching out her arms to receive it. Unfortunately, the legs of the infant only are visible, the body being destroyed by a gap in the stone. Above the child is the figure of the Scarabæus, the emblem of life, and a number of birds hover over his birth. The babe is immediately transferred to the goddess Isis, who applies him to her breast. On the opposite wall, the reliefs represent the progress of his growth, and he may be seen in various figures nursed by goddesses—one of them in the form of a cow; on the walls of the outer chamber, the young prince is presented to the gods, who bestow on him caresses and benedictions; altogether, it is a curious and interesting scene. Without the assistance of M. Prisse, I should probably have looked over the walls without discovering it. He had seen it twice before, and was quite familiar with all the details. We regained our boats at ten o'clock, and two hours afterwards arrived at Thebes. After an early dinner, I set out for Karnak, amid whose majestic ruins I remained till sunset. There is nothing in Egypt or Nubia, or in the world I believe, at all to be compared to Karnak. Even now, battered as it is by the ruthless hand of barbarism, and after the lapse of so many ages, it stands "*facile princeps*" among existing

ruins. What, then, must it have been when all its parts were entire—its splendid propyla with their avenues of sphinxes—its columns of matchless massiveness and grace—its long series of bas-reliefs, representing the triumphs and conquests of the illustrious founders—its beautiful obelisks shooting their pointed peaks into the clear sky—and the numbers of enormous colossi whose now *disjecta membra* proclaim the original magnitude. The circumference of the Temple was one mile and two-thirds; and its extreme length from the western to the eastern propylon, which is still standing, 1180 feet. The best view of the whole of the ruins is enjoyed from the top of the west propylon; but the astonishing grandeur of the great hall can only be felt and appreciated by wandering among its giant columns. The twelve in the centre of the hall are the largest pillars in the world, having a circumference of thirty-six feet, and a height to the top of the capital of sixty-six feet. The remainder, of which there are above one hundred and twenty, are only twenty-seven feet in circumference. The capitals of these represent the Lotus bud, a much less elegant ornament than that of the same flower when full blown, which forms the capitals of the great pillars. Of the two obelisks standing beyond the great hall, one is the most superb column my eyes ever beheld. It is of smooth granite, a single

block, eight feet square at the base, tapering gently towards the top, and terminating in a peak nine feet in length—the height of the whole being ninety-two feet. With the exception of some of the edges that are broken off, it is in excellent preservation, but its fellow lies in mutilated fragments on the ground; the peak, however, being entire, I was enabled to ascertain its length to be nine feet. This obelisk belongs to England, and may be removed by the British Government when it thinks fit. Were Egypt in the possession of a civilized power, or had she even the prospect of a settled government under the Pacha, I certainly think it would be an act of sacrilege to remove this beautiful obelisk from its present site; and as it is not probable that Egypt will pass into the hands of a power barbarous enough to destroy so elegant a work, I should wish to see it remain where it is, recommending always that our government should retain its claim, to prevent the removal by some other European power, that might be less scrupulous and more selfish. The remains of the most ancient portion of Karnak are towards the eastern propylon; near which there are several polygonal columns still standing, forming part of a temple built in the time of Osirtisen I. On my first visit to Karnak, twenty-nine days ago, I found in one of the small chambers of the temple a Swedish

Captain of Engineers engaged in copying the reliefs. We entered into conversation in French, and he told me he had been seven months similarly occupied—his lodging being in a miserable Arab hut hard by. It was droll enough that I should have found him seated on the same identical stone twenty-nine days afterwards. He reminded me of Old Mortality on the grave-stones. I could not help asking him if he had ever moved from the spot since my last visit. He has now been occupied in this manner for eight months, and after all this loss of time passed in utter solitude, what has he to shew? A few drawings of fantastical reliefs that never can be useful to him hereafter. Indeed, from his partiality to a certain Egyptian god, I should think his drawings could scarcely bear the inspection of eyes polite in Sweden. His great boast is, that his figures are in perfect accuracy in point of proportion; truly they are well entitled to be so, for a single sketch occupies him many more days than another artist would take hours to finish. I cannot imagine a reasonable being wasting his time in such a manner, unless, indeed, (what I rather think to be the case,) the character of this eccentric Swede be, strongly tinged with the leaven of misanthropy and avarice.

February 5.—On the 2d it blew a gale from the west, and the whole atmosphere was charged with

sand from the desert, which formed a cloud so dense as almost to intercept the sun's rays. The sun went down with a bilious and unnatural colour, similar to his setting while on my return from the Pyramids. Indeed, that day and the present have been the only disagreeable days I have experienced in Egypt.' On the 3d, the storm had passed away, and I returned to Karnak, where I passed the greater part of the day on the top of the west pylon. This is my favourite position; for in addition to the fine view of the ruins, the eye embraces a great number of auxiliary beauties. To the south, the temple of Luxor with its columns, and obelisk, and pylon. To the west, the bold range of calcareous rock, with the Nile flowing near its base; and here and there a white sail skimming gracefully on its tranquil bosom. In the same direction are seen the ruins of several temples, the Mandoucion,—Memnonium,—the two Colossi in the plain, and Medinet Haboo. To the north-east, an immense plain of cultivated or cultivable land, with numerous groves of palms, shut in by a low range of distant hills, melting into the distant sky. Near the temple on the west, the ground is covered with little knolls of stony earth, raised by curiosity or avarice in search of antiquities. At the foot of the propylon is the vast court with its galleries and temples, on either side half buried by the

sand. In the centre is one tall elegant column with Lotus capital, and the remains of several others that had completed the colonnade, lie around. In front is the entrance to the great hall, beyond which the two obelisks rear their pointed tops. The extremities of the court are blocked up by two lofty mounds of broken stones, over whose tops the architraves of the great hall may be seen. Altogether the view from this point is one of great beauty and variety. It was with regret that I looked upon it for the last time; and on quitting the tremendous ruins of Karnak, I could not but yield an irresistible homage to the genius that conceived, and the hands that executed a work, before which the imagination of modern man falls prostrate and powerless.

Before breakfast, I dropped down yesterday morning to Gournoo, accompanied by Mr Andrews; our object being to visit the tombs of the kings, on the west shore of the Nile. A ride of an hour and a half through a remarkable rocky valley, or gorge rather, brought us to the abode of death. I was rather disappointed by my visit to these celebrated tombs; for I had heard so much of their beauty, that my mind was prepared for something unusually splendid. The tomb of Osirien I, (commonly called Belzoni's), was the first we entered. The descent is by a flight of about twenty steps, at the foot of

which a passage conducts to the various chambers. I was certainly much struck with the freshness of the paintings on the walls, the colours being as perfect, after a lapse of 3400 years, as if they had been laid on yesterday. Having made a cursory examination of the various groups and chambers, we next proceeded to the tomb of Rameses III, (commonly called Bruce's tomb) after that celebrated, though much calumniated, traveller. Although less splendid than the other, it is of much greater interest, from the number of figures it contains representing the domestic usages of the ancient Egyptians,—such as the slaying of oxen,—kitchen utensils,—bows and arrows,—clubs,—coats of mail,—and arms of various sorts. In one small chamber on the right, are some rich and even gorgeous chairs and sofas, with damask and velvet linings,—proofs that the refinements of modern luxury were well known to the kings of Egypt. I felt almost inclined to give them credit for a knowledge of tea, from the strong resemblance that two painted boxes bore to our modern caddies. In the fourth chamber on the right hand side, are the two blind harpers of the celebrated Bruce, (so *harped* upon by his enemies), their instruments not unlike those of the present day. The third we entered, was the tomb of Memnon, (No. 9,) which is chiefly remarkable for its architectural symmetry and grace.

The fourth was that of Rameses VII, (No. 6.) which contains some strange, but not-to-be-described figures, relating to the mysteries of generation. These were all I had noted from Wilkinson, (a copy of which Lord L. was so kind as to lend me), as being of chief interest. Indeed, both Mr A. and myself were quite satisfied with what we had seen, without crawling into some thirty others, half choked up with sand and rubbish. Wilkinson says, that in order to see the tombs thoroughly, at least one night should be spent in their vicinity. I differ from him entirely; three hours are quite sufficient to give to eighteen out of twenty travellers a general idea; the remaining two, who may be learned in hieroglyphics, would require weeks or months. After all, what is there in these tombs to call for the rapture of the traveller? His wonder once exhausted at the extreme vividness of the colours, little is left to gratify the eye. Belzoni's tomb, for instance, is full of the most fantastic and grotesque figures, symbolical of events whose history is hidden even from the most learned—and of a language that few or none can understand: even the drawings (viewed abstractedly from the date of their execution) are mere daubs, at variance with every rule of perspective or proportion. Neither is there any thing to remind the traveller that he is in the dwellings of the dead.

Belzoni's tomb, if properly lighted up, might be the scene of a modern rout, without any apparent incongruity of place: hence it has none of the gloomy, and even horrible, interest of the Catacombs of Paris, where millions and millions of human bones are piled one above the other, so as to form an endless labyrinth. *There* the imagination is powerfully and awfully struck. A jest uttered by one of the party with whom I visited them, appeared like profanation. Here, on the contrary, I could listen to the tune of "Maggy Lauder," and sustain no moral shock.

At two o'clock we took our departure. The glare of the sun from the white limestone rock was extremely dazzling, and even painful to the eyes. On our way to the river we visited the remains of a very ancient temple at the base of the ridge of rock that bounds the Plain of Gournoo. A granite gateway leads to the only remaining chamber, which is hollowed out of the rock, and supported by an arch *not* masonic. This may have been one of the reasons for the belief that the arch with keystone was unknown to the Egyptians; but this long agitated question is now entirely set at rest; for, according to the learned Wilkinson, there are arches of crude brick now existing at Thebes, constructed as far back as 1500 years B. C. I was anxious to see one of these; but having no plan of Thebes, and my

Arab guide being good for nothing as a cicerone, I did not know where to find them. A great number of tombs are scattered over the Plain of Gournoo, and in the face of the rock. In many of these the living have usurped the habitations of the dead, and the entrances are now converted into Arab dwellings, from whose mouths may be seen issuing swarms of naked children and pariah dogs. The men of Gournoo are the most savage-looking fellows I have seen in Egypt. This morning a fierce encounter took place on the bank close to my boat between six and seven brawny fellows, who laid their clubs across each other's heads and shoulders in true "Donybrook" style. Near the ruins of the little Temple we found a number of mummy fragments—heads, arms, and legs—scattered around at the mouth of the tomb. I carried away a leg for the sake of the handsome foot that belonged to it, and unrolled a strip of linen cloth that enveloped an arm. Our last visit was to a ruined Temple called the Mandqueion, near the edge of the river. It is in the pure Egyptian style, and evidently of great antiquity. In front is a portico of eight columns, from which there are three entrances to the inner chambers. At four o'clock we returned to dinner, after an agreeable, though somewhat fatiguing, excursion. In the evening Mr A. quitted me to return to Thebes.

This morning I set out alone to visit the Memnonium—the Colossi on the Plains—and the Ruins of Medinet Haboo. While preparing to start, a small boat came alongside, in which was one of the Bombay gentlemen whom I met in Nubia. From him I learned that they had entirely lost their boat in descending the cataract. He and Dr M'Lellan had taken the precaution of travelling overland from Philæ to Assouan: the third gentleman Mr Clark, only remaining on board. It appears that the captain of the cataract had the inconceivable folly of attempting to pass the rapids without a rope:—the natural consequence was a tremendous collision with a rock, which stove in the bows of the boat, and caused her to fill immediately with water. Mr Clark saved his life by swimming. He also rescued the little boy of the Raïs, who was so overcome by fear, or engrossed by self-preservation, as to forget the danger of his child. The boat is now a complete wreck, and the gentlemen have lost great part of their effects. A ride of half an hour brought me to the Memnonium, a “noble wreck in ruinous perfection.” Champollion calls it the Rameseion, as having been the dwelling of Rameses. The east front of the propylon is a mass of ruin, but on the west there is a fine battle scene. Advancing about sixty paces from the propylon, is a ruined wall, at whose extremity lies the enormous

colossus of Sesostris. This huge statue, the largest ever conceived or executed by man, is now prostrate on its back, and so mutilated, as scarcely to present a semblance of humanity. To me it is a problem how the Persians were able to destroy it. It is broken in two, right through the middle. The shoulders and arms, down to the elbows, alone having escaped. I did not measure the dimensions of these, but they are something incredible. The statue, when entire, is computed by Wilkinson to have weighed a thousand tons; and I can well believe it, for a temple might still be built from the remaining fragments. Four square pillars in line with the wall, and united to it by a roof, have their fronts adorned with an equal number of headless masonic colossi. The great hall is on a plan similar to that of Karnak, and supported by six rows of pillars; far inferior, however, in size and grandeur, although the painting on the capitals is much more perfect. The walls are rich in reliefs representing battle scenes; and on some of the pillars the contest between Day and Martin and Warren's jet blacking, rages as conspicuously as on the walls of London! This is, to say the least of it, a silly practice on the part of travellers. The body of the statue of which the head (thanks to the ingenuity of Belzoni), is now in the British Museum, lies near this temple. It is of a pale grey compact granite.

The Memnonium is certainly a magnificent ruin, and in the pure Egyptian style; but after three days of Karnak, much of its interest was eclipsed in my eyes. A vender of antiquities here accosted me with a large Scarabæus for sale. Nothing could be more palpable than that he had manufactured it himself. The slightest glance at the awkwardly executed hieroglyphics, was sufficient to discover the deception, and on my shaking my stick at the fellow, he ran off, laughing heartily, and without attempting to deny the trick. Not long since a Russian traveller paid sixty piastres for a similar piece of *antiquity*: another man presented a papyrus, most carefully sealed and enveloped in a cover that certainly had all the appearance of antiquity. I agreed to purchase it, if he would first allow me to open and unroll a small portion of it, but the fellow decamped. It is wonderful how successfully these rogues contrive to deceive the credulous traveller. At one time the Jews made vast sums of money by the manufacture of pseudo-mummies for the apothecaries of Europe.

A quarter of an hour's ride brought me to the ruins of Medinet Haboo, where I forgathered with two Indian officers, on their way to Bombay. They were to descend this afternoon to Kenh, and I hurried to my boat, in order to embrace so favourable an opportunity of writing to my brothers in

India ; hence, my visit to Medinēt Haboo was but a short one. I merely allowed myself time to walk through its vast piles of building, and to examine the reliefs on its northern wall, which is covered with battle scenes both by land and water, also a lion hunt. On my road to the river, I stopped to examine the two huge colossi. There is something very imposing in their vague profile, and repose of attitude, when seen from a distance on the plain ; but on a nearer approach, they are found to be so mutilated, as to present little better than shapeless masses of stone, or rather rock. They are about twenty-five paces apart,—both in sitting posture—with the hands resting on the thighs ;—*that* to the north is the vocal one, and was made to represent Amenoph III., the founder of Luxor, who flourished in the fifteenth century B. C. I had brought with me a hammer to try the sound,—Wilkinson having discovered that a stroke on a stone, in the lap of the statue, gave a sound precisely like a blow upon brass : hence, he thinks the origin of the music at sunrise ; but it had not entered into my calculation that a ladder would be as necessary as a hammer in order to try the experiment. Indeed, I had difficulty enough in getting upon the pedestal, far less the lap, which is full twenty feet higher, and to which my donkey boy could not climb. The legs and knees of the vocal statue are

almost entire; but the body had been destroyed and repaired with masonry. The lower extremities of the other are battered to pieces, but the body is comparatively entire. A number of almost worn-out Greek inscriptions are engraven on the legs and feet; and on one side of the pedestal, "Rowland's Macassar Oil," has found a panegyrist! During the inundation, the Nile flows all round these statues, and rises even to the height of seven feet on their pedestal. This is certainly a strong argument in favour of the elevation of the bed of the river; for it is hardly to be supposed that the Egyptians would have placed their statues within reach of the water. About two o'clock I reached my boat, and in time to write my India letters.

Approaching Siout, February 13. 1837.—I bade a last adieu to Thebes on the evening of the 6th. On the forenoon of that day, Mr Andrews made a sketch of me with colours taken from Belzoni's tomb. I had picked up several fragments that had fallen from the various figures on the walls, with the painting quite fresh. By moistening one of these, he was enabled easily to raise the colours. The portrait is now in my possession, and probably the *oldest modern* drawing in existence. Before quitting Thebes, I returned for the fourth time to Karnak, and mounted to my favourite position on the top of the western propylon, where I remained

three hours. None of the monuments of Egypt have made such an impression upon me as the Temple of Karnak : with each succeeding visit, my wonder and admiration of its columnial hall have more and more increased. It is worth a journey from the uttermost ends of the earth to enter that bewildering sanctuary. Had I the wand of a magician, I would ask no better fortune than would accrue to me from the transport of its twelve great pillars to England ; for sure am I, that not England alone, but surrounding nations, would pour forth their admiring thousands to behold and wonder.

At sunset I returned to Luxor, and immediately departed for Keneh, being most anxious to reach that town, in the hope that our Arab agent might have letters awaiting me from England, but I was disappointed. On my arrival, I dispatched Mahmoud to the Consul—desiring him to bring all the letters in his possession, addressed to European travellers on the Nile ; he returned with half a dozen—all addressed to other persons. Among the number, what was my surprise to find a note of my own which I had left for Lord B., while on my way up to Thebes. It contained merely an apology for troubling his Lordship with a packet of letters, and was of no consequence in itself ; but I confess that the neglect respecting it, makes me uneasy for the

fate of the packet. There is certainly something supremely ridiculous in the appointment of that old man as British agent,—he does not know one word of English, nor of any European tongue, and is of no earthly use to English travellers. On the contrary, one and all whom I have met with, agree that he is a greedy grasping old cormorant—in-satiable in his demands of presents, stores, &c.—all of which he sells for his own behoof at an enormous price. As an instance, some time ago a gentleman of distinction, returning from India, had crossed the desert from Cosseir to Kench: the Consul immediately waited upon him, and recommended his leaving his tents (for which he had no farther use) in his keeping for the benefit and accommodation of future travellers. The gentleman did so. Not long after, the rapacious old man sold one of them for no less than 3000 piastres to the Governor of the Province; and the other for half that sum to an English traveller,—carefully, of course, concealing the mode in which he had come by them. Mr Andrews told me that, on his way up the river, the son of the Consul came to his boat; according to the custom of the country, a pipe was immediately brought him. After smoking it, he departed, and half an hour afterwards, a servant arrived to say his master was so pleased with the pipe, that he wished to have it as a present; al-

though very handsome, and the only one in his possession, Mr A. was good-natured enough to give it. The shark of a father next came down upon him, begging a couple of bottles of wine. Mr A. tendered them so readily, that the demand was increased to four, which were accordingly given. This is really too bad. It is no defence to say, that travellers are not *obliged* to give. Those recently arrived in the country feel a natural delicacy in refusing demands made upon them, by a person invested with the character of British agent; besides, they are told it is "the custom"—so it is; but a custom "that would be more honoured in the breach than the observance." Either a fit person should be appointed as Consul, or there should be no Consul at all.

Keneh is now much resorted to by officers returning to and from India. As the communication between Bombay and the Mediterranean increases, it will daily be more and more so. Mr Waghorn has now a European agent at Cosseir on his own account, and it is difficult to imagine why Colonel Campbell should not have invested *him* with the charge of British interests, rather than an Arab, who can hold no communication with travellers, save through the medium of their own interpreters, when they chance to have such; besides which, he abuses his commission by plunder-

ing them of their provisions, &c. Mr Prisse paid him the sum of sixty piastres for a packet of tea, that had been the contribution of various English travellers:—but there is something rotten in the whole consular system in these parts.

On the morning of the 8th, I crossed to the west bank of the river, in order to visit the Temple of Denderah, which stands about two miles from the Nile. The grand gateway opposite the temple has been nearly all demolished by the agents of the Pacha, who made no scruple to lay their sacrilegious hands on its sculptured stones, for the erection of a huge staring cotton manufactory, which rears its hideous bulk in the town of Keneh, directly opposite this splendid fabric. My servant tells me that, but for the fortunate arrival of the French Consul before the work of destruction was completed, the whole Temple of Denderah would have been razed to the ground. It appears that an energetic remonstrance on the part of this gentleman with the Pacha, had the effect of arresting the hand of the spoiler. On the right of the mutilated propylon is a small temple, consisting of two chambers, whose walls are covered with defaced reliefs, and surrounded by a narrow gallery, supported by pillars, on the abaci of which stands out the deformed figure of Typhon, the god of evil. Advancing about a hundred yards, the traveller arrives

at the grand portico of the great temple. It consists of an oblong square, and is supported by twenty-four columns, distributed in four rows. The circumference of the columns is about twenty-one feet; their capitals are square, and on each of their faces is sculptured a large unseemly countenance, but whether divine, human, or infernal, I know not. A turban is wound round the head, the depending extremities of which form the beginning of the capital. Although there are four times twenty-four figures of the same countenance, the industry of the destroyer has not left one of them entire; all are battered with the hammer. The roof, which is perfect, and richly sculptured, rests on very peculiar and deep abaci, having on all their sides the figure of a child at its mother's breast, and a male figure in the act of presenting an offering. It may have been intended to represent Cleopatra with her son Cæsarion, but having restored Champollion to Mr Prisse, I can only conjecture. The portico of Denderah is certainly a very imposing piece of architecture, but from the square capitals, and the constant repetition of the same figures, both upon them and the abaci, it has a formality and preciseness not elsewhere to be found in the Græco-Egyptian temples. I can easily, however, understand the raptures of the traveller who visits it on his way up the Nile.

Being the first temple that meets his eye, he is naturally delighted with its fine and sculptured columns, and the excellence of its preservation; but as it has been the last that I have visited, my enthusiasm had previously been bespoken by the much greater elegance of Esné, and the more imposing majesty of Karnak. The chambers leading from the portico are much encumbered by rubbish, more particularly the Naos, where six pillars are buried up to their capitals. The reliefs on the exterior of the northern walls are almost entirely concealed by the nests of an insect, consisting of thousands of mud cells adhering to the sculpture with inveterate tenacity, and forming a continued cake over the exterior of the wall. On breaking into the little cells with my stick, I found in all of them the dead body of the insect. A similar appearance is observed in the interior of most of the ancient temples, particularly in the smaller one of Ipsamboul; but I have never seen so complete a shield lining the surface of an outer wall. Surely this insect must have been an importation of the Persians; for it appears to vie with them in the work of destruction, and not less successfully. One wonders where they find moisture to give the sand so great an adhesiveness—also, that they should take so much trouble in the construction of their tombs. The white ant of India builds in a somewhat simi-

lar manner. The best sculptures are those on the west extremity of the temple, near to which is a small building with two chambers, but without gallery or pillars. On the southern side, there is such an accumulation of sand and rubbish, that it is easy to step upon the roof of the temple. Here the eye is again shocked by a horrid gash made by the accursed hand of the Turk. It is almost too much for the credibility of mankind, that there should be found, in the nineteenth century, brutes in human shape, so void of every feeling that distinguishes man from the beast of the field, as to lay their impious hands on so fair, and perfect, and venerable a structure as that of Denderah, for the purpose of erecting a manufactory of cotton! I can easily understand, and even enter into, the feelings that urged on the Persians in the work of destruction: they were inflamed by religious animosities, and the resistance offered to their victorious arms; besides, more than two thousand years have elapsed since *their* usurpation—an epoch when the world was in a state of comparative barbarism, and when the objects of their demolition had not the shield of antiquity to guard them. But could it, without ocular proof, be credited that their Moslem successors of the present day, ruling in undisturbed possession over a land worthy of a better fate, should, in cold blood, follow their example for

the most selfish of purposes; but the Turk—the senseless, heartless, soulless Turk—who has nothing in common with the rest of humanity but the form and grosser appetites, would desecrate the grave of his father—aye, and of the mother that bore him—if by so doing, he could gain a private advantage.

Having spent about four hours in the precincts of the temple, I returned to my bark, and resumed my voyage. On the 9th it blew a gale from the northward all day, which grievously impeded my progress. At two o'clock on the 10th, I reached the village of Ballanieh. Here I mounted a donkey, and set out to visit the Ruins of Abydos, situate at the base of the western ridge that limits the valley, and across a plain nine miles in breadth. I was three hours on the road, and had a most uncomfortable ride, without saddle or bridle. The plain was covered with crops of beans, and bearded wheat, and barley. A field of the latter had just been reaped. The ear was rich enough, but the straw not six inches in length. Mahmoud, tells me that on his visit to Abydos last year, the whole of this extensive plain was a wide uncultivated waste, in consequence of an incomplete inundation. Singular and precarious country, where the subsistence of its inhabitants depends on the rise of the river to a certain height. An inundation deficient by a single perpendicular foot, is sufficient to throw thousands

of acres out of cultivation; and a similar excess over what is reckoned a perfect and bountiful Nile, sweeps away whole villages, entailing ruin on their inhabitants. It was nearly sunset on my arrival at Abydos. I had intended to pass the night in the house of a Greek vender of antiquities in the village; but, on second thoughts, and after the refreshment of a cup of tea, I determined to return to my boat. The great Temple of Abydos is nearly altogether engulfed in sand, which covers even a great part of the roof; hence it is impossible to trace its original plan, or to examine the details of its architecture. What chiefly interested me was a range of five parallel arcades, opening on the western extremity, but conducting to I know not where, as their passages are entirely blocked up with stones and rubbish. Indeed, the mouth of only one of them can be entered—that to the south: the four others being all choked. The arch is rather graceful, but not masonic, being hollowed out of huge masses of stone laid across, something in this fashion:



Dr Walne had directed my attention to these arcades before leaving Cairo, as they have been the

chief ground for founding the popular error that the masonic arch was not known to the ancient Egyptians. More modern research has, however, exploded this erroneous opinion by the discovery at Thebes of brick arches of incontestibly remote antiquity. Why the labour of cutting those of the Memnonium at Abydos out of stone, had been preferred to the more simple mode of building them, is not for us to decide; but, at all events, it only affords negative, and therefore insufficient evidence that they were ignorant of a different method. It might, indeed, have been a fair inference had not arches in another form existed. The question appears to resolve itself into this:—That the Egyptians were acquainted with the *principle* of the arch, but that they were ignorant of its *application* on a great scale; otherwise they would, in all probability, have thrown bridges across the Nile, and have surmounted their vast buildings with cupolas and domes.

At some distance from the great Temple towards the north, there are partial remains of two smaller buildings. These are about 300 yards apart; but, thanks to the hammer of the Greek, scarcely a vestige remains to prove their form—or even site. In the ruin nearest the Memnonium there is but one small chamber with painted reliefs, their colours are as fresh as those of Belzoni's tomb. All around,

there was evidence of recent destruction. Indeed, the Greek is still demolishing, and carrying the stones (which are of beautiful line) to Cairo for sale;—whether for the materials simply, or on account of their drawings, I do not know. Mahmoud tells me that he has long been engaged in this unholy traffic. Surely he must pay a tax to the Pacha for permission to carry on his labours; for it is hardly to be conceived that a low foreigner, stimulated by no other motive than love of gain, would be permitted to riot in such wholesale destruction for his own private interests. Be this as it may, certain it is that these two temples are utterly demolished; so much so that the traveller of a few years hence, will see no trace of their existence. The ground in the neighbourhood is strewn with mummy bones. At every step my foot crashed amid some of these ancient relics of mortality. The tombs had been ransacked by the Greeks and the Arabs, in search of antiquities; and the number of mounds and pits sufficiently attests their assiduity. It was towards midnight ere I regained my boat. The donkeys were quite knocked up; and the moon disappearing for a time, we lost our path, and wandered on the plain. Were it not for the arcades of the Memnonium, there is nothing at Abydos worth the trouble of a visit; and these are curious merely from having suggested the prevalent error

regarding the arch. But the traveller who wishes to see the ruins of Egypt must not lose time. What with the rapacity of man—the underminings of the river—and the encroachments of the desert—each succeeding year diminishes their number, and defaces their beauties. Egypt is like chemistry—it should have a book each year to itself; although the changes here are retrograde and not in advance, as in the case of that teeming science.

On the 11th and 12th, and to-day also, it has blown a strong gale from the northward. My progress has been almost null. I have been obliged for many hours at a time to moor against the bank. The bosom of the Nile, hitherto so tranquil, has been agitated like a little sea. The air has been thick with flying sands, and the cold of the nights, and even of the days, extreme. It is not so much from the *positive* degree of cold that I suffer (for the thermometer has not been lower than 50°)—as from the crazy and insufficient state of my blinds. I had no idea that much precaution on this score would be necessary during a voyage within the Tropic, but I have been grievously mistaken; indeed, from the day of leaving Cairo, the heat has never once incommoded me. Living in a house, I should probably not feel the cold; but here my blinds are so rickety as to give free entrance to the wind, which blew out the lamp stand-

ing on my table a few nights ago. Every rag of warm clothing is in requisition. I now sit wrapped in great-coat and cloak. Even in bed, though sleeping under six different covers, I cannot keep myself warm; however, it is a dry cold, and my chest is not affected by it. Indeed, ever since my embarking at Cairo, I have enjoyed the most perfect immunity from my pectoral malady; and when I contrast my present state of comfortable existence, with the wretched breathless life I led at Paris last winter, I almost feel disposed to forswear my own country, and take up my abode in one of the Nubian or Egyptian Temples. With a fair partner willing to share his solitude, a man might in this manner pass a tranquil and happy existence.

While moored to the bank this forenoon, a French traveller passed up. We spoke for a few minutes. He told me of another diabolical attempt to assassinate Louis Philippe; but here again Providence interposed to save that excellent prince—the ball having only slightly wounded one of his sons, who was seated in the carriage by his side.

February 17.—I have made great progress during the last four days, and am now (midnight) moored near Benisouef, within two days' sail of Cairo. On the 14th I arrived at Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt—situate about two miles from the Nile. Here I visited Signor Ferari, an Italian surgeon in

the service of the Pacha, who is in charge of a regiment of infantry now quartered at Sioot. On inquiring after the health of his men, I was surprised to learn that he had only four cases in hospital, and these of trifling importance. This speaks volumes for the salubrity of Sioot. There is no other European than himself nearer than Cairo; hence he is necessarily restricted to the society of Turks. I would not take his place for all the revenues of the Pacha. There is something abhorrent in the very idea of being subordinate to a Turk, and to associate with officers as ignorant as the brutes that perish, whose thoughts know no other variety than pipes and women. I wonder that any European could enter such a service, unless (as is not unfrequently the case) he have renounced his country, and adopted the dress, the customs, and even the religion of the Moslem. The pay can be little inducement—that of the surgeon of a regiment being only from £10 to £15 a-month, and even this pittance is not secure to him. The army of the Pacha, besides his whole list of civil employés, is now more than twelve months in arrear. It is marvellous to me that the soldiers do not mutiny, and pay themselves by plunder; but although power is in their hands, they are slaves in heart. They live on from day to day—grumbling and hoping alternately—content to “cloy the hungry

edge of appetite" in the mean time, by "bare imagination of a feast" when the long-looked-for day shall arrive. Fifteen piastres a-month is the pay of a private soldier, besides his clothing and rations. This is liberal enough were he sure of getting it, and is more than double the pay of the French soldier, who is content to serve for the sum of one sous per diem; but then it is enough for him to be one of the defenders of the "Grande Nation;" besides which, his period of service is only seven years. After passing an hour with Signor Ferari, I rode to visit some of the grottoes that occupy the face of the limestone rock behind the town. These are infinite in number, and of every size, varying from the mere cell to the spacious cavern capable of accommodating a regiment of troops. At the mouth of one of the grottoes, I saw the headless bodies of two naked mummies, leaning in an erect position against the rock. It was a disgusting sight, even to one familiar with the mysteries of the dissecting room—skulls and bones of every sort were scattered in profusion around, from which it would have been easy to have made up an entire skeleton. This would be rather a curious piece of anatomy to possess, and one in which might be seen a homogeneous whole, formed out of an infinite diversity of parts.—the head of the fool, perhaps, on the

shoulders of the philosopher,—the gouty toe of the alderman on the nimble foot of the *danseuse*,—the neck of him that was hanged rising from the trunk of his judge,—and two hands that in life might have given worlds to be so near, now side by side in death. The idea did come across me while gazing on the crumbling decay around, but it would have been a work of time and labour, and I was content to carry away a skull, which is now “grinning horrible a ghastly smile,” in the corner of my cabin. It may be the head of Euclid!

The plain of Sioot is one of the richest in Egypt, and is watered by a canal opening from the Nile, a long way up the river, emptying itself again about two miles below the town; but the canal is now nearly dry. The town stands upon a slight sandy eminence, and has about a dozen white minarets rising with fine effect out of the muddy walls of which the houses and mosques are built. I descended the hill to the edge of an extensive cemetery, dotted with small round tombs, of pyramidal shape, and dazzling whiteness, and standing in the centre of a brick enclosure. There is something extremely picturesque in the old Saracenic burying-grounds.

On my way back to the town, I stopped for half an hour to look at the manœuvres of a regiment of infantry practising its evolutions, in order to exhi-

bit before the Pacha, who has already left Cairo, and is daily expected at Sioot. The men acquitted themselves well enough, and had far more of the "air militaire" than their officers. Indeed, it is impossible to fancy a Turk a soldier—his slouching gait, and sacks of trowsers, that would hold half a dozen men, give him any thing but a military aspect. The privates, all Arabs, and mostly young recruits, with slender persons, and beardless chins, were dressed after the European fashion; but the officers were all clad differently, some in blue, others in yellow, and some in green. The Commandant was the only soldier-like man amongst them. The grade of Lieutenant, I believe, is the highest to which an Arab can attain. While preparing to embark, three poor Nubian lads presented themselves, and begged a passage to Cairo, whither they were bound to push their fortunes. I readily took them on board, conditioning merely that they should take their turn at the oar with my own crew. This they have stoutly done,—hence the great progress I have made, favoured, too, by forty-eight hours of almost total calm.

On the 15th, before sunrise, my boat was hailed by the voice of authority, near Manfaloot, and ordered to stop. I was asleep at the time and knew nothing of the matter, until awoke by Mahmoud, who came to ask for the firman of the Pacha. It

appears that an agent of the captain of the port, had orders to press every boat that passed either up or down the river, to carry grain to Keneh and Thebes—for final dispatch to Mecca and other parts of Arabia, where the troops of the Pacha are stationed. Of course the firman saved me from the fate that would otherwise have awaited me. In the course of the same day, I saw four boats that had been descending with cargoes of dates from Nubia, freighted perhaps with the whole fortunes of their owners, seized by the clutches of authority. Their cargoes had been discharged, and the dates were piled up in heaps upon the bank, while the grain of the Pacha supplied their place; and the boats as soon as loaded, were to start for Thebes. I declare it is utterly disgusting even to witness such diabolical tyranny. No bribe would ever induce me to live in a country where such things are hourly practised. The climate of this fair land is lovely indeed, its soil is fruitful; and grand are its ruins; but these form but small items in the aggregate of human happiness. No, no; give me the thick mists of old Scotland, where the air, however it may disagree with my lungs, is yet the air of liberty, in preference to the physical purity of an Egyptian atmosphere, contaminated as it is by a moral pestilence. What was to become of the dates thus thrown upon the

ground? How were they ever to reach Cairo? These are questions of no moment, so long as the soldiers of the Pacha—the hireling instruments of his usurped power, are in want of bread: feed *them*, and let the peasant starve: but the day of retribution *will* come, and the hand of European civilization will yet, I hope, be spread over this now degraded land.

Yesterday I reached Beni Hassan, and stopped for a few hours to visit the grottoes with more attention than I had given them on the way up. They are said to have been constructed in the year 1740 B. C., and in the time of Osortisen I., in whose reign it is supposed that Joseph arrived in Egypt. The northerly one is the handsomest and most perfect, though not the largest. It consists of a small vaulted portico, supported by two octagonal pillars, leading into six chambers, about fourteen paces square, and with four pillars of Greek-Doric architecture, supporting the roof. There are above a dozen grottoes of considerable size, besides many smaller ones; but the drawings are only extant in four or five; even in those it is often difficult to trace the continuity of the figures. I searched for hours to find the representation of a doctor bleeding a patient, but in vain. Wilkinson makes mention of it, but I can hardly think he is correct; for I searched most minutely. Indeed,

he does not seem quite sure whether the doctor be going to bleed, or to administer a *bolus*. A lively imagination might interpret many of the scenes according to fancy. In the first chamber there is the drawing of a stag hunt, in which a lion is chief huntsman—likewise a pair of harpers, and one very fine dog, of the race of the Highland staghound—now rare in Scotland. Two of the chambers to the south are supported by very graceful columns representing four Lotus stalks bound together under the capitals, which last are of the bud of the same sacred flower: deep shafts also descend from several of the chambers. A great part of the drawings is occupied with figures of wrestlers,—men playing at leap-frog, &c. &c. On the whole, these grottoes are of exceeding interest, more so I think than Belzoni's tomb: inasmuch as the scenes represented are more intelligible. It would be needless to criticise them as works of art; they are wonderful, considering the time of execution, and interesting from the light they throw on the shadows of antiquity.

The rock here is not limestone, but a rough hard-grained sandstone, curiously honey-combed, and involving in its substance a quantity of fossilized shells. Below the entrance of the grottoes, are some blocks of a hard compact ferruginous stone, which, when struck, resounds like brass. I carried away specimens of all. The cold weather, con-

tinues—thermometer being at 52° Fahrenheit.. It has, however, one advantage, that I am but little annoyed by bugs or other vermin, which, with a temperature of 70° and upwards, were countless. My chief enemies now are the rats, which positively threaten to drive me from my cabin. Although I drowned all by sinking the boat at Cairo, it is now re-stocked. They come in by the hawser that moors the boat in the night, and multiply with prodigious rapidity. At this moment, they are rattling among the jalousies and through the corners of my cabin, with an effrontery that provokes me. I am obliged to sleep with Niagara by my side, with which I strike around in all directions—not in the hope of killing my tormentors, but to frighten them away.

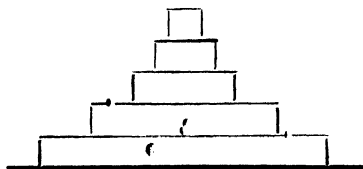
February 20.—Set out after breakfast this morning to visit the Ruins of Memphis, and the Pyramids of Saccara; for this purpose, I had moored last night opposite the small Town of Mitraheny, about a mile inland from the river. Beyond this village is the supposed site of Memphis—I say supposed—for authors are far from agreed as to the position of this once famous city; indeed, the traveller may pass and repass the trifling and indistinct mounds of earth which are pointed out as the ruins of Memphis, and be pardoned for his scepticism in doubting that they mark the site of a

great city. However, credulity in such cases costs nothing, and I am content to believe that I walked and rode this day over the remains (for ruins is a misnomer), of what was once the capital of Lower Egypt. When passing the end of the village of Mitraheny, my donkey-lad pointed to a spot where the Sheik had been hanged a few days before. It appears that the Pacha (whose flotilla I passed in the night at Feshna), on making inquiry into his stewardship, and finding that he had been most extortionate in his exactions from the villagers, while he remitted little to the treasury, had ordered him to be hung forthwith. At Benisouef, I heard that a similar fate had befallen three guilty Sheiks in the Fayoum. This speaks well for the Pacha, for, from all I can learn, the village chiefs are the most cruel despots in the world—abusing their authority in a shameful manner, and extorting the last piastre from the “hard hands of the peasants.” The wretched Fellahs have no means of redress, or of making their grievances known, except during the annual visit of his Highness, who is said to be extremely searching into the conduct of the various Sheiks. At every village he institutes an inquiry, and when the general voice condemns a man, “Off with his head” is the verdict that follows. From the presence of his judge he passes to the gallows, and so ends his history. As an individual, I be-

lieve the Pacha is really imbued with a sense of justice ; but unfortunately, the whole system of his civil government is so radically bad, that his eye can penetrate into but few of the abuses of authority. 'Tis true, he has no mercy when his own necessities are in question ; but then he will not allow his subordinates to abuse power by plundering for themselves ; and perhaps this is all that can be expected from the best of Turks.

There is an extensive forest of palm-trees upon and around the presumed site of Memphis. The only piece of antiquity to be seen is a colossal statue of Sesostris, which lies upon its right side in a pit three feet in depth. The left side of the face, (which only is visible), is quite perfect and of great beauty, and from the strong resemblance it bears to the colossi at Ipsamboul, there can be no doubt of its being the statue of the same mighty king. The feet and lower half of the legs are broken off and removed. I wonder the whole statue has not been transported to England or France ; for if the right side of the face be as perfect as the left, it would be well worth the trouble and expense. A ride of an hour brought me to the base of the largest of the Sacaara Pyramids. The road lay for a great part of the way through groves of palms and fields of beans, wheat, and oats. There were also some fields of young cucumbers, growing in drills,

each row sheltered from the north wind by a fence of withered straw. The chief pyramid is of a different form from those of Ghiseh, and consists of five stories, tapering something in this fashion :



It is not half the size of the *great* Pyramid—neither is it built of stones of the same huge dimensions. Indeed, until close at its base, I had imagined it to be of brick. The ascent is easy ; but the wind was so strong, that I did not go to the top. I was foolish enough, however, to crawl into the interior, through a hole at the bottom of a shaft twelve feet deep, and at some distance from the base of the Pyramid. On descending, I could see nothing like an opening ; but one of my Arabs having cleared away some rubbish with his hands, displayed the mouth of the aperture through which I was to creep. Having first squeezed himself in, feet foremost, he beckoned me to follow, which I foolishly did. It was with the utmost difficulty I contrived to get through : fortunately the passage was short, and I was soon able to stand erect. After winding along a very narrow passage—now standing—now creeping on

all-fours—and occasionally descending some flights of steps, I arrived at a large lofty chamber cut out of the rock, which forms the nucleus of the Pyramid. It might have been the descent to the realms of Pluto: the sulphur matches with which my candles were lighted, tainted the still air in the passage to such a disagreeable extent, that I was glad to return to the pure atmosphere without. It was more difficult to escape than to enter, and but for the aid of my two guides, one of whom dragged me by the arms in front, while the other pushed me by the feet in the rear, I should have been sticking there now. It is sad disgusting work, scrambling into such places as these. One sees nothing but a narrow winding path, and an empty chamber with black dismal walls.

After reposing for a few minutes, I rode along the desert to the pit containing the mummies of birds and quadrupeds. The Arabs crawled in, and speedily returned, bringing five cone-shaped vases made of red clay, each containing the mummied body of a bird. The vases were two feet long, and eight inches in diameter at the base, which was closed by a cake of mortar. On breaking them up, a cloud of minute black dust arose from each vase, and the bodies of the birds crumbled away on the slightest touch: fragments of the bones, however, and even the feathers, were quite entire; but they

could not bear the slightest handling. The bird so honoured was the ibis.

Pariset, in his *Mémoire* on the Plague, infers, that the crocodile pits of Manfaloot, and the Sacaara mummy-pits, were constructed by the ancient Egyptians with a view to preserve the public health, by preventing the putrefaction of enclosed bodies in the open air. To this circumstance he attributes, in a main degree, their exemption from the plague; and he talks in bombastic terms of “la sublime philosophie” of the ancient Pharaohs, in thus stamping with a religious character a practice chiefly resorted to with a different object in view. This certainly seems to be a far-fetched conclusion. It is natural to suppose, and easy to believe, that animals which were objects of worship in life, should be decently interred or embalmed after death. Indeed, a superstitious people could hardly be expected to do otherwise. The pits in question were probably filled during the course of centuries, as it is not likely the Egyptians would kill their sacred animals for the purpose of embalming them: hence the danger of pestilence from their gradual decay could not have been great. Again, if the theory of M. Pariset be true, why did they not form catacombs for the burial and embalmment of animals not sacred—the horse, the ass, and the camel, for instance? the corruption of whose bodies would be

much more likely to engender a pestilence than those of the ibis and crocodile. The truth is, Mr P. was sent out at the head of a commission to investigate the history, causes, &c., of the plague; and because Modern Egypt is afflicted with a scourge which was unknown to the ancients, he could find no more plausible reason for its exemption, than in this "most lame and impotent conclusion."

Much learned discussion and antiquarian research have been expended upon the mummies of Egypt, but the question still remains to be asked—How did the embalmers preserve these strange relics of antiquity, so as to defy the ravages of time for thousands of years? Surely something most important in the process has been omitted in the descriptions handed down to us.*

* Since my return to this country, I have had my attention directed to the subject of embalming. Greenhill, and more recently Pettigrew, have written elaborately on this curious department of antiquarian lore; but they have thrown little light upon what was really the essential part of the mummifying process. Dr J. R. Cormack has, however, I think, in his able and learned Treatise on Creosote, supplied this desideratum. Creosote, most of my readers are aware, is a recently discovered substance possessed of extraordinary antiseptic virtues, existing in greater or less abundance in tar, and always generated by the destructive distillation of vegetable matter. Herodotus makes no mention of the application of heat to mummies, but the researches of modern antiquaries shew that a very great heat was used. I would refer those who wish for details on this subject, to the ingenious work of

On returning to my boat, I crossed a portion of the mound over which I had passed on my way to the Pyramids of Ghisch, before ascending the Nile. The waters are now dried up, except the canal where the fishing nets had formerly been at work. These are still in active operation. I remained for a long time watching the plentiful hauls of the fishermen. It was a busy and a curious scene. There were twelve boats employed, each consisting of a thin raft of palm leaves supported on two rows of empty gourds, the whole probably not weighing above a few pounds. On each raft were two men—one to manage the boat, and the other to throw the net. Some of the nets being spread on the ground, I had an opportunity of examining them. They are perfectly circular, and about twenty-five feet in diameter, made of fine cord, with very small meshes; to the centre is attached a stout cord, the

Dr Cormack—meantime making a short quotation from his concluding observations:—"It may be stated, then, as a summing up of what has been said on this subject, that the application of such heat as would first dry up the body, and then decompose the fatty matters which had been previously introduced, and thus generate creosote, formed the only essential part of the mummifying process; that the spices and perfumes used were superfluous, and that the various other operations connected with the embalmments of which we are told, were matters of idle ceremony, and were had recourse to, in all probability, chiefly with a view of mystifying the notions which the vulgar might entertain of the embalmer's secret art."—*Cormack on Creosote*, p. 31. Edr. 1836.

circumference is furnished with a number of leaden sinks closely ranged together. Before casting the net, it is gathered up in such a manner that the fisherman, in throwing it, makes it fall quite flat on the surface of the water. The sinks, of course, carry it downwards—the man retaining in his hand the central cord. As soon as the lead has touched the bottom (or perhaps he does not wait for this), he draws the net gently upwards, and generally brings out a number of small fish, which, in their efforts to escape, do not appear to dive to the bottom, where they would find an easy outlet. There were other nets on the drag principle, attached to poles, and worked from the shore. In some of these I saw fish from three to five pounds caught. It was in vain that I endeavoured to purchase a dish for my dinner. The canal is rented by a Greek, who causes all the spoil to be conveyed to the market of Cairo, and has given strict orders that none are to be sold on the spot; to guard against which, a Janissary is appointed to keep constant watch.

